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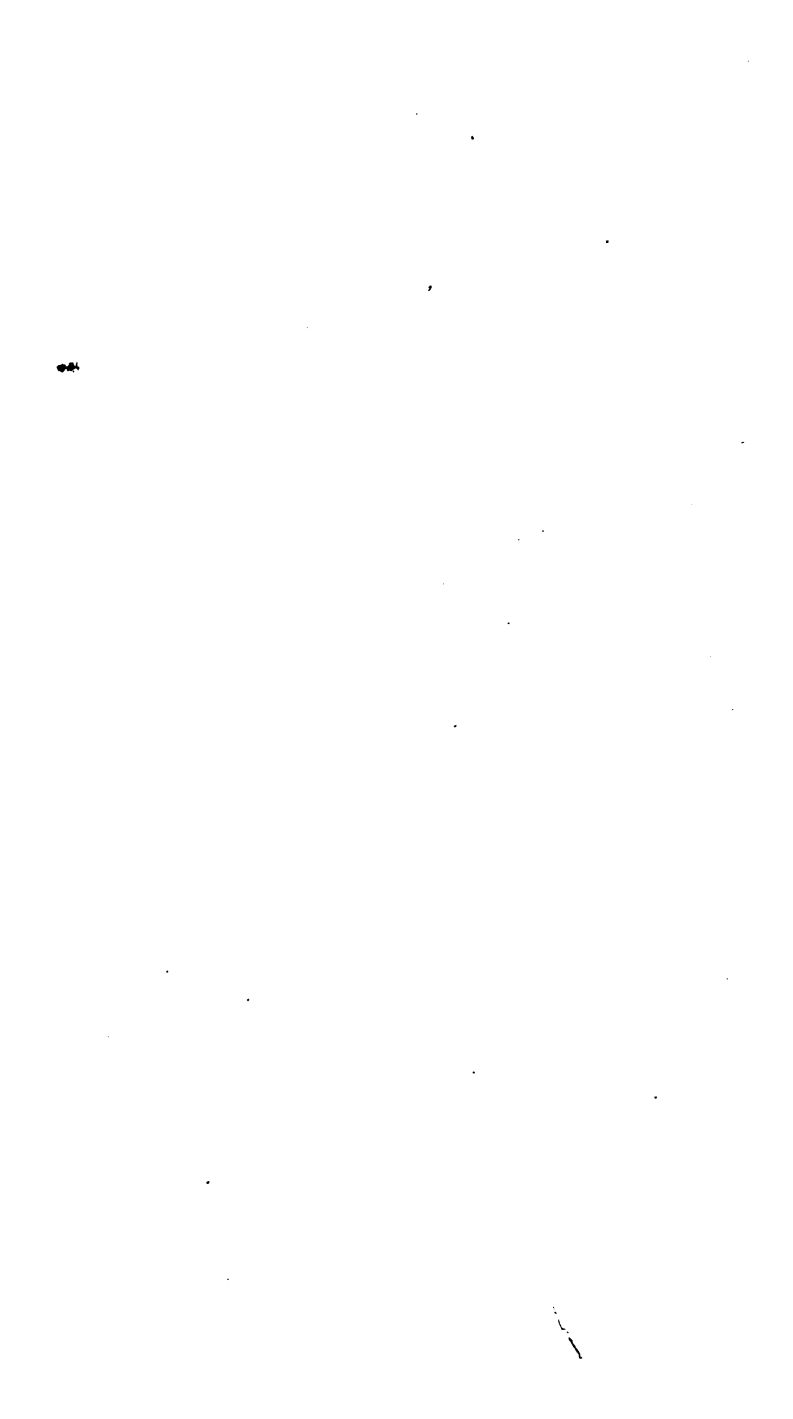
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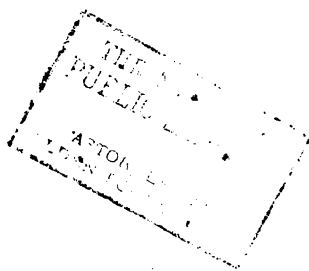
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Engraved by J. M. G. P. P.

Engraved by J. M. G. P. P.

Off she went down the lane full gallop!

*Reunond! Vol. 2 (the Black lane)*

NEW-YORK HARPER & BROTHERS

(ROSAMOND)  
*with other stories,*  
 by  
 MARIA EDGEWORTH



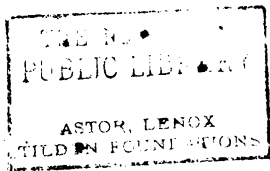
The Fairy Rivoletta

*Rosamond Vol. I.*

NEW-YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS CLIFF ST

1836



# ROSAMOND:

WITH OTHER TALES.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
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**R O S A M O N D.**

# ROSAMOND.

## THE PURPLE JAR.

ROSAMOND, a little girl of about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops, and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them: but there were a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, and carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"O mother, how happy I should be," said she, as she passed a toyshop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke they came to a milliner's shop; the windows were hung with ribands, and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"O mamma, what beautiful roses! won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and they came to another shop which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop; and there were a great many pretty bawbles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, you'll buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; but any of them, for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but what use would they be of to me?"

"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other, if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles: you know buckles are useful things, very useful things."

"I have a pair of buckles, I don't want another pair," said her mother, and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chymist's shop, but she did not know that.

"O mother! oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand; "Look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! O mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before; "What use would they be of to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother; "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not; I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money?"

"Yes, I have."

"Dear, if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and every thing." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"O mamma, would you stop a minute for me; I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma—it comes in there; my shoes are quite worn out: I wish you'd be so very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and every thing."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain, that she was obliged to hop

every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterward.

"There! there! mamma, there are shoes: there are little shoes that would just fit me; and you know shoes would be really of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in." She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it's black and dark, and there is nothing but shoes all around; and besides, there's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps they might; but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure that you should like the purple vase *exceedingly*, till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the shoes, certainly, till I've tried; but, mamma, I'm quite sure I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both!"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But I should tell you that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! that's a very long time, indeed. You can't think how these hurt me; I believe I'd better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot—Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer; and the month will soon be over: I can make them last to the end of the month, can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself; you will have time enough to consider about it while I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure; and while her mother was speaking to him, Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on and the other in her hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma!—yes—I believe. If you please—I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you the happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot will make me the happiest," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it; clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe and ran after her mother; it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times was she obliged to stop to take the stones out of her shoe, and often was she obliged to hop with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt her joy redouble upon hearing her mother desire the servant who was with them to buy the purple jar and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers which she had in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I'm afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say; and sha'n't I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?"

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected: but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up, with an exclamation of joy; "I may have it now, mamma!" "Yes, my dear, it is yours." Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear mother," cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there's something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably—what is it? I didn't want this black stuff."



"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But it will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I can't help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"That's as you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a *purple* vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it, and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed indeed; I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes; for I shall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you will only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good-humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here: many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see any

thing, she was pulling her shoes up to the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glasshouse which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste down stairs to her brother and her father, who were waiting at the hall door for her, the shoe dropped off: she put it on again in a great hurry; but as she was going across the hall, her father turned round. "Why, are you walking slipshod? no one must walk slipshod with me; why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired. "O mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes—they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope I shall be wiser another time."

## THE TWO PLUMS.

"WHAT are you looking for, Rosamond?" said her mother.

Rosamond was kneeling upon the carpet, and leaning upon both her hands, looking for something very earnestly.

"Mamma," said she, pushing aside her hair, which hung over her face, and looking up with a sorrowful countenance, "I am looking for my needle; I have been all this morning, ever since breakfast, trying to find my needle, and I cannot find it."

"This is not the first needle that you have lost this week, Rosamond."

"No, mamma."

"Nor the second."

"No, mamma."

"Nor the third."

Rosamond was silent; for she was ashamed of having been so careless as to lose four needles in one week.

"Indeed, mamma," said she, after being silent for some time, "I stuck it very carefully into my work when I put by my work yesterday, I think, but I am not quite sure of that."

"Nor I either," said her mother; "I cannot be sure of that, because I know you have the habit of leaving your needle loose, hanging by the thread, when you leave off work."

"But I thought that I had cured myself of that, mamma: look here, mamma, I can show you in my work the very holes where I stuck my needle; I assure you it falls out after I have stuck it in, because I shake my work generally before I fold it up."

"Then I advise you to cure yourself of shaking your work before you fold it up; then the needle will not drop out; then you will not spend a whole morning crawling upon the ground to look for it."

"I am sure I wish I could cure myself of losing my needles; for I lost, besides my needle, a very pleasant walk yesterday, because I had no needle, and I could not sew on the string of my hat: and the day before

yesterday I was not ready for dinner, and papa was not pleased with me: and do you know, mamma, the reason I was not ready for dinner was, that you had desired me to mend the tuck of my frock."

"Nay, Rosamond, I do not think *that* was the reason."

"Yes, I assure you it was, mother, for I could not come down before I had mended that tuck, and I could not find my needle, and I lost all my time looking for it, and I found it but just before the dinner-bell rang."

"Then, by your own account, Rosamond, it was your having lost your needle that was the cause of your being late for dinner, not my desiring you to mend your gown."

"Yes, mamma; but I think the reason that my sister Laura keeps her needles so safely is, that she has a housewife to keep them in, and I have no housewife, mamma, you know. Would you be so very good, mamma, as to give me a housewife, that I may cure myself of losing my needles?"

"I am glad," said her mother, "that you wish, my dear, to cure yourself of any of your little faults; as to the housewife, I'll think about it."

A few days after Rosamond had asked her mother for a housewife, as she was watering her flowers in the garden, she heard the parlour window opening, and she looked and saw her mother beckoning to her—she ran in—it was in the evening, a little while after dinner.

"Look upon the table, Rosamond," said her mother, "and tell me what you see."

"I see two plums, mamma," said Rosamond, smiling, "two nice ripe purple plums."

"Are you sure that you see two nice ripe purple plums?"

"Not *quite* sure," mamma, said Rosamond, who at this instant recollected the purple jar; "but I will, if you please, look at them a little nearer."

She went up to the table and looked at them. "May I touch them, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

Rosamond touched them, and tried to smell them, and then exclaimed, "One is quite hard, and the other is soft—one is a great deal colder than the other—one smells like a plum, and the other has no smell at all—I am glad I was not quite sure, mamma; for I do believe that

one of them is not a plum, but a stone—a stone painted to look like a plum.”

“You are very right,” said her mother: “and I am glad you remembered the purple jar. Now eat the real plum, if you like to eat it.”

Rosamond ate the plum, and she said that it was very sweet and good. While she was eating it she looked very often at the stone that was painted to look like a plum; and she said, “How very pretty it is! It is quite like a real plum—I dare say nobody would find out that it was not a plum at first sight—I wonder whether Laura, or my brother George, would find it out as soon as I did—I should like to have that stone plum, mamma. If you had given me my choice, I would rather have had it than the real plum which I have eaten, because the pleasure of eating a plum, you know, mamma, is soon over; but *that*,” said Rosamond, pointing to the plum that was made of stone, “would last for ever, you know, mamma.”

“Which do you mean, my dear; that the stone would last for ever, or that the pleasure of having that stone plum would last for ever!”

Rosamond considered for a little while, and then answered, “I don’t know, mamma, exactly which I meant; but I mean now, that I think I should have a great deal of pleasure in showing that stone plum to Laura and my brother, and that I should like to have it for my own, because it is very pretty, and curious, and ingenious—and I mean, that I would much rather have had it than the plum which I have eaten, if you had been so good as to give me my choice.”

“Well, my dear,” said her mother, “as you have eaten the plum, you cannot, perhaps, tell exactly what you would have chosen.”

“Oh yes, indeed, mamma, I am sure, almost sure, I should have chosen the stone plum. I know, this instant, if you were to offer me another real plum, or this,” said Rosamond, taking the stone in her hand, “I know which I should choose.”

Rosamond was looking so earnestly at the stone plum, that she did not, for some instants, perceive a housewife which her mother placed upon the table before her.

“A housewife!—a red leather housewife, mamma!”

she exclaimed, as soon as she saw it, and she put down the stone plum.

Her mother now placed the plum and the housewife beside one another, and said to her, "Take your choice of these two, my dear; I will give you either the housewife or the stone plum, whichever you like best."

"I hope, mamma," said Rosamond, with a very prudent look—"I hope I shall not take such a silly choice as I did about the purple jar—let us consider—the plum is the prettiest, certainly; but then, to be sure, the housewife would be the most useful; I should not lose my needles if I had the housewife to keep them in. I remember I wished for a housewife, and asked you for one the other day, mamma. I am very much obliged to you for getting this for me. Did you get it on purpose for *me*, mamma?"

"It does not signify, my dear, whether I did or not—you need not think about that at present, but consider which of the two things that are before you you prefer."

"Prefer means like best—I prefer—" said Rosamond, "but stay, I have not done considering yet—the housewife;—I should not be so apt to lose my needles, and I like to cure myself of my little faults. I was very happy when you smiled and praised me, mamma, and said, the other day, that you were glad to see that I wished to cure myself of my little faults; and I dare say, mamma, that you would smile a great deal more, and be a great deal more pleased with me, when I really have quite entirely cured myself."

"I don't promise you, my dear," said her mother, "that I should smile a great deal more, but I certainly should be much more pleased to see that you had really cured yourself of any bad habit, than I was to hear you *say* that you wished to improve yourself."

"But then, mamma," said Rosamond, "losing my needles—the habit, I mean, of losing my needles—is but a *very* little fault; and I think I could cure myself of that without having a housewife. You know I might, as you said, cure myself of shaking my work before I fold it up, and *that* would prevent the needle from dropping out, so that I think I might do without the housewife—what do you think, mamma? but I need not ask you, because I know you will say, as you did about the purple jar, '*think for yourself, my dear.*'"

Rosamond, as she pronounced the words, *purple jar*; turned her eyes from the stone plum, and fixed them upon the housewife.

"The housewife will be the most *useful* to me, certainly—I choose the housewife, mamma, and I'll cure myself of my little faults, and you shall see, I hope, that I shall not lose my needles so often. This housewife will last and be of use to me a great while, and the pleasure of seeing Laura and my brother mistake that stone for a plum would soon be over; and, as to its being pretty, I should soon be tired of looking at it, and forget it as I forgot—I remember—I mean, as I remember that I forgot the pretty gilt coach-and-six, after I had had it three or four days. I hope, dear mamma, that I have considered well this time, and I think that I have chosen better than I did about the purple jar."

"I think you have, my dear little girl," said her mother.

Some weeks after Rosamond had chosen the red leather housewife, her brother came to her, and said, "Can you lend me a needle, Rosamond? my father says that he will show us something that will entertain us, if you can."

"Yes," said Rosamond, "I can lend you a needle; I have never lost one since I have had this housewife:" she took out of her housewife a needle, and lent it to her brother; and he said, "Thank you, come with me; papa said that if you had your needle safe, you should see what he is going to show to us."

Her father showed her and her brother several experiments with her needle and a magnet; and Rosamond was much entertained with seeing these experiments, and she was very glad that she had cured herself of the habit of losing her needles; and she said, "Mother, I am glad I chose the red leather housewife, that has been so useful to me, instead of the stone plum, which would have been of no use to me."

## THE INJURED ASS.

"ARE you very busy, mamma?" said Rosamond. "Could you be so good as to look at your watch once more, and tell me what o'clock it is—only once more, mamma?"

"My dear Rosamond, I have looked at my watch for you four times within this hour—it is now exactly twelve o'clock."

"Only twelve, mamma! Why, I thought the hour-glass must have been wrong; it seems a great deal more than an hour since I turned it, and since you told me it was exactly eleven o'clock—it has been a very long, long hour, mamma—don't you think so, Laura?"

"No, indeed," said Laura, looking up from what she was doing; "I thought it was a very short hour;—I was quite surprised when you said, mamma, that it was twelve o'clock."

"Ah, that is only because you were so busy drawing; I assure you, Laura, that I, who have been watching the sand running all the time, must know best; it has been the longest hour I ever remember."

"The hour in itself has been the same to you and to Laura," said her mother: "how comes it that one has thought it long and the other short?"

"I have been waiting and wishing all the time, mamma, that it was one o'clock, that I might go to my brothers and see the soap-bubbles they promised to show me. Papa said that I must not knock at his door till the clock strikes one. Oh, I've another long hour to wait," said Rosamond, stretching herself and gaping; "another whole long hour, mamma."

"Why should it be a long hour, Rosamond? Whether it shall seem long or short to you may be just as you please."

"Nay, mamma, what can I do? I can shake the hour-glass, to be sure; that makes the sand run a little faster," said Rosamond; and she shook the glass as she spoke.

"And can you do nothing else, Rosamond," said her mother, "to make the hour go faster?"

"Nothing that I know of, mamma. Tell me what I can do?"



"You told us just now the reason that Laura thought the last hour shorter than you did."

"O, because she was busy, I said."

"Well, Rosamond, and if you were busy—"

"But, mamma, how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing! You know I'm not old enough yet: I have never learned to draw: I have no pencil; I have no paper, mamma; I have no rubberout, mamma; how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing, mamma?"

"And is there nothing in this world, Rosamond, that people can be busy about except drawing! I am at work, and I am busy. Is there nothing you can do without a pencil, paper, and rubber, and without being as old as Laura?"

"Suppose, mamma, I was to wind that skein of red silk now, which you desired me to wind before night; perhaps that would make the hour shorter—hey, mamma! Will it, do you think?"

"You had better try the experiment, and then you will know, my dear," said her mother.

"Is that an experiment too? Well, I'll try it," said Rosamond, "if you will be so good as to lend me your silk-winders, mamma."

Her mother lent Rosamond the winders, and she began to wind the silk: it happened to be a skein difficult to wind; it was entangled often, and Rosamond's attention was fully employed in trying to disentangle it. "There, mamma," said she, laying the ball of silk upon the table after she had wound the whole skein, "I have only broken it five times; and I have not been long in winding it, have I, mamma?"

"Not very long, my dear," said her mother; "only half an hour."

"Half an hour, dear mamma! surely it is impossible that it can be half an hour since I spoke last; since I was talking to you about the hourglass." Rosamond turned to look at the hourglass, and she was surprised to see the hill of sand so large in the undermost glass. "This has been a very short half hour indeed, mamma. You were right; having something to do makes the time seem to go fast. Now, mamma, do you know that I don't particularly like winding silk; I mean entangled skeins; and I dare say that if I had been doing something that I liked better, the half hour would have seemed shorter still. I have another half hour, mamma, before I go to

Godfrey and the soap-bubbles. Mamma, if you could think of something for me that I should like very much to do, I might try another experiment; I might try whether the next half hour would not seem to go faster even than the last."

"Well, my dear Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "as you thought of something to do for yourself when I wished it, I will try if I can find something for you to do now that you will like." Her mother opened the drawer of her table, and took out of it a very small manuscript covered with marble paper.

"What is that, mamma?" cried Rosamond.

"A little story," said her mother, "founded on fact."

"What's the name of it, dear mamma?"

"The Injured Ass."

"The Injured Ass; I'm glad of it—I like the name."

"But you cannot read writing well, Rosamond."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I dare say I shall be able to make this out; it seems to be very plainly written, and in a large round hand; I am glad of that; may I read it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and when you have read it to yourself, you may, if you like it, read it aloud to Laura and to me."

Rosamond took the little manuscript and began to read it to herself; and with Laura's assistance she made out all the words.

"Now, mamma, may I read it to you and Laura? I have read it all. I have not been long, have I, mamma? May I begin?"

Her mother assented, and she read the following story:—

*"The Injured Ass."*

"A king made a law, that if any person had reason to complain of being treated with great ingratitude, the inhabitants of the city where he dwelt should be summoned together by the ringing of a bell, that the ungrateful man might be brought before his fellow-citizens, and punished by being exposed to public shame.

"The inhabitants of this city were so virtuous that a long time passed away without any person being accused of great ingratitude. The bell became rusty; the rotten paling which surrounded it was overgrown with grass and weeds; when, late one night, the unaccus-

tomed sound of the bell was heard. The inhabitants of the city surrounded the place, and, to their utmost surprise, they beheld a gray, worn-out ass, who had come there, and by chance entangled his feet in the chain of the bell, and by this means rang it. The owner of the ass was discovered; the neighbours all recollected that it had been in its youth a most serviceable creature to him; by the money which its labour had earned, his master had been enabled to purchase and enclose a bit of ground which formerly belonged to the common. The owner of the ass acknowledged that it had been very useful to him in its youth, but said that it was of no use to him now, and ate more than it was worth; so he had turned it loose to pick up a living in the mountains and commons, where he thought it might have found plenty of food.

“The deplorable condition of the poor creature was however sufficient evidence of its having been treated with great ingratitude, and the owner was condemned to pay a fine sufficient to maintain the ass comfortably for the remainder of its days; and it was farther decreed, that the part of the common which the master of the ass had been enabled to purchase by the work of this poor animal, should be thrown open again for cattle to graze upon.”

“That’s the end of the story, mamma,” said Rosamond; and she talked some time about it to her mother, and the half hour seemed to have passed away very quickly; so very quickly, that she was surprised when her brother came to tell her that it was past one o’clock, and that he was ready to blow the soap-bubbles.

ROSAMOND'S  
DAY OF MISFORTUNES.

"Many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day."

"Are you getting up so soon?" said Rosamond to her sister; "it seems to be a cold morning; it is very disagreeable to get up from one's warm bed in cold weather; I will not get up yet."

So Rosamond, who was covered up warmly, lay quite still, looking at Laura, who was dressing herself as quickly as she could.

"It is a cold morning, indeed," said Laura; "therefore I'll make haste, that I may go down and warm myself afterward at the fire in mamma's dressing-room."

When Laura was about half dressed, she called again to Rosamond, and told her that it was late, and that she was afraid she would not be ready for breakfast.

But Rosamond answered, "I shall be ready, I shall be ready; for you know, when I make a great deal of haste, I can dress very quickly indeed. Yesterday morning I did not begin to dress till you were combing the last curl of your hair, and I was ready *almost* as soon as you were. Nay, Laura, why do you shake your head? I say *almost*—I don't say quite."

"I don't know what you call *almost*," said Laura, laughing; "I had been drawing some time before you came down stairs."

"But I looked at your drawing," said Rosamond, "the minute I came into the room, and I saw only three legs and a back of a chair; you know that was not much; it was hardly worth while to get up early to do so little."

"Doing a little and a little every morning makes something in time," said Laura.

"Very true," replied Rosamond; "you drew the whole of mamma's dressing-room, dressing-table, and glass, and every thing, little by little, in—what do you call it?—*perspective*—before breakfast! I begin to wish that I could get up as you do; but then I can't draw in *perspective*."

"But, my dear Rosamond, while you are talking about perspective, you don't consider how late it is growing," said Laura; "why don't you get up now?"

"O, because it is too late to get up early now," argued Rosamond.

Satisfied with this reflection, Rosamond closed her eyes, and turned to go to sleep again. "When you come to the last curl, Laura, call me once more," said she, "and then I'll get up."

But in vain Laura called her again, warning her that she was "come to the last curl."

Rosamond was more sleepy than ever, and more afraid of the cold: at last, however, she was roused by the breakfast-bell; she started up, exclaiming, "O Laura, what shall I do? I shall not be ready—my father will be displeased with me—and I've lost my lace—and I can't find my pocket-handkerchief—and all my things are gone. This will be a day of misfortunes, I'm sure—and the clasp is come out of my shoe," added she; and as she uttered these words in a doleful tone, she sat down upon the side of the bed and began to cry.

"Nay, don't cry," said Laura, "or else it *will* be a day of misfortunes; look, here's your pocket-handkerchief."

"But my lace!" said Rosamond, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "how can I be ready for breakfast without my lace; and my father will be very, very—"

"Very what?" said Laura, good-humouredly: "here's the lace; sit up a minute, and I will draw it out for you." Rosamond laughed when she found that she was sitting upon her own lace, and she thanked her sister, who was now sewing the clasp into her shoe. "Well, I don't think it will be a day of misfortunes," said Rosamond; "you see I'm almost dressed, hey, Laura? and I shall be ready in pretty good time, and I shall be just as well as if I had got up an hour ago, hey, Laura?" But at this moment, Rosamond, in her violent haste, pulled the string of her cap into a knot, which she could not untie. Laura was going out of the room, but she called her back, in a voice of distress, and begged she would be so very good as to do one thing more for her; and as Rosamond spoke, she held up her chin and showed the hard knot. Laura, whose patience was not to be conquered even by a hard knot, began very kindly to help her sister; but Rosamond, between her dislike of

the cold and her fears that she should not be ready for breakfast, and that her father would be displeased with her, became more and more fretful; she repeated, "This *will* be a day of misfortunes, after all—it tires me, Laura, to hold up my chin so long." Laura knelt down to relieve her chin; but no sooner was this complaint removed, than Rosamond began to shiver extremely, and exclaimed, "It is so cold, I cannot bear it any longer, Laura—this will be a day of misfortunes—I would rather untie the knot myself—O, that's my father's voice; he is dressed! he is dressed, and I am not half dressed!"

Rosamond's eyes were full of tears, and she was a melancholy spectacle, when her mother, at this instant, opened the room door. "What! not ready yet, Rosamond! and in tears. Look at this cross face," said her mother, leading her to a looking-glass: "is that an agreeable little girl, do you think?"

"But I'm very cold, mamma: and I can't untie this knot; Laura, I think you have made it worse," said Rosamond, reproachfully.

At these words, her mother desired Laura to go down stairs to breakfast. "Rosamond," added she, "you will not gain any thing by ill-humour: when you have done crying, and when you have dressed yourself, you may follow us down to breakfast."

As soon as her mother had shut the door and left her, Rosamond began to cry again; but, after some time, she considered that her tears would neither make her warm nor untie the knot of her cap; she therefore dried her eyes, and once more tried to conquer the grand difficulty. A little patience was all that was necessary; she untied the knot, and finished dressing herself, but she felt ashamed to go into the room to her father and mother, and brothers and sister. She looked in the glass to see whether her eyes continued red. Yes, they were very red, and her purple cheeks were glazed with tears. She walked backward and forward between the door and the looking-glass several times, and the longer she delayed, the more unwilling she felt to do what was disagreeable to her. At length, however, as she stood with the door half open, she heard the cheerful sound of the voices in the breakfast-room, and she said to herself, "Why should not I be as happy as everybody else is!" She went down stairs, and resolved, very wisely, to tell her father what had happened, and to be good-humoured and happy.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, when she came into the room, and when she told her father what had happened, "you look rather more agreeable now than you did when I saw you a little while ago. We are glad to see that you can command yourself. Come now, and eat some breakfast."

Laura set a chair for her sister at the table near the fire, and Rosamond would have said, "Thank you," but that she was afraid to speak, lest she should cry again. She began to eat her breakfast as fast as possible, without lifting up her eyes.

"You need not put quite such large pieces in your little mouth," said her mother; "and you need not look quite so dismal; all your misfortunes are over now, are they not?"

But at the word *misfortunes*, Rosamond's face wrinkled up into a most dismal condition, and the large tears, which had gradually collected in her eyes, rolled over her cheeks.

"What is the matter now, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"I don't know, mamma."

"But try to find out, Rosamond," said her mother; "think and tell me what it is that makes you look so miserable; if you can find out the cause of this woe, perhaps you will be able to put an end to it. What is the cause, can you tell?"

"The cause is—I believe, mamma,—because," said Rosamond, sobbing,—“because I think to-day will be a —will be a day of—a day of—a day of misfortunes.”

"And what do you mean by a day of misfortunes, Rosamond? a day on which you are asked not to put large pieces of bread into your mouth?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, half laughing, "but—"

"But what? a day when you cannot immediately untie a knot?"

"Not *only* that, mamma," answered Rosamond, "but a day when every thing goes wrong."

"When you do not get up in proper time, for instance?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And whose fault was that, Rosamond—yours or the day's?"

"Don't you think it was partly the day's fault, mamma, because it was so cold? It was the cold that first

prevented me from getting up; and then my not getting up was the cause of my being in a great hurry afterward, and of my losing my lace and my pocket-handkerchief, and of my pulling the strings of my cap into a knot, and of my being cross to Laura, who was so good to me, and of your being displeased with me, and of all my misfortunes."

"So the *cold*, you think, was the cause of all these misfortunes, as you call them: but do you think that nobody has felt the cold this morning except yourself? Laura and I have felt the cold; and how comes it that we have had no misfortunes?"

"O mamma!" said Rosamond; "but you and Laura do not mind such little misfortunes. It would be very odd indeed, mamma" (and she burst out a laughing at the idea), "it would be very droll indeed, mamma, if I was to find you crying because you could not untie the strings of your cap."

"Or because I was cold," added her mother, laughing with her.

"I was very foolish, to be sure, mamma," resumed Rosamond; "but there are two things I could say for myself that would be some excuse."

"Say them then, my dear; I shall be glad to hear them."

"The first is, mamma, that I was a great deal longer in the cold this morning than anybody else; therefore, I had more reason to cry, you know. And the second thing I have to say for myself is—"

"Gently," interrupted her mother; "before you go to your second excuse, let us consider whether your first is a good one. How came you to stay longer in the cold this morning than anybody else did?"

"Because, mamma, you sent Laura down stairs, and told me I must untie the knot myself."

"And why did I send Laura down stairs, and say you must untie the knot for yourself?"

"Because I was cross to Laura, I believe."

"And what made you cross to Laura?"

"I was cross because I could not untie the knot that the strings of my cap had got into."

"*Had got into, Rosamond!* Did the strings get into a knot of themselves?"

"I mean I pulled them into a knot."

"And how came you to do that?"



"Because I was in a hurry."

"And how came you to be in a hurry?"

"O, I see, mamma, that you will say it was my own fault that I did not get up in proper time. But now for the second thing I have to say for myself: the strings of my cap are a great, great deal too short; and this, more than the cold, was the cause of all my misfortunes. You and Laura might have felt the cold, as you say, as much as I did; but you neither of you had short strings to your caps, mamma," continued Rosamond, with an emphasis. "But" (pausing to reflect, she added) "I do not think that the cold or the strings were the *real* cause of my misfortunes. I don't think that I should have cried the first time, and I am almost sure that I should not have cried the second and third time, if it had not been for—something else. I am afraid, mamma, to tell you of this *something else*, because I know you will say that was more foolish than all the rest."

"But tell it to me, notwithstanding," said her mother, smiling, "because the way to prevent yourself from being foolish again is to find out what made you so just now. If you tell me what you think, and what you feel, perhaps I may help you to manage yourself so as to make you wise, and good, and happy; but, unless I know what passes in your little mind, I shall not be able to help you."

"I'll tell you directly, mamma: it was my thinking that to-day would be a day of misfortunes, that made me cry the second and third times; and do you know, mamma," continued Rosamond, in a faltering, mournful voice, "I don't know why—but I can hardly help feeling almost ready to cry when the same thing comes into my head again now, mamma. Do you think to-day *will* be a day of misfortunes, mamma?"

"I think, my dear," answered her mother, "that it will depend entirely upon yourself whether it is or no. If you recollect, we have just discovered that all your past misfortunes, as you call them—"

"Were my own fault, you are going to say, mamma," interrupted Rosamond: "that's the worst of it! That makes me more sorry, and not pleased with myself, nor with any thing else, and ready to cry again, because I can't help it all now."

"Since you cannot help it all now," said her mother, "why should you cry about it! Turn your thoughts to

something else. We cannot help what is past, but we can take care of the future."

"The future," repeated Rosamond: "ay, the time to come. To-morrow, let it be ever so cold, I'll get up in good time: and, as for to-day, I can't get up in good time to-day; but I may do something else that is right; and that may make me pleased with myself again—hey, mamma!—There's a great deal of this day to come yet; and, if I take care, perhaps it will not be a day of misfortunes, after all. What do you think I had better do first, mamma?"

"Run about, and warm these purple hands of yours, I think," said her mother.

"And, after that, mamma, what shall I do next?"

"Do that first," said her mother, "and then we will talk about the next thing."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, casting a longing, lingering look at the fire, "it is *very* disagreeable to leave this nice warm room, and to go out to run in the cold."

"Don't you remember, Rosamond, how warm you made yourself by running about in the garden yesterday? You said that you felt warm for a great while afterward, and that you liked that kind of warmth better than the warmth of the fire."

"Yes; it is very true, mamma; one gets cold soon after being at the fire—I mean, soon after one goes away from it: but still, it is disagreeable at first to go out in the cold; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, I do; but I think, also, that we should be able to do what is a little disagreeable, when we know that it will be for our good afterward; and, by putting off whatever is not quite agreeable to us to do, we sometimes bring ourselves into difficulties. Recollect what happened to a little girl this morning, who did not get up because the cold was disagreeable."

"True, mamma; I will go."

"And I am going to walk," said her mother.

"In the garden, mamma, while I run about? I am very glad of that, because I can talk to you between times, and I don't feel the cold so much when I'm talking. The snow is swept off the gravel-walk, mamma, and there's room for both of us, and I'll run and set your clogs at the hall door, ready for your feet to pop into them."

## THE ROBIN.

Rosamond found it cold when she first went out, but she ran on as fast as she could, singing—

“Good, happy, gay,  
One, two, three, and away,”

till she made herself quite warm.

“Feel my hands, mamma,” said she, “not my purple hands, now—feel how warm they are. You see, mamma, I’m able to do what is a little disagreeable to me, when it is for my good afterward, as you said, mamma.”

Rosamond, who was now warm enough to be able to observe, saw, while she was speaking to her mother, a robin-red-breast, which was perched at a little distance from her upon a drift of snow. He did not seem to see Rosamond, which rather surprised her. “He must be very cold, or very tame, or very stupid,” whispered she; “I’ll go nearer to him.” At her approach he hopped back a few paces, but then stood still. “Poor robin! pretty robin! he opens his eyes, he looks at me, he is not stupid, he likes me, I dare say, and that is the reason he does not fly away. Mamma, I think he would let me take him up in my hand—may I, mamma? he does not stir.”

“I am afraid he is hurt, or ill—take care that you don’t hurt him, Rosamond.”

“I’ll take the greatest care, mamma,” said Rosamond, stooping down softly, and putting her hand over the little bird. “Hush! I have him safe, mamma—his little claws stick to the snow—he is very cold, for he trembles—and he is frightened—there is something come over his eyes—he is ill—what shall I do with him, mamma? May I take him to the house, and hold him to the fire, and then give him a great many crumbs to make him quite well?”

Rosamond’s mother advised her not to hold the bird by the fire, but said that she might take him into the house and warm him by degrees in her warm hands.

“How lucky it is that my hands are warm, and how glad I am that I came out,” cried Rosamond. “Pretty robin, he is better, mamma—he opened his eyes—I’ll take him in and show him to Laura.”

This poor robin had been almost starved by cold and hunger, but he was gradually recovered by Rosamond’s

care, and she rejoiced that she had saved the little bird's life. Her mother gave her some crumbs of bread for him, and while the robin-red-breast was pecking up the crumbs, Rosamond stood by, watching him with great delight.

"What are become of all your misfortunes, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"My misfortunes!—what misfortunes? O, I had quite forgot—I was thinking of the robin's misfortunes."

"Which were rather greater than yours, hey, Rosamond?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "my knot was no great misfortune; I wonder I could think about such little things. But you see, mamma, this has not been a day of misfortunes after all. I am very happy now—I am pleased with myself—I have saved the life of this poor little robin: and if I had cried all day long, it would not have done so much good; it would not have done any good. There is only one thing I don't feel quite pleased with myself about yet. Laura! I'm sorry I was cross to Laura about the knot—what can I do to make amends for that, mamma? I'll never be cross again; I'll tell her so, hey, mamma?"

"No, I advise you not to tell her so, Rosamond, lest you should not be able to keep your promise—"

"If there should come another knot to-morrow, mamma! but I think it would be a good thing to prevent that. Mamma, will you be so good as to give me two long bits of tape, and I will sew them on my cap."

Her mother said that she thought it was wise of Rosamond to prevent *misfortunes*, instead of crying about them after they had happened: she gave her the two bits of tape, and Rosamond sewed them on her cap.

As soon as she had finished this affair, she returned to her robin, which was now flying about the room, and Laura was looking at him. "Laura, is not it a pretty robin?"

"Very pretty, indeed," said Laura.

"Should not you like to have such a robin very much, Laura?" continued Rosamond.

"I like to see him, and to hear him sing, and to feed him," answered Laura.

"Well, but should you not like to have him in a cage for your own?" said Rosamond; and at the same mo-

ment she whispered to her mother, "Mamma, do you know I intend to give him to Laura?"

But how much was Rosamond surprised and disappointed when her sister answered, "No, I should not like to keep him in a cage, because I do not think he would be happy. I have heard that robin-red-breasts die soon if they are kept in cages."

"Dear, that is very unlucky indeed," said Rosamond, "particularly as I was just going to offer to give you my robin. But you know you need not keep him in a cage; he may fly about in this room as he does now, and you may feed him every day; should not you like that, Laura? and should not you be much obliged to me then?"

Laura perceived that Rosamond was anxious she should answer *yes*, and she was unwilling to displease her by refusing to accept of her offer: she therefore hesitated a little.

"Why don't you say yes or no?" said Rosamond, in rather an impatient tone: she had at this instant need of all her command over herself to keep to her late excellent resolution "*never to be cross again*." Her mother's eye luckily was upon her, and, with a sudden change of countenance, Rosamond smiled, and said, "No, mamma, I have not forgot—you see I am good-humoured—I am only a little sorry that Laura does not seem to like to have my little robin—I thought she would be so pleased with him."

"So I am pleased with him," replied Laura, "and very much obliged to you for offering to give him to me, but I do not wish to keep him; I once took care of a poor robin, and fed him almost all winter; but at last a sad accident happened to him; don't you remember, Rosamond, he flew upon the bars of the grate in mamma's dressing-room, and he was terribly burnt! and he died!"

Rosamond was touched by the recollection of this poor bird's sufferings; and after expressing some regret at the thoughts of parting with the pretty robin, which was now upon the table, she determined to open the window, and to let the bird fly away or stay, whichever he liked best. The robin fluttered for some time near the window, then returned to the crumbs upon the table, pecked them, hopped about, and seemed in no haste to be gone; at last, however, he flew. "O mamma, he is

gone for ever!" said Rosamond; "but I did right to let him do as he pleased, did not I, mamma? it was very disagreeable to me indeed to open the window; but you know, mamma, you told me that we must sometimes do what is disagreeable when it is to be for our good afterward; this is not for my good, but for the bird's good. Well, I hope it will be for his good! at any rate, I have done rightly."

While Rosamond was yet speaking, the robin returned and perched upon the window-stool. Laura scattered some crumbs upon the floor within sight of the window; the bird hopped in and flew away with one of the crumbs in his beak. "I dare say," said Rosamond, "he will often come back; every day, perhaps, Laura: O, how glad I should be of that! would not you, mamma?"

"My dear little girl," said her mother, "I should be glad of it: I am very much pleased to see that you can command your temper, and that you can use your understanding to govern yourself." Rosamond's mother stroked her daughter's hair upon her forehead as she spoke, and then gave her two kisses.

"Ah, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is not a day of misfortunes, indeed."

"No, my dear," said her mother, "it is not; and I wish, in all your little and great misfortunes, you may manage yourself as well as you have done to day."

Rosamond's prudent precaution in sewing longer strings to her cap proved successful; for a whole month she was dressed in proper time; and her father, to reward her for keeping her good resolutions, lent her a nice little machine of his for drawing perspective; she was allowed to use it before breakfast only, and she felt the advantage of getting up in proper time.

The robin-red-breast returned regularly every day to the window to be fed, and when the window happened to be shut, he pecked at it with his little beak till it was opened for him. He at last grew so familiar that he would eat out of Rosamond's hand.

"How much pleasure I should have lost, mamma," said Rosamond one morning, when the bird was eating out of her hand, "if I had not done what was a little disagreeable to me on that cold day—which I thought would have been a day of misfortunes."

## RIVULETTA.

In the spring, Rosamond and Laura went with their father and mother into the country; and they were very eager, the evening of their arrival, to walk out to look at the flowers and shrubs, and to visit all their favourite walks.

"As soon as ever dinner is over, mamma, I'll go out, if you please, and run down to the water-side to see the early rose-tree that you planted last year. I remember the place exactly; and, mamma, if there is a rose blown, may I gather it for you?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother; "but I advise you not to raise your expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. Look at that dark cloud; I think we shall have a storm of hail."

"O no, mamma," said Rosamond, "it will blow over. You see we have just done dinner. There! the cloth is gone now, and I shall have time, before it hails, to run as far as the early rose-tree and back again."

Rosamond put on her hat and ran away; she returned soon afterward, quite out of breath, with an early rosebud in her hand, if rosebud that might be called in which scarcely a streak of red was visible.

"Here, mamma, is the first rose you've had this year!" cried Rosamond, as soon as she had breath enough to express her admiration. "Is not it beautiful? and you see I had quite time enough, mamma; it only just began to hail as I came in."

"I see a few hailstones melting upon your hat, however, Rosamond; and have you not been in rather too great a hurry to gather this beautiful rose? it would have been more blown, it might have been a pretty rosebud, if you had had patience to wait till to-morrow, or till the day afterward."

"But that would have been a great while to wait, mamma: I can pull the red leaves open, and make it a full blown rose in a minute."

"I think it would be better to put it in water, and leave it to blow," said her mother: "if you pull it open

you will spoil it, and to-morrow will come; therefore we had better think of to-morrow as well as of to-day."

Rosamond paused—"Yes, mamma," said she, "I think it will be better to wait till to-morrow. I'll put the rosebud into water, if you will be so good as to lend me a tumbler."

Her mother poured some water into a tumbler: Rosamond put the rosebud into it, and as she placed it on the chimney-piece, exclaimed, "I wish to-morrow was come!"

"And why should we lose to-day?" said her mother.

"Because, mamma, don't you see that it is hailing as hard as it can hail! and there will be no more pleasure to-day! the grass will be so wet, even if the storm should blow over before sunset, that I shall not be able to run upon the grass any more."

"And cannot you possibly be happy without running upon the grass? you did not run upon the grass yesterday evening, and I think you were tolerably happy."

"Yes, mamma: but do you think the storm will soon be over or not? I'll stand at the window and watch that great black cloud."

In vain Rosamond watched the clouds; there was no hope that the evening would clear up; and she turned to Laura to ask her whether this was not very provoking; but Laura was reading instead of watching the clouds.

Rosamond thought that what Laura was reading must be very interesting, as it could fix her attention in such a moment as this; and, going up softly behind her sister, she exclaimed, as she read the title,—"*Rivuletta!*—Dear Laura, my mother gave you *that*, I remember, a whole week ago, and you have kept it all this time; have you never read it yet?"

"No," said Laura, "because I happened to have a great many other things to do, and I kept the pleasure of reading this till the last; and now, this rainy evening, I have something to make me amends."

"For not going out," said Rosamond; "I should like to see whether it would make me amends too. I am glad you kept it for a rainy evening; that was very *prudent*, as mamma says. Now you have only read one page, will you be so very good as to begin again and read it to me?"

Laura kindly complied with her sister's request; and,



as soon as Rosamond had settled herself to her satisfaction, began to read the story.

“RIVULETTA—A DREAM.”

“A dream! I like dreams,” said Rosamond; “but I won’t interrupt you.”

“It happened, towards the middle of June, that I rose remarkably early to take a walk through the country, before the sultry beams of the sun had yet heated the atmosphere: and wandering wherever the windings of the path led me, I arrived at the gate of a magnificent garden; the gardener, immediately perceiving me, desired that I should walk in, with which request I readily complied, and surveyed with delight the variety of shrubs and flowers which the garden produced; at length, reposing myself among the twisting branches of a honeysuckle, within full view of a large and costly bed of tulips, Morpheus closed my eyes, and sent to me from Heaven the following dream:—

“On the tallest, largest, finest tulip that bloomed in the garden, methought there settled a butterfly of uncommon beauty, between whose downy wings reclined a little fairy. Her form was inexpressibly elegant: sweetness, and gayety, and youth were blended in her countenance, with innocence and unaffected grace, that she seemed as if she were that moment come to life; her flowing robe was tintured with all the variety of colours that it was possible for nature or art to conceive; her eyes were of a vivid blue; and her flaxen hair waved in ringlets upon her shoulders. Small though she was, I could distinguish every fold in her garment, nay, even every azure vein that wandered beneath her snowy skin. As I was thus contemplating her with attention, she disengaged herself from the butterfly, whom she managed with a silken rein, leaving it to range about the garden at pleasure; and, perching herself upon the stamen of the tulip, she began to diversify it with the very finest tinctures. She placed in her lap a little tablet covered with a numberless variety of different colours, which she by degrees laid on the surface of the flower with a pencil made of the softest hairs imaginable, wetting it every now and then with the dewdrops that still remained scattered up and down the leaves. Methought, as I gazed upon her, that I never in my life beheld a more beautiful picture.

And now that her morning work was just completed, she gathered a handful of farina off a neighbouring flower, and began to sprinkle it over the yet moist tulip, to give it that velvet gloss which is so peculiarly beautiful, when I happened to turn my head, and to my great surprise I beheld my youngest daughter running to seize hold of the butterfly, which she was just on the point of catching, when her foot slipped, and she crushed at once, by her fall, the flower and the pretty little object of her wishes ; even the fairy had but a narrow escape, by concealing herself under a shell that chanced to be beneath the tulip.

“The beauty of the scene had now entirely vanished, and I saw nothing but the bruised flower and the dying insect. A number of confused ideas now danced before my eyes, and my ears were filled with a variety of discordant sounds. At length a small, shrill voice, distinctly articulated the following words :—

“‘He who now speaks to you,’ said the invisible being, ‘is the deity of the fairies ; and as your curiosity has been excited with respect to the little fairy you have just now seen, it shall be satisfied. Her name is Rivuletta, and she belongs to the most delicate species of fairy that exists, to whom the care is given of the vegetable creation. ’Tis they who, every revolving season, enliven and beautify the scenes of nature with such a variety of tinctures ; and as they are continually employed in giving pleasure, they are peculiarly happy. What occupations can be more delightful than theirs ?

“‘Yet think not, from this partial view, that they are exempted from the universal lot of every being ; they have their miseries in common with others. Are there not frosts to nip ? Are there not heats to parch ? Are there not rains to drown, and blights to blast the fairest of their produce ? Nay, have they not more to fear than all these ? Has not their sad experience taught them, that many a flower wastes its sweetness and dies neglected by mankind ?

“‘And consider what those must feel who are doomed to toil upon such neglected beauties. Have they not likewise learned what to expect from man, who robs them of their choicest sweets ere they are arrived at full perfection ?

“‘To all these various evils the little fairies are continually subject, and fortunate indeed is she who escapes

them all. And now look yonder,' said the invisible being: 'observe that tulip and that insect, which formerly constituted the whole happiness of the unfortunate Rivuletta: she is now, by the folly of a child, deprived for ever of it, and rendered miserable for the rest of her life. How often have I viewed her, proudly mounted on her gilded butterfly, ascend to the higher regions of the sylphs, with them

"To sport and flutter in the fields of air,"

and then descend with equal joy upon her favourite flower, whose loss, by one of the laws of her society, dooms her to perpetual slavery.'

"Methought that the deity was just going to explain the reason of this, when my attention was unexpectedly diverted by the appearance of the fairy, who was slowly riding on a sable moth. Her robes, which but a little while before had looked so gay, were now coloured of the darkest green; her countenance was pale and wan, and I discovered that she really had become a slave since I had seen her; for, as she drew nearer to the remains of her butterfly, and stretched out her hand to reach them, I heard the sound of a heavy chain upon her little feeble arm.

"I here gave a deep sigh, and with the violence of my emotion I awoke; and hearing the buzzing of the bees, I suddenly recollected myself. I arose from my seat to pursue my walk homewards, painting upon every butterfly that I saw the image of Rivuletta.

"As I was thus recalling to my memory the delightful vision which I had just beheld, I found that what at first so strongly caught my senses now began to touch my heart, and that even in the wildest flights of the imagination, reason can trace a moral. The familiar shape and humble species of the insect had made me look with indifference on its sufferings, though it expired in agony at my feet; while the fair form, graceful motion, and elegant attire of the fairy, had given importance to her imaginary distress, and had wrung my heart with the tenderest compassion."

After Laura had finished reading, Rosamond exclaimed, "Is that all? I wish there was more of it."

"Why, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "you forget that the grass is wet, and that it has not done raining."

"Yes, mamma; and I was quite wrong when I said there would be no more pleasure to-day. There are different sorts of pleasure, mamma. I was happy when Laura was reading to me; and I was happy when I was running on the grass a little while ago; and when I can't have one thing that I like, I may still find out something else that will entertain me. Thank you, Laura, for reading 'Rivuletta.' I remember the pretty fairy's name. Mamma, is it true that somebody really dreamed this nice dream: and who was it, mamma? Do you know the person?"

"It is not true, my dear; it was invented and written by a very young person."

"The same boy who wrote 'The Injured Ass,' mamma?"

"No, my dear; but a sister of his."

"How old was she when she wrote it, mamma?"

"She was just thirteen."

"Was she good, mamma? Was she like Laura; or was she vain or proud?"

"She was good; she was neither vain nor proud, though she was uncommonly beautiful, and superior in understanding to any person of her age that I ever was acquainted with."

"Was, mamma!" said Laura.

"Was, my dear: she is no more. Her parents lost her when she was but fifteen!"

## THE THORN.

"HERE is the rosebud, mamma, that we put into water yesterday," said Rosamond; "look how prettily it has blown; and smell it; it has some smell to-day: I am glad I did not pull it open. The *to-morrow* that I wished for is come. '*To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday.*'\* May I go and gather a bit of sweetbrier, mamma, for you to wear with this rose?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and then follow us along the west shrubbery-walk. We are going to look at the hyacinths."

"Hyacinths? Then I'll make a great deal of haste," said she.

Impatient to follow her mother along the west shrubbery-walk, and to see the hyacinths, Rosamond unluckily forgot that sweetbrier has thorns. She plunged her hand into the first sweetbrier-bush she came to, but hastily withdrew it, exclaiming, "How sweetbrier pricks one!" She next selected, with rather more care, a slender sprig on the outside of the shrub; but though she pulled, and pulled, she could not break off this twig, and she shook the whole bush with her efforts; a straggling overgrown branch, armed with thorns, bent down, as Rosamond shook his neighbours, and caught fast hold of the riband of her straw hat; she struggled, but it was in vain to struggle; so at last she quietly untied her hat, drew her head out of danger, and then disengaged her riband; and at length, with scratched hands and a thorn in her finger, she followed her mother to the hyacinths.

"Here, mamma, is the sweetbrier," said she; "but I don't like sweetbrier; for I have run a thorn into my finger by gathering it; it is full of thorns; I don't like sweetbrier."

"You do not like thorns, I fancy you mean," said her mother; "come here, and I will take the thorn out for you. Where is this terrible thorn?"

"You can't see it, mamma, because it is gone a great

\* The words used by a child five years old.

way into my finger below the skin—Oh!—that hurts me very much,” cried Rosamond, shrinking back as her mother touched the finger.

“I am trying, my dear,” said her mother, “to find out whereabouts the thorn is.”

“It is there, just under your finger, mamma,” said Rosamond.

“Then, if you can lend me a needle, Rosamond, I will take it out in a moment.”

“Here’s a needle,” said Rosamond, producing, with an air of satisfaction, her red morocco housewife; “here’s a small needle, mamma; but you will not hurt me, will you?”

“As little as I possibly can, my dear,” said her mother; “but I must hurt you a little.”

“Then, mamma,” said Rosamond, putting her hand behind her, “if you please, I had rather not have the thorn taken out at all.”

“O Rosamond! what a coward you are,” exclaimed her brother, who was standing by; and he began to laugh in rather an insulting manner; but he stopped himself when his mother said, “Had not we better reason with Rosamond than laugh at her?”

“Yes, mamma, let us reason,” said Rosamond: but she still kept her hand behind her.

“Would you rather bear a great deal of pain or a little?” said her mother.

“A little, mamma,” said Rosamond; “and that is the reason that I say I would rather bear to have the thorn as it is, in my finger, than bear the great pain of having it pulled out.”

“But how do you know that it would give you a great deal of pain to have the thorn pulled out?”

“I don’t *know*, mamma, *but*, I fancy—I believe it would,” said Rosamond, fixing her eyes upon the point of the needle which her mother held in her hand.

“Do you remember ever to have had a thorn taken out of your finger?”

“No, mamma; and that is the very reason I am afraid of it; so I had rather bear the pain of the thorn, that I do know, than the pain of having it taken out, which I do not know.”

“But though you may have never felt, or never remember to have felt, what it is to have a thorn taken out of your finger, you have friends, probably, who could

assist you by their experience—here is Laura, for instance; as she always speaks truth, you can believe what she says, cannot you?"

"O yes, certainly."

"I took a thorn out of her hand yesterday."

"Did it hurt you much, Laura?" said Rosamond.

"Very little;" said Laura; "the pain was not more than the prick of a pin."

"I could bear the prick of a pin," said Rosamond, holding out her hand; "but I think, mamma, the thorn is gone; I scarcely feel it now."

"If it is gone, my dear, I am glad of it," said her mother; "there is no occasion that you should bear even the prick of a pin for nothing. I only advised you to choose the least of two evils. But why does your little finger stick out from all the rest of your fingers?" continued her mother, observing that, as Rosamond rolled up her housewife, this little finger never bent along with its companions.

"Don't you know, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is the finger that has the thorn in it?"

"O, then the thorn is in it still!" said her mother; "I thought it was out just now—am I to believe that it is both in and out at the same time?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "but, till I tried to bend my finger, I did not feel the thorn; it does not hurt me in the least while I hold it still, and while I hold it out quite straight, so, mamma."

"And is it your intention to hold your finger out quite straight, and quite still, Rosamond, all the remainder of your life?"

"O no, mamma, that would tire me very much indeed; I should be tired before I had held it so one day, or one hour, I'm sure; for I begin to be rather tired already."

"As long as you prefer this inconvenience to bearing the prick of a needle, it cannot be very troublesome. Here is your needle, my dear; put it into your housewife, and now let us go to the hyacinths."

"Must I put my hand in my pocket again? I must use my other hand," said Rosamond, stretching across her left hand to her right pocket, in a strange, awkward manner.

"And is that the way, my dear, you intend to get things out of your pocket in future?" said her mother.

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "nor shall

I have any pleasure in looking at the hyacinths till this thorn is out—I think my finger is swelling, mamma, and it certainly is red all round the joint—look, mamma.”

“I do not in the least doubt it, my dear,” said her mother, calmly.

“But can you tell me, ma’am, what the end of it will be?”

“The end of what, my dear?”

“The end of my leaving the thorn in my finger.”

“The consequences of it, I suppose you mean. The probable consequences are, my dear, that the finger will fester, or *gather*—you may remember—”

“O, I do remember, indeed,” interrupted Rosamond, “last winter my foot *gathered*. I know what you mean by that—I recollect the pain that I felt then: it was much more than the pricks of a hundred pins. Mamma, will you be so good as to take the thorn out for me? Here is the needle.”

Her mother took the thorn out for Rosamond; the pain was soon over; and when her mother showed her the thorn sticking upon the point of the needle, she rejoiced, and bending her finger, exclaimed, “Now I can use my finger again! Thank you, mamma!—you see at last I did choose the least of the two evils.”

“You have done prudently, and I’m glad of it,” said her mother; “and now let us go and look at the hyacinths. I dare say, Rosamond, this thorn will make you remember to be more careful the next time you go to gather sweetbrier.”

“Yes, that it will, mamma, I dare say; pain makes one remember things very well. And pleasure too, mamma, makes one remember things longer still, I think; for, since you gave me this nice little housewife,” said Rosamond, who had taken out her housewife to put by her needle, “I have never forgotten to put my needle into its place.”



## THE HYACINTHS.

"O MAMMA! how beautiful they are!" cried Rosamond, running up to the hyacinth bed; "Pink, and blue, and lilach. I don't know which I like best, they are all so pretty; and they have a delightful smell, mamma. But what can be the meaning of this?" added she, pointing with a look of mournful surprise to a ridge of earth on which lay several faded hyacinths that had been newly pulled up; they were lying with their flowers downwards, and the gardener was just going to cover them up with earth. "And must they be buried alive? What a pity! May not we save the life of this beautiful pink one, mamma? The others, to be sure, are a little withered; but this," said she, lifting up the head of a tall pink hyacinth, "look at it, ma'am, now it stands upright. The new earth has soiled it a little, but we'll shake off the earth." Rosamond gave the hyacinth a gentle shake; not such a shake as she gave the sweet-brier-bush; the earth still clung to the flower. Rosamond shook the stem a little more, and several of the pink flowers fell to the ground, so that only the bare green stalk now remained upright. "Well, that may be buried," said Rosamond: but she raised another of its companions from the earth—"A blue hyacinth; quite fresh, mamma!"

"Look at the other side of it, my dear," said her mother.

"It is a little withered on the other side, to be sure, mamma," said Rosamond; "but it will look very well in a flower-pot with others. Why must they be buried?"

"The gardener, who has had more experience than you or I upon this subject, says, that he buries them in this manner to strengthen their roots."

"Their roots!" said Rosamond; "but what signify those ugly roots, in comparison with these beautiful flowers?"

"These beautiful flowers, you know, come from those ugly roots."

"But why need they be strengthened any more, mamma? We have the flowers already."

"Next year we shall have fresh flowers if we take care of these roots ; but if we were to throw them away, we should see no blooming hyacinths next spring."

"Next spring! it will be a great while, mamma, before next spring."

"Yesterday, my dear," said her mother, "you thought that to-day would never come ; but you see my rosebud is blown," said her mother, taking the early rosebud out of her nosegay.

"Ah! very true, mamma," said Rosamond ; "but a year is quite another thing."

"To look forward a whole year," said her mother, "is certainly rather too much to expect from a little girl who has only just learned to look forward a whole day ; but, however, it is possible, that Rosamond may in time learn to think of next year as well as of to-morrow. Now, Rosamond, take your choice. You may have either those six hyacinth flowers that lie upon that ridge, or you may have their six roots, whichever you please."

As she finished speaking, she gathered the hyacinths ; and the gardener, by her desire, picked up the roots, and placed them in a heap before Rosamond. Rosamond looked alternately at the flowers and the roots.

"The flowers, to be sure, are withered ; and next year there will be fine fresh flowers, that will last a fortnight, or perhaps a month, and these will be quite gone in a few hours," said Rosamond.

Yet the idea of the present pleasure of putting the hyacinth into her flower-pot was full in Rosamond's mind ; and she looked in her mother's eyes anxiously.

"Don't consult my eyes, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling : "you shall see nothing in my eyes ;" and her mother turned away her head. "Use your own understanding, because you will not always have my eyes to see with."

"Look at me again, mamma ; and I will use my own understanding. Do you mean that, if I choose the roots, you will give me leave to keep them in your ground ? You know, if I have no ground to plant them in, they would be of no use to me ; and I then had better choose the flowers."

"Very true, Rosamond," said her mother ; "I am glad that you are so considerate—I *do* mean to give you

some ground to plant the roots in, if you choose the roots."

"Then, mamma, I do choose the roots. Are you pleased with my choice, mamma?"

"My dear," said her mother, "I hope *you* will be pleased with it; for it is your affair, and not mine."

"But don't you think I have made a wise choice, mamma? A little while ago, when I chose to have the thorn pulled out rather than to have it in my finger, you said that I had done very prudently to choose the least of two evils, and that you were glad of it. And now, mamma, I have chosen the greatest of two pleasures, and that is prudent too; and are not you glad of it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, mamma. And when shall I plant the hyacinths? To-morrow, mamma?"

"No, my dear, not till next spring: leave them here, and the gardener shall take care of them for you till it is the proper time to plant them next year."

## THE RABBIT.

MANY agreeable things engaged Rosamond's attention during the year that elapsed while the hyacinth-roots lay buried in sand. Her mother gave her a little bit of ground for a garden; and, as it was in vain to think of having hyacinths before the proper season, Rosamond begged that her mother would be so good as to give her some seeds, which she might in the meantime sow in her garden.

"What sort of seeds do you want, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"Any sort, mamma; all sorts, if you please."

"Have you room to sow all sorts of seeds, Rosamond, do you think, in your little garden? for instance, turnip, carrot, cabbage, and cauliflower-seeds, and peas, and beans, and—"

"O no, mamma; all those would take up a great deal too much room—I can't have all sorts of seeds, to be sure; therefore, if you please, I will have only flower-seeds."

"All sorts of flower-seeds?"

"No, no, ma'am; you know I have not room for all; but I should like to have those which will come up the quickest, and which will be the prettiest."

"Perhaps you cannot have both those at once; for instance, pinks and carnations you think pretty."

"O yes, mamma! I must have pinks and carnations in my garden—(I mean, if you please), for they are beautiful."

"But I cannot please to make them grow as fast as you perhaps expect, Rosamond."

"If I sow pinks and carnations this very day, mamma, how soon shall I have a nosegay of them?"

"Probably next year."

Rosamond sighed; and said that, if carnations were so long in growing, she would rather have sweet peas, or any thing else; and she asked her mother what would come up soonest of any thing she could plant.

Her mother told her that she believed mustard-seed

you shall like our labyrinth, mamma, I won't finish it. Indeed, I believe it will be too narrow to walk in; and I had better not spoil the mignonette: I can give you nice nosegays of mignonette. But, mamma, here's another thing. We are thinking of digging a pond here."

"What! in the midst of your fine bed of turnips? And where will you get water to fill your pond?"

"When it rains, mamma; and then you know it will be very useful to have a pond full of water, with which we can water the turnips and every thing."

"But the turnips must be pulled up to make room for the pond."

"True, mamma," said Rosamond; "but still I shall have mignonette, since I mean to give up the labyrinth; and mignonette must be watered in hot weather."

"And do you think that your pond will be full of water in hot weather? Do you think the rain will never dry up in your pond?"

"Ah! that is what we are sadly afraid of, mamma: but then, in rainy weather, the pond will be quite full and very useful."

"Very useful! what, to water your mignonette when it is raining? Will not the rain do as well as the rain-water out of your pond?"

Rosamond confessed that she had not made this reflection; and she gave up the scheme of the pond.

"And now, mamma," said she, "*lay out* my garden for me, as Godfrey says, exactly to your own taste; and I will alter it all to-morrow to please you."

"I advise you, Rosamond, not to alter it," said her mother: "wait till all the things you have planted come to perfection, and don't give up what is useful for what is useless. As to the rest, please your own taste."

"But the thing is, mamma, that if I don't alter and alter continually, I have nothing to do, and I am tired of my garden if it looks ever so nice."

"You are in the right, my dear little Rosamond, to try to find out the cause of your own actions. So, then, you change your plans continually for want of something to do. Look at all those weeds in that shrubbery," said she; "those are easily pulled up, especially the groundsel."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well; employ yourself in weeding that shrubbery for me. Here is a basket. Bring your little hoe."

"I can pull the groundsel up with my hand, mamma," said Rosamond; and she set to work with great alacrity.

"Rosamond!" said her mother, "when you have weeded quite clean this piece of the shrubbery, from this variegated holly to that larch, I will give you three of those little laburnums that you wished to have a few days ago."

"Oh! thank you, mamma," said Rosamond: "but I'm afraid I shall be a great while doing this, for I see a great many weeds."

She worked hard that day, and filled her basket quite up to the top with groundsel; and she calculated that, if she filled this basket full of weeds every day, she should have cleared from the variegated holly to the larch in the week.

For some rainy days and some accidents she had not allowed; but, at the end of a fortnight, the work was completed; and her mother gave her the three little laburnums. Rosamond transplanted them immediately into her garden. She was surprised and rejoiced to find that her mignonette and her turnips, during this fortnight of tranquillity, had come forward finely. A few weeds had made their appearance, but those she soon pulled up; and, resolving to make no useless alterations in her garden, she returned to her mother, and asked her for fresh employment.

"Go on weeding the shrubbery, from the larch to the large laurel," said her mother; "that will be a month's work; and, if you do it well, I will give you the little laurel that grows near your garden."

Rosamond, in due time, earned the laurel; and she had now acquired the habit of regularly employing herself, so that she liked the work, even without thinking of her promised rewards. She earned several pretty shrubs; among others, a fine damask rose-tree, by her summer and autumn's work; *earned*, perhaps, we should not say, for the rewards her mother gave to her were certainly above the value of her work; but her mother said, she thought that a few shrubs were well bestowed in teaching her little daughter industry and perseverance.

"The same industry and perseverance, Rosamond," said she, "that you show in weeding this shrubbery, may be turned to a great many other useful things."

"Yes, mamma—I hope, when winter evenings come,"

said Rosamond, "you will be so very good as to teach me to write—I wish I could write the history of my garden as nicely as Orlando wrote his journal."

The history of Rosamond's garden was this year much to her credit—she had

- 4 dishes of radishes,
- 6 dishes of tonge-grass,
- 1 dish of turnips.

Peas failed for want of room. She had several nose-gays of pansies, sweet peas, and mignonette. The three laburnums, which she transplanted in the spring, and which she had the courageous patience to leave in peace all summer, flourished beyond her most sanguine expectations; and Orlando gave it as his opinion, that they would bear fine yellow flowers the ensuing spring. But alas! early one hot morning in August, when Rosamond went with her little green watering-pot to water her favourite laburnums, she found the two finest of them broken, and the other was stripped of its leaves. She ran to her brother Orlando, and asked him to come to her garden. He came—he saw the poor laburnums—but he could do them no good.

"Who can have done all this mischief?" cried Rosamond; "and why should any one do me mischief? I never do mischief to anybody or to any thing! Who can have done all this?"

"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief," said Orlando, after he had closely examined the little laburnums—"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief—a rabbit—look! here are the marks of his nibbling teeth. Look at these bitten leaves."

"Mischievous rabbit! good-for-nothing animal!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"However, for your oomfort," continued Orlando, "here's one of your laburnums that may do very well yet."

"Oh, but the rabbit will come again!" said Rosamond. "What can I do? how shall I keep him away? he'll eat every thing I have in the world," added Rosamond, in whose imagination this rabbit now appeared an unconquerable wild beast.

"He will not eat every thing you have in the world," said Orlando, soberly; "but, to be sure, there is some danger of his eating your laburnums; because, unluckily,

rabbits happen to be fond of laburnums, and he does not know that there is any harm in eating them."

"I wish he would only be so good as not to eat mine," said Rosamond.

"Nor mine," cried Orlando; "you would not have him eat mine! He'll come to me next, I'm afraid, as soon as he has done with you."

"Done with me! so, then, you think he'll go on eating!"

"To be sure, he will eat as long as he is alive, I suppose," said Orlando, with calm gravity; "and we have no right to kill him for eating even your laburnums—hey?"

"Kill him!" repeated Rosamond, shrinking back; "no, I would not kill or hurt *any* animal; you know that would be cruel—poor rabbit! I don't want to hurt him, though he has eat my laburnums. He did not know, as you say, that he was doing any harm—I only want to hinder him, if I can, from doing me more mischief; but I'm sure I don't know how; for I can't build a wall; and I've nothing of which I can make a hedge. I don't want to hurt the rabbit, but to hinder him from hurting me—poor fellow!"

Orlando was much pleased by the humanity with which Rosamond spoke of her enemy, the rabbit; and he knew, by experience, how provoking it is to see the fruits of one's own labours destroyed—"I'll see about it for you, Rosamond," said he, after musing for some time. "I don't say I can do it; but we'll see what can be done—I think I can save your last laburnum."

The next morning, all the family were at breakfast before Orlando appeared. This was an unusual circumstance; for he was generally as punctual as the clock. "I know where he is," said Godfrey; "he has just run down to Rosamond's garden to look at something."

"I am sure that's very good of him—I know that you mean my poor laburnum," cried Rosamond; "but, mamma, had not I better go and tell him it is time to have his breakfast?"

Rosamond had just slid down from her chair, when Godfrey stopped her with an eager hand—"The *something* is not a laburnum, Rosamond, and you are not to know any thing about it—I am sorry I happened to say *something*; for I was desired to say nothing."

At this instant Orlando made his appearance, with a



wooden box in his hand, of about two feet long, sixteen inches broad, and nine inches high.

"What is that?" cried Rosamond.

Orlando placed the box on the table before her. "It is nothing," said she, "but an old box, as far as I can see." But Rosamond had not looked far; she had only looked at the sides next her. At length, observing that everybody smiled, she went round to the place where Godfrey, who seemed to see farther than she did, was standing.

"Ha!" cried she, "here's a glass on this side of the box!" There was a small hole cut in this side of it about the size of a card, and this hole was covered with glass. "I see something white behind the glass," said she.

"No, it's brown, not white," cried Godfrey.

"It was white just now," replied Rosamond: "it has changed—it moves!—it must be something alive."

Rosamond put her face closer to the spy-hole; and, looking in, she saw a brown and white rabbit crouching down in the farthest corner of the box. "Dear Orlando! the rabbit! how did you get him? Is he hurt?" cried Rosamond.

"He is not in the least hurt," said Orlando; and he showed Rosamond how he had caught the rabbit.\*

"I'm glad we have caught him, and that he's not hurt," said Rosamond.

"But now what shall we do with him?" said Orlando.

"Pretty little animal! what nice white ears and feet he has!" said Rosamond, still looking at him through the glass; "but he keeps himself squeezed up, and moves his quick eyes and his long ears continually—I wish he would come out of that corner."

"He dare not; he dare not move," said Orlando; "he's frightened almost out of his wits."

"That's a pity," said Rosamond; "for if he was not so foolish as to be frightened, he might be very happy in this box—it is quite a room to him."

"But he is not used to live in a room," said Orlando; "and maybe that's one reason he does not like it."

"Well, he'll grow used to it, and then he'll like it," said Rosamond.

\* A description of this trap may be seen in Emerson's *Mechanics*, plate 23, fig. 262.

"Grow used to it!" said Orlando; "why, do you mean to keep him a prisoner in this box all his life?"

"Not a prisoner," said Rosamond; "but I should like to keep him in this box; I'd call it his house, and I would feed him—not with my laburnums, but with any thing else that he likes; and I would make him the happiest little rabbit in the world, if mamma likes it."

"You had better consider how the rabbit would like it first," said her mother.

"But I mean to do every thing for his good," said Rosamond.

"I have heard my father say—have not I, father?" said Orlando, "that it is contrary to the laws of England to do anybody good against his will."

"But this rabbit is not anybody," interrupted Godfrey.

"It may not be against the laws of England, then," resumed the grave Orlando, "to keep him in this box; but I think it would be cruel."

"Cruel!" cried Rosamond; "I would not be cruel. I tell you, I mean to make him as happy as the day is long."

"But he'll never be happy—you can't make him happy, Rosamond, in this box," said Orlando; "you don't consider that rabbits like to run about, and he can feed himself better than you can feed him."

"Ay, with my laburnums," said Rosamond, changing her tone; "am I to let him loose again to eat my poor laburnums—laburnum—for I have only one left!"

At the recollection of the mischief he had done, Rosamond, notwithstanding the rabbit's pretty white ears and feet, looked at him with dislike; and Orlando seemed at a loss what to advise. He leaned his elbows upon the top of the box, and began to meditate.

After some minutes' silence, he exclaimed, "I never clearly understood what was right to be done about animals; what is cruelty to animals; for if animals hurt us or hurt our property—"

"Yes, our laburnums, for instance," interrupted Rosamond.

"We must defend them, and we must defend ourselves," continued Godfrey.

"And," resumed Orlando, "how comes it, that we think so compassionately about this one rabbit under my elbows" (knocking his elbows upon the box, which

made the rabbit within start)—“yet we eat rabbits very often at dinner, without thinking at all about the matter!”

“That’s very extraordinary,” said Rosamond; “but, then, the rabbits that we eat at dinner are dead, and cannot feel; so we are not cruel in eating them.”

“But,” said Godfrey, “they are killed on purpose for us to eat.”

• “Then the people who killed them are cruel.”

“But those people would not kill them if we did not want to eat them.”

“I don’t want to eat rabbits,” said Rosamond; “so I hope nobody will ever kill any for me.”

“But you want to eat beef and mutton,” said Orlando: “and then sheep and oxen are killed instead of rabbits.”

“The best way, then,” said Rosamond, “would be to leave off eating meat.”

“Yes,” said Godfrey; “let us begin to-day.”

“Stay,” said Orlando; “consider. How should we manage if all sorts of animals became so numerous that there would not be food for them and for us? There would never be wild vegetables enough; and the animals would grow bold with hunger, and eat the vegetables in our gardens.”

“Ay,” said Rosamond; “and would not it be very unjust indeed, that we should work for them all day?”

“And perhaps, at last,” continued Orlando, “if we did not eat animals, they might eat us.”

“I think we had better go on eating meat,” said Rosamond; “but I am glad I am not a butcher.”

“Sheep and oxen do not eat men; but, if they increased so much as to eat all the vegetables, they would in the end destroy men as effectually by starving them as if they ate them,” said her father.

“I don’t think we have gone to the bottom of the business yet,” said Orlando.

“Nor I,” said Godfrey; “I’ll think more of it, and write an essay upon cruelty to animals.”

“And, in the meantime, what shall we do with this rabbit?” said Orlando; “we have got a great way from him.”

“Poor fellow!” said Rosamond, looking into his prison; “you little think we are talking about you. Orlando, I wish we could carry him to some place at a great distance from our gardens, where he might live

happily, and eat what he liked, without doing us any mischief. Papa, could this be done?"

"My dear," said her father, "there is a place about six miles from hence, called a rabbit-warren, where great numbers of rabbits live."

"O father! could you be so good," said Rosamond, "as to have him carried there and set at liberty?"

"My dear little girl," said her father, "I am glad to see that you are so humane to this animal, which has done you mischief; it is very reasonable that we should endeavour to prevent him from doing you any farther injury; and I think what you propose is sensible. I know Farmer Early, who lives near us, goes to-morrow morning, with his covered cart, to market; he passes by the rabbit-warren; and perhaps he will take charge of Orlando's box, and carry your rabbit and set him at liberty in the warren. We will walk to Mr. Early's house, Rosamond, and ask him to do so, if you please."

This proposal was received with joy by the whole assembly; and, as soon as Orlando had eaten something, they proceeded to the farmer's.

Mr. Early was out in the fields with his labourers when they arrived at his house: but they were shown into a neat little room, where a woman, who looked pale and ill, was sitting at work; a little girl was standing beside her, holding her pincushion and scissors. The woman folded up her work, and was going out of the room; but Rosamond's mother begged that she would stay, and that she would not disturb herself. Orlando put his box upon the table. The rabbit had been very restless during his journey; he had nibbled incessantly at his prison walls; and his operations engrossed the attention of Rosamond and her brothers till Farmer Early's arrival. It had been agreed that Godfrey should, upon this occasion, be the speaker; and, as soon as Farmer Early came into the room, he began his speech:—

"Sir, you are very hot—I am afraid you have hurried yourself—we are very sorry to have given you the trouble of walking home so fast, especially as you had men at work; but, sir, in this box there is a rabbit."

The farmer stooped down to look into the box, and exclaimed—"Why! Anne! if this is not your tame rabbit, that I brought home for you from Mr. Burrows, of the warren, as a present, on Monday last."

At these words all eyes turned upon the little girl who was holding the pincushion beside the pale work-woman. Anne (for that was the little girl's name) now came forward modestly, and, with some emotion, said, as she looked into the box, "Yes, indeed! this is my poor little rabbit—I could not find him since yesterday morning—I wondered what was become of him."

"And how he found his way into this box is altogether wonderful to me," said Farmer Early; "unless *so* be that *this here* box be in the *natur* of a trap, which, I take it, is what it can't well be neither, as I never see no traps like it; and how, seeing it is not a trap, your rabbit, Anne, could be 'ticed into it, any how, is a thing I verily can't take upon me to understand."

"Sir," said Orlando, "it is a trap."

"Indeed, sir; then it is a most *curious* newfashioned one; for I've seen a many rabbit and rat-traps, and all sorts, but never one like this."

Godfrey then explained to the farmer that this curious trap was of Orlando's making; and he gave an account of the damage that had been done to Rosamond's laburnums; but he thought that it would not be right to ask the farmer to take the rabbit to the warren and let it loose, because he had just heard that it belonged to the little girl; therefore he stopped short in his speech, and looked at Rosamond first, and then at his father. "Anne," said Farmer Early, "this is a sad thing that your rabbit eats and spoils the young lady's laburnums."

"I wish we could keep him at home; but that there is no doing," said Anne, sorrowfully; and after a pause, with a great deal of good-nature in her countenance, she added, "but, since he does mischief, we had better carry him to the warren again, and give him back to Mr. Burrows."

"The very thing," exclaimed Godfrey, "that we thought of; but we did not ask it, because we were afraid you would not like to part with the rabbit."

"Anne's very fond of him, that's certain," said Mr. Early; "therefore, the more I look upon it to be well thought of in her to carry him back to the warren; for you must know a live rabbit is, as one may say, quite a sight to her, for she's a Londoner; and every thing in the country, that we think nothing of, seeing it as we do every day, is quite strange to her, and a treat like. Wherefore, though I don't mean to praise her, by reason

she's in a manner related to me, and one should not praise one's own if one can help it any ways, yet I may make bold to say, I like Anne the better, and think the more of her, for being so ready to part with her rabbit, at the first word, when it does mischief, you see."

Rosamond, and all who were present, seemed perfectly to agree in opinion with the farmer; and Rosamond thanked the little girl several times "for her being so good-natured."

Farmer Early promised to carry the box and rabbit in his covered cart to the warren the next morning; and thus the affair was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as they were walking home, "did you observe how attentive that little girl was to the pale woman who was at work? She picked up her thread-paper, she threaded her needle, she gave her pins as fast as she wanted them, and watched her eye whenever it turned to look for any thing—just as I should do, mamma, if you were ill and at work, and I was standing by. Mamma, I think that little girl was very fond of that woman, who, I suppose, was her mother. Mamma, I saw you speaking to the woman while we were going on talking about the rabbit. Do you know who she is, and any thing more about her?"

"She is a mantuamaker, my dear; and she told me that she had been forced to work so hard to maintain herself and her little girl, that she had hurt her health very much: she was obliged to sit in a close room, in a narrow street in London, all day, and often worked whole nights as well as days. She was invited by this Farmer Early, who is her cousin, to pass some time with his family in the country, in hopes that the fresh country air and exercise might restore her health."

"That was very good-natured of the farmer; but she was at work still, mamma; I am sorry for that."

"She was making a gown for the farmer's wife; for she said that she was glad to be able to do any thing for those who were so kind to her."

"Oh, that's very right," cried Rosamond; "that is being grateful. Mamma, I wish I could be grateful to the little girl who was so good to me about the rabbit. I have a damask rose-tree, mamma, in my garden; the roses are not blown yet; but when they are blown, mamma, I can give them to her, and my mignonette. How glad

I am, that I did not dig it up to make the labyrinth of Crete! I shall have a fine nosegay for her, mamma, and you know the farmer said that every thing in the country is a treat to her; so I dare say she will like my flowers."

Rosamond's damask rose-tree was from this day forward watched with anxious eyes: as it had been transplanted rather late in the spring, it was not quite so forward as the other roses. When all the rest of the roses were gone, however, this tree was in full blow. Rosamond gathered the last roses of the year; and these, with some sweetbrier (which she got without pricking herself), and some fine mignonette, made a charming nosegay.

"I'm glad, Rosamond, to see that you do not forget your *gratitude*," said her mother; "your roses and your mignonette smell very sweet; and I hope the little girl will like your nosegay."

It was a fine evening; and Rosamond had a pleasant walk with her mother to Farmer Early's; but what was Rosamond's disappointment when the farmer told her that Anne was gone! that she had that morning set out in a stagecoach, with her mother, to return to London.

"And so, mamma," said Rosamond, "it is all in vain! I might just as well have forgotten my *gratitude*."

"Have patience, Rosamond," said her mother; "remember it a little longer; perhaps next winter, when we go to town, we may have some opportunity of obliging this little girl or her mother. I have her direction; and if she is a good mantuamaker as well as a good woman, I shall be able to be of some service to her."

"*You!* yes, mamma!" said Rosamond; "but what can *I* do? You know I have nothing in this world to give but flowers; and I shall have no damask roses in London. You know, mamma, our new house in London has no garden. But, dear mamma," said Rosamond, changing from a lamentable to a joyful tone, "I have thought of a charming thing; my hyacinth-roots! Will you give me leave, mamma, to take them to London when we go? and I'll show you something that Orlando showed me in the little Gardener's Pocket Calendar, mamma, as soon as we get home."

"Here it is, mamma," cried Rosamond, as soon as she got home; and showed her mother, in the Gardener's Pocket Calendar, "*An improved method of blowing*

*bulbous-rooted flowers with less trouble and expense than in glasses.*"—"May I read it to you? Pray, mamma, let me read it to you. It is not long; and I'll miss all the useless words."

"You may read it while we are drinking tea, Rosamond," said her mother; and at teatime, Rosamond read some very minute and distinct directions for blowing bulbous-rooted flowers. "Hyacinths, mamma, you see," said she, "are particularly mentioned: and I think that if I had such a little box as the man describes in the book, I could do exactly as he desires; and I should have hyacinths in full blow in winter, or very early in spring, when we shall be in London: and then, mamma, I should have something to give to the little girl. She gave up her rabbit, which was a great amusement to her in the country; and I should be very glad if I could give her something that would be an amusement to her when she is in that close room in that narrow street which you talked of, mamma."

Rosamond observed, that the Gardener's Calendar said that these boxes for hyacinths were peculiarly fit for the use of people who love flowers, and who have only a little yard, or perhaps a window-sill, for their garden, in London.

Her mother was pleased to observe her eagerness to oblige the little girl who had obliged her; and she told Rosamond that if she remembered *her gratitude* and the hyacinth-roots at the proper time, she might carry them to London.

Winter came; the hyacinth-roots were remembered in proper time; they were carried safely to town; and, in due season, they were planted carefully by Rosamond, in a little box which her mother gave her for this purpose.

Rosamond, before the hyacinths appeared above ground, often asked her mother whether she had heard any thing of Anne: but when the hyacinths at first, like white almonds, appeared through the black mould, Rosamond grew so fond of them that she almost wished to keep them for herself. At length their green leaves and stems grew higher and higher; and the clusters of pink and blue flowers seemed to Rosamond more beautiful even than those she had seen the preceding spring in her mother's borders. She was one morning standing at the parlour window, contemplating



her hyacinths with great delight, and smelling, from time to time, their delicious perfume, when Godfrey came eagerly into the room. "I've news to tell you, Rosamond," cried he; but, observing how intent she was upon her hyacinths, he hesitated—"I don't know," continued he, "on second thoughts, whether you will think it good news or bad: I only know you would have thought it good news some time ago."

"Tell it to me, however," said Rosamond: "and then I'll tell you whether I think it good news or bad."

Godfrey, without speaking, went up to the window where Rosamond was standing. The sun shone bright—he first smelled her hyacinths, and then hooked his fingers, and held them up in a significant manner: but Rosamond did not comprehend what this was to signify, till he placed them closer to the white wall, upon which a shadow, the striking resemblance of a rabbit's head, was now visible.

"Anne's come then, I'm sure!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"Yes, Anne is come," said Godfrey; "but you are not obliged, you know, to give her your hyacinths unless you choose it."

"I do choose it, I assure you, brother," said Rosamond, proudly; "I assure you I have not forgot the rabbit, nor my gratitude. Where is Anne?"

"In the next room, with my mother."

"Help me to carry the box then, will you, dear Godfrey?" said Rosamond; and she took hold of one handle of the hyacinth-box, and he of the other.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as she carried in the box: and she whispered in her mother's ear, "Would you be so kind as to have the box carried home for *her*, because it is heavy, and she cannot well carry it through the streets herself: it is a great deal heavier than our rabbit-box; and I remember I was tired with carrying *that* part of the way, last summer, to Farmer Early's."

"I will, my dear," said her mother, "desire a servant to carry it, if Anne likes to accept of the box of hyacinths; but you have not asked her yet, have you?"

"No," said Rosamond; "because it is impossible but what she must like hyacinths."

Rosamond, rather startled, however, by her mother's doubtful look, went up to Anne; and, after thanking her for the affair of the rabbit, asked her eagerly whether she liked hyacinths.

Now poor Anne had never in her life seen a hyacinth ; and she modestly answered, " I don't know ; " but she looked at the box an instant afterward and smiled, as much as to say, " If those are hyacinths, I like them very much indeed."

Rosamond immediately lifted the box nearer to her—" I am glad you like them," said she ; " mamma says I may give them to you : and when the flowers wither, I advise you to take care of the roots, because if you do, you will have new flowers next year. I'm sure, mamma," added Rosamond, turning to her, " I am glad I took care of the roots ; and I'm glad I chose the roots instead of the flowers."

She was going on to give Anne some particular directions, which she had learned partly from the Gardener's Pocket Calendar, and partly from experience, concerning the management of hyacinths, and the blowing of bulbous roots—when she was interrupted by the entrance of a woman whom she immediately recollected to be the pale woman that she saw at work, formerly, at Farmer Early's. This poor woman had been resting herself in the housekeeper's room : for she had had a long walk this morning from a distant part of the town, and she was not yet strong enough to bear much fatigue.

" Well," said Rosamond's mother to her, " have you removed yet from that close unwholesome street where you formerly lived ? You promised to let me know when you heard of any lodgings that would suit you ; but I have waited from day to day, and you have never sent to me."

" No, ma'am," answered the poor woman ; " because we have not been able yet to agree with a man who has a lodging that would suit us exactly ; but he has other offers, ma'am, and I'm afraid he won't let me have it. He's a gardener, ma'am, at Hampstead, where I could get plenty of work, and should breathe good air, and be in quiet, and, maybe, get well."

" The hyacinths !" exclaimed Rosamond ; but she suddenly checked herself ; for she recollected that she had already given them away. No one understood her exclamation except the little girl, who immediately smiled, and, in a timid voice, asked Rosamond whether she could give her leave to part with the hyacinths, in case the gardener should take a fancy to them, and in case

he should be willing to let her mother have the lodging.

"Oh yes: do whatever you please with them," said Rosamond; "they are yours."

"And," added her mother, "you may, at the same time that you give the hyacinths to the gardener, my good little girl, tell him, that I will answer for your mother's paying the rent punctually."

The gardener thought well of lodgers who had hyacinths, and better of those who offered him good security for his rent. He thanked Anne, but said he had abundance of hyacinths, and he gave Anne and her mother leave to walk in his garden whenever they pleased. Anne had the hyacinths for herself; and Rosamond had the pleasure of seeing Anne and her mother settled in their airy lodgings.

# ROSAMOND.

## THE WAGER.

"ROSAMOND, you did not water your geraniums last night," said her mother.

"Yes, mamma—no mamma, I mean; because I could not find the rose of the little green watering-pot."

"You did not look for it, I think, my dear—it was on the shelf directly opposite to you, as you go into the greenhouse."

"That shelf is so high above my head, that it was impossible I could see what was upon it."

"But, though the shelf was so high above your head, you could have seen what was upon it if you had stood upon the stool, could not you?" said Godfrey.

"But the stool was not in the greenhouse."

"Could not you have gone for it?" said Godfrey.

"No, I could not," replied Rosamond; "because it was very hot; and mamma had just desired me not to run any more *then*, because I was too hot."

"Run!—But could not you have walked, Rosamond?"

"No, brother, I could not—I mean that if I had walked it would have done no good, because one of the legs of the stool is loose, and I could not have carried it, because, you know, it would have dropped out every instant; and, besides, it is very dangerous to stand upon a stool which has a loose leg. Papa himself said so, Godfrey; and he bid me the other day not to stand upon that stool. Besides, after all, why should I have gone for the stool? How could I guess that the rose of the watering-pot was upon that high shelf, when I did not see the least glimpse of it?"

"Good excuses, Rosamond," said Godfrey, smiling, "and plenty of them."

"No, not good excuses, brother!" cried Rosamond—"only the truth—why do you smile?"

"Well!—not *good* excuses, I grant you," said Godfrey.

"Not excuses at all," persisted Rosamond—"I never make excuses."

Upon hearing this Godfrey burst into a loud and uncontrolled laugh; and Rosamond looked more ready to cry than to laugh. She turned to her mother, and, appealing to her, said—

“Now, mother, you shall be judge. Do I *ever*—I mean, do I *often* make excuses?”

“Only seven, if I remember rightly, within the last five minutes,” answered her mother.

“Then, mamma, you call *reasons* excuses?”

“Pardon me, my dear, I did not hear you give one reason, one sufficient reason. Now, Rosamond, you shall be judge—I trust you will be an upright judge.”

“Upright! that is, honest—O, certainly, mamma!”

“Could not you have watered the geraniums without the rose of the little green watering-pot?”

“Why, to be sure, mamma, I could have used the red watering-pot, I own.”

“Ah! ah!—Now the truth has come out at last, Rosamond!” cried Godfrey, in a triumphant tone.

His mother checked Godfrey’s tone of triumph, and said that Rosamond was now candid, and that therefore this was not the time to blame or laugh at her.

“Mother,” said Godfrey, “I should not have laughed at her so much this time, if she was not always making excuses; and you know—”

Their mother was called out of the room before Godfrey could finish what he was going to say. He had said enough to provoke Rosamond, who exclaimed—

“That is very unjust, indeed, Godfrey! But if ever I make a mistake, or once do any thing the least foolish or wrong, you always say that I *always* do it.”

“I *always* say so!—No, that I deny,” cried Godfrey, laughing. “Whatever I may think, I do not always say you are foolish.”

“You shall not laugh at me, Godfrey, because I am candid—mamma said so—and I am not always making excuses.”

“Well, Rosamond, because I am candid, I will acknowledge that you are not *always* making excuses; but I will lay you any wager you please, that no day passes for a week to come without your making half a hundred at least.”

“Half a hundred!—O Godfrey!—I am content!—what will you lay?”

“My head to a China orange,” said Godfrey.

"I would not give a China orange for your head," said Rosamond: "besides, that is a vulgar expression. But I will lay you all my kings, Godfrey, against your world, that, far from making half a hundred, I do not make one single excuse a day for a week to come."

"I take you at your word," cried Godfrey, eagerly stretching out his hand—"your kings of England against my joining map of the world. But," added he, "I advise you, Rosamond, not to lay such a rash wager; for you will be sure to lose, and your kings are worth more than my world, because I have lost some little bits of it."

"I know that; but I shall keep my kings, and win all you have left of the world, you will see."

"Win my world!" cried Godfrey—"No, no, Rosamond! listen to me—I will not take advantage of you—I will allow you ten excuses a day."

"No, thank you, brother," said Rosamond—"one a day is quite enough for me."

"You abide by your wager, then, Rosamond?"

"To be sure I do, Godfrey."

"Then we begin to-morrow; for you know to-day cannot be counted, because you made seven in five minutes."

"I know that," interrupted Rosamond—"to-day goes for nothing; we begin to-morrow, which is Monday."

Monday came; and so strict was the guard which Rosamond kept over herself, that she did not, as even Godfrey allowed, make one single excuse before breakfast-time, though she was up an hour and a half. But, in the course of the morning, when her mother found some fault with her writing, and observed that she had not crossed her *t's*, Rosamond answered—

"Mamma, it was the fault of the pen, which *scratched* so that I could not write with it."

"An excuse! an excuse!" cried Godfrey.

"Nay, try the pen yourself, Godfrey; and you will see how it scratches and sputters too."

"But let it scratch or sputter ever so much, how could it prevent you from crossing your *t's*?"

"It could: because if I had crossed the *t's* with that pen, the whole page would have been speckled and spoiled just like this line, where I did begin to cross them."

"Could not you take another pen, or mend this, or

ask mamma to mend it?—O Rosamond, you know this is an excuse!”

“Well, it is only one,” said Rosamond—“and you know that if I do not make more than one in a day, I win the day.”

“There’s a great blot,” said Godfrey.

“Because I had no blotting-paper, brother,” said Rosamond.

The moment she had uttered the words she wished to recall them; for Godfrey exclaimed—

“You have lost the day, Rosamond!—there’s another excuse; for it is plain you had blotting-paper on your desk—look, here it is!”

Rosamond was ashamed and vexed. “For such a little tiny excuse to lose my day!” said she; “and when I really did not see the blotting-paper. But, however, this is only Monday—I will take better care on Tuesday.”

Tuesday came, and had nearly passed in an irreproachable manner; but at supper, it happened that Rosamond threw down a jug, and, as she picked it up again, she said—

“Somebody put it so near the edge of the table that I could not help throwing it down.”

This Godfrey called an excuse; though Rosamond protested that she did not mean it for one. She farther pleaded that it would be hard indeed if she were to lose her day for only just making this *observation*, when it must be clear to everybody that it could not be meant for an excuse, because the jug was not broken by the fall, and it was empty too; so not the least mischief was done to any thing or any creature; and no one had even blamed her; so that, as Rosamond said, she had not had the slightest temptation to make an excuse.

This was all true, but Godfrey would not allow it.

That she had no temptation to make an excuse, Godfrey was most willing to allow; but he would not admit that it was therefore certain she had made none. On the contrary, he maintained that Rosamond was in the habit of vindicating herself, even when no one blamed her, and when there was no apparent cause for making any apology. To support this assertion, Godfrey recollected and recalled several instances in which Rosa-

mond, days, weeks, and months before this time, had done that of which she was now accused.

"Well," said Rosamond, "it is only Tuesday; I will give it up to you, brother, rather than dispute about it any more."

"That is right, Rosamond," said her mother.

Wednesday came. Rosamond determined that, whenever she was found fault with, she would not say any thing in her own defence; she kept this resolution heroically. When her mother said to her—

"Rosamond, you have left your bonnet on the ground in the hall—"

Godfrey listened to Rosamond's reply, in the full expectation that she would, according to her usual custom, have answered—

"Because I had not time to put it by, mamma"—or, "because papa called me"—or, "because somebody threw it down after I had hung it up."

But, to his surprise, Rosamond made none of these her habitual excuses: she answered—

"Yes, mamma, I forgot to put it in its place—I will go and put it by this minute."

Godfrey attended carefully to every word Rosamond said this day; and the more she saw that he watched her, the more cautious she became. At last, however, when Godfrey was not in the room, and when Rosamond was less on her guard, she made three excuses, one after another, about a hole in her gown, which she had neglected to mend—

"Mamma, it is not my fault; I believe it was torn at the wash."

But it was proved, by the fresh edges of the rent, that it must have been torn since it had been ironed.

Rosamond next said she had not seen the hole till after she had put the gown on; *and then* she could not mend it, because it *was so far behind*.

Could not she have taken the gown off again, her mother asked.

"Yes, ma'am; but I had not any thread fine enough."

"But you had cotton that was fine enough, Rosamond. Three excuses!"

"O mamma!—Have I made three excuses?" cried Rosamond—"this day, too, when I took such pains!—"

Godfrey came back, and seeing his sister look sorrow-



ful, he asked what was the matter. She hesitated; and, seeming very unwilling to speak, at last said—

“You will be glad of what I am sorry for!”

“Ha!—Then I guess what it is—you have lost the day again, and I have won it!”

Godfrey clapped his hands in triumph, and capered about the room.

“My world is safe! safe!—I really thought Rosamond would have had it to-day, mamma!”

Rosamond could hardly repress her tears; but Godfrey was so full of his own joy that he did not attend to her feelings.

“After all, it is only Wednesday, brother, remember *that*!” cried Rosamond. “I have Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to come—I may win the day, and win the world yet.”

“Not you!” said Godfrey, scornfully—“you will go on the same to-morrow as to-day. You see you have so much the habit of making excuses that you cannot help it, you cannot cure yourself—at least not in a week. So I am safe.”

“So that is all you think of, brother: and you don’t care whether I cure myself of my faults or not,” said Rosamond, while the tears trickled down her cheeks. “You wish, indeed, that I should not cure myself. Oh, brother, is this right? is this good-natured? is this like you?”

Godfrey changed countenance; and after standing still and thinking for a moment, he said—

“It is not like me—it is not good-natured—and I am not sure that it is right. But, my dear Rosamond! I do care about you, and I do wish you should cure yourself of your faults; only this week I wish—in short, I cannot help wishing to win my wager.”

“That is very natural, to be sure,” said Rosamond: “but I am sorry for it; for we used to be so happy together, and now you are always glad when I am sorry, and sorry when I am glad; and when I do most wrong, you are most glad. And all for the sake of keeping your paltry world, and winning my poor kings!”

“No, indeed!” exclaimed Godfrey; “it is not for the sake of the world or the kings; for you know I would give you my world, or any thing I have upon earth, Rosamond.”

“Yes,” said Rosamond, wiping away her tears; “I

remember you offered me your world the first day you had it; but I would not take it, and I don't want it now. I would even give up my kings to you if it was not for my wager. You know I cannot give up my wager."

"Nor I neither!" cried Godfrey. "The wager is what I cannot give up; I must prove that I am right."

"And that I am wrong! Ay, there's the thing! you want to triumph over me, brother."

"And if I do, this does you a great deal of good, because, you know, you do not like to be triumphed over—therefore, you take care not to be found in the wrong. Do not you see, that since I have laid this wager, you have taken more pains than ever you did in your life before not to make excuses?"

"True!—It may do me good in that way, but it does not do me good altogether; because it makes me angry with you, and would make me, I do believe, dislike you, if it went on long."

"*Went on long.* I do not know what that means."

"If you went on laying wagers with me that I should do wrong; I do not think such wagers are good things. Now I will ask mamma. Mamma has not said one word, though I am sure she has heard all we have been saying, because I saw her look up from her work several times at us both. Well, mamma, what do you think?"

"I think, my dear Rosamond, that you have reasoned better than you usually do, and that there is much truth and good sense in what you have said about this wager."

Rosamond looked happy. Godfrey, without seeming pleased, as he usually did when he heard his sister praised, said—

"Mamma, do you really disapprove of wagers?"

"I do not say that I disapprove of all wagers," replied his mother; "that is another question, which I will not now discuss; but I disapprove of this particular wager nearly for the reasons which Rosamond has given."

"But, mamma, do not you think that it did her good to try to cure herself of making excuses, and that my wager made her take great care? And, you know, if she were to dislike me because she was in the wrong at last, or because she was to lose her wager, that would still be her fault—the fault of her temper."

"Let us, for the present, leave out of the question

## THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

"A PARTY of pleasure! O mamma! let us go," said Rosamond. "We shall be so happy, I am sure."

"What! because it is a party of pleasure, my dear?" said her mother, smiling.

"Do you know, mamma," continued Rosamond, without listening to what her mother said, "Do you know, mamma, that they are to go in the boat on the river; and there are to be streamers flying and music playing all the time. And Mrs. Blisset, and Miss Blisset, and the Master Blissets, will be here in a few minutes. Will you go, mamma? and may Godfrey and I go with you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

Scarcely had her mother uttered the word "yes," than Rosamond made a loud exclamation of joy; and then ran to tell her brother Godfrey, and returned, repeating as she capered about the room,

"O we shall be so happy! so happy!"

"Moderate your transports, my dear Rosamond," said her mother. "If you expect so much happiness beforehand, I am afraid you will be disappointed."

"Disappointed, mamma!—I thought people were always happy on parties of pleasure—Miss Blisset told me so."

"My dear, you had better judge for yourself than trust, without knowing any thing of the matter, to what Miss Blisset tells you."

"But, mamma, if I know nothing of the matter, how can I judge; and how can I possibly help trusting to what Miss Blisset tells me?"

"Is it impossible to wait till you know more, my dear Rosamond?"

"But I never was on a party of pleasure in my life, mamma; therefore I cannot judge beforehand."

"True, my dear; that is the very thing I am endeavouring to point out to you."

"But, mamma, you said, do not raise your expectations so high. Mamma, is it not better to think I shall be

happy beforehand? You know the hope makes me so happy at this present minute. And, if I thought I should be unhappy, I should be unhappy now."

"I do not wish you to think you shall be unhappy, my dear. I wish you to have as much of the pleasant feeling of hope at this minute as you can have, without its being followed with the pain of disappointment. And, above all, I wish you to attend to your own feelings, that you may find out what makes you happy, and what makes you unhappy. Now you are going on a party of pleasure, my dear Rosamond, and I beg that you will observe whether you are happy or not; and observe what it is that pleases you or entertains you, for you know that it is not merely the name of a party of pleasure that can make it agreeable to us."

"No, not merely the name, to be sure," said Rosamond. "I am not so foolish as to think *that*; yet the name sounds very pretty."

Here the conversation was interrupted. A carriage came to the door, and Rosamond exclaimed—

"Here they are, mamma! Here are Mrs. Blisset, and Miss Blisset, and her two brothers. I see their heads in the coach; I will run and put on my hat."

"I assure you, mamma," continued Rosamond, as she was tying the strings of her hat, "I will remember to tell you whether I have been happy or not. I think I know beforehand what I shall say."

Rosamond went with her mother, and Mrs. Blisset, and Miss Blisset, and the two Master Blissets, on this party of pleasure; and the next morning, when Rosamond went into her mother's room, her mother reminded her of her promise.

"You promised to tell me, my dear, whether you were as happy yesterday as you expected to be."

"I did, mamma. You must know, then, that I was not at all happy yesterday; that is to say, I was not nearly so happy as I thought I should have been. I should have liked going in the boat, and seeing the streamers flying, and hearing the music, and looking at the prospect, and walking in the pretty island, and dining out of doors under the large shady trees, if it had not been for other things, which were so disagreeable that they spoiled all our pleasure."

"What were those disagreeable things?"

"Mamma, they were *little* things; yet they were very

disagreeable. Little disputes ; little quarrels, mamma, between Miss Blisset and her brothers, about every thing that was to be done. First, when we got into the boat, the youngest boy wanted us to sit on one side, and Miss Blisset wanted us to sit on the other side : now, mamma, you know we could not do both ; but they went on disputing about this for half an hour ; and Godfrey and I were so ashamed, and so sorry, that we could not have any pleasure in listening to the music, or in looking at the prospect. You were at the other end of the boat, mamma, and you did not see or hear all this. Then we came to the island, and then I thought we should be happy ; but one of the boys said, ' Come this way, or you will see nothing ; ' and the other boy roared out, ' No, they *must* come *my* way ; ' and Miss Blisset insisted upon our going her way. And all the time we were walking, they went on disputing about which of their ways was the best. Then they looked so discontented, and so angry with one another ! I am sure they were not happy ten minutes together all day long ; and I said to myself, ' Is this a party of pleasure ? How much happier Godfrey and I are every day, even without going to this pretty island, and without hearing this music, or seeing these fine prospects ! Much happier ; because we do not quarrel with one another about every trifle ! ' "

" My dear," said her mother, " I am glad you have had an opportunity of seeing all this."

" Mamma, instead of its being a party of pleasure, it was a party of pain ! O, mamma ! I shall never wish to go on another party of pleasure ! I have done with parties of pleasure for ever," concluded Rosamond.

" You know, my dear Rosamond, I warned you not to raise your expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. You have found that, unless people are good-natured and obliging, and ready to yield to one another, they make pain, as you say, even out of pleasure ; therefore, avoid quarrelsome people as much as you can, and never imitate them ; but do not declare against all parties of pleasure, and decide that you are done with them for ever, because one happened not to be as delightful as you had expected that it would be."

## THE BLACK BONNET.

ROSAMOND, at this time, was with her mother in London. One morning, an elderly lady came to pay her mother a visit. This lady was an old friend of her mother's ; but she had been for some years absent from England, so that Rosamond had never before seen her. When the lady had left the room, Rosamond exclaimed—

"Mamma ! I do not like that old woman at all. I am sorry, ma'am, that you promised to go to see her in the country, and to take me with you ; for I dislike that woman, mamma."

"I will not take you with me to her house if you wish not to go there, Rosamond ; but why you should dislike that lady I cannot even guess : you never saw her before this morning, and you know nothing about her."

"That is true, mamma ! but I really do dislike her—I disliked her from the first minute she came into the room."

"For what reason ?"

"Reason, mamma !—I do not know—I have no particular reason."

"Well, particular or not, give me some reason."

"I cannot give you a reason, mamma, for I do not know why I did not like the woman ; but you know that very often—or at least sometimes—without any reason—without knowing why—we like or dislike people."

"*We !*—Speak for yourself, Rosamond ; for my part, I always have some reason for liking or disliking people."

"Mamma, I dare say I have some reason too, if I could find it out ; but I never thought about it."

"I advise you to think about it, and find it out. Silly people sometimes like, or *take a fancy*, as they call it, at first sight, to persons who do not deserve to be liked ; who have bad tempers, bad characters, bad qualities. Sometimes silly people take a dislike, or, as they call it, an *antipathy*, to those who have good qualities, good characters, and good tempers."

"That would be unlucky—unfortunate," said Rosamond beginning to look grave.

"Yes; unlucky, unfortunate, for the silly people; because they might, if they had their choice, choose to live with the bad instead of with the good; choose to live with those who would make them unhappy, instead of with those who would make them happy."

"That would be a sad thing indeed, mamma—very sad. Perhaps that woman to whom I took a dislike, or—what do you call it?—an *antipathy*, may be a good woman, mamma."

"It is possible, Rosamond."

"Mamma, I will not be one of the silly people—I will not have an antipathy. What is an antipathy, mamma?"

"A feeling of dislike for which we can give no reason."

Rosamond stood still and silent for some moments, considering deeply, and then, suddenly bursting out laughing, she laughed for some time, without being able to speak. At last she said—

"Mamma, I am laughing at the very odd, silly reason I was going to give you for disliking that lady—only because she had an ugly, crooked sort of pinch in the front of her black bonnet."

"Perhaps that was a sufficient reason for disliking the black bonnet," said Rosamond's mother; "but not quite sufficient for disliking the person who wore it."

"No, mamma, because she does not always wear it, I suppose. She does not sleep in it, I dare say; and, if I were to see her without it, I might like her."

"Possibly."

"But, mamma, there is another reason why I disliked her; and this, perhaps, is a bad and unjust reason; but still I cannot help disliking the thing, and this thing she cannot take off or put on as she pleases; I can never see her without it, mamma; and this is a thing I must always dislike; and my knowing that this is the reason that I dislike her, does not make me dislike her the least the less."

"'The least the less!'" repeated Rosamond's mother: "by the accuracy of your language, Rosamond, I perceive how accurately you think at present."

"O mamma, but this does not depend on thinking, mamma; this depends on feeling. Mamma, I wonder—I have a great curiosity to know—whether you took notice of that shocking thing?"

"When you have told me what this shocking thing is, I shall be able to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mamma, if you do not know it, it did not shock you, that is clear."

"Not perfectly clear."

"Then, mamma, you did see it, did you? And how could you help being shocked by it?"

"Will you tell me what you mean, Rosamond?"

"Then, mamma, you did not see it."

"*It*, what?"

"When her glove was off, mamma, did not you see it—the shocking finger, mamma; the stump of a finger, and the great scar all over the back of her hand? Mamma, I am glad she did not offer to shake hands with me, for I think I could not have touched her hand; I should have drawn back mine."

"There is no danger that she should ever offer to shake hands with you, Rosamond, with that hand; she knows that it is disagreeable. If you observe, she gave me her other hand."

"That was well done. So she knows it is disagreeable. Poor woman! how sorry and ashamed of it she must be."

"She has no reason to be ashamed; she has more reason to be proud of it."

"Proud of it! Why, mamma!—Then you know something more about it—will you tell me all you know, mamma?"

"I know that she burnt that hand in saving her little grand-daughter from being burnt to death. The child, going too near the fire when she was in a room by herself, set fire to her frock; the muslin was in flames instantly; as she could not put out the flame, she ran screaming to the door: the servants came—some were afraid, and some did not know what to do. Her grandmother heard the child's screams—ran up stairs—saw all her clothes and her hair on fire. She instantly rolled her up in a rug that was on the hearth. The kind grandmother did not, however, escape unhurt, though she did not at the time know or feel how much. But when the surgeon had dressed the child's burns, then she showed him her own hand. It was so terribly burnt that it was found necessary to cut off one joint of the finger. The scar which you saw is the mark of the burn."



"Dear, good, courageous woman! And what a kind, kind grandmother!" cried Rosamond. "O mamma, if I had known all this! Now I do know all this, how differently I feel. How unjust, how foolish, to dislike her!—and for a pinch in a black bonnet!—and for that very scar!—that very hand! Mamma, I would not draw back my hand if she was to offer to shake hands with me now—mamma, I wish to go to see her now—will you take me with you to her house in the country?"

"I will, my dear."

## THE INDIA CABINET.

It will be a great while before we come to the India cabinet. First, there are arrangements for several journeys to be made. Whoever has a clear head for these things, and who can understand, at first hearing it told, how various people intend to go and to come, and to meet upon the road, may, if they please, read the following page. Others had better skip it, because they certainly will not understand it.

Rosamond's father was at this time absent. He was gone to place Orlando at a public school; he had taken Godfrey with him, that he might have the pleasure of the journey with his brother: but Godfrey was not to be left at the school, as he was not yet sufficiently prepared for it. He was to return with his father; and his father, on his way home, was to call at the house of his sister, to bring back Laura: she had been for some time with her aunt, who had not been well.

Rosamond's mother, in the meantime, determined to go to Egerton Grove, to see the *lady of the black bonnet*; and Rosamond was now eager to accompany her mother.

Mrs. Egerton, for that was the name of the lady of the black bonnet, had also invited Rosamond's father and sister to Egerton Grove, and they were to meet Rosamond and her mother there on their way home.

Rosamond, with her mother, arrived at Mrs. Egerton's. With feelings very different from those with which she had seen Mrs. Egerton the first time, Rosamond now saw this lady; and, quite forgetting whether her bonnet was black or white, Rosamond was struck with the old lady's benevolent countenance and good-natured smile. Mrs. Egerton introduced her to her grand-daughter Helen, the little girl who had been so much burnt. Rosamond, as soon as she had an opportunity, began to talk to Helen about that accident; and Helen told her the whole history of it over again, adding many little circumstances of her grandmother's kindness and patience, which increased Rosamond's present disposition to admire and love her. Not a day, and

scarcely an hour passed, but Rosamond liked her better and better; and with good reason, for not a day or hour passed without Rosamond's hearing something instructive or entertaining from this old lady, who was particularly fond of children; and who knew how to please and amuse, without flattering or spoiling them.

One morning Mrs. Egerton took Rosamond into her dressing-room, where there was a large India cabinet. She opened the doors of this cabinet, and told Rosamond that she might look at all that was contained in the twelve drawers of this cabinet. The first drawer which Rosamond opened was full of shells; and the first shell which caught Rosamond's attention was one which looked, as she said, like a monstrously large snail-shell, about eight inches across, or as wide as the breadth of a sheet of paper; as she laid it down upon a sheet of letter-paper which was on the table, it nearly covered the whole breadth of it. The shell looked as if it was made of thin, transparent white paper. It was a little broken, so that she could see the inside, which was divided into a number of partitions or distinct cells: she counted about forty, and through each of these there was a hole large enough, as Rosamond thought, to admit a pencil or a pen.

Mrs. Egerton told her that this was the shell of the nautilus.

"Ha!" cried Rosamond, "how glad I am to see the nautilus!"

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

"But, ma'am, how does the nautilus sail? Where is the thin oar? I do not see any thing here like oars or sails."

Mrs. Egerton told her that what the poet calls the sails and the oars belong to the fish itself, and not to the shell. "You can read an account of the nautilus, my dear, in several books which, I dare say, your father has; and I believe I can show how—"

"Thank you, ma'am," interrupted Rosamond; "but will you tell me just a little about it now, and I will look for the rest afterward."

Mrs. Egerton then told her that the nautilus has eight arms or legs, whichever they should be called; and its

feet or hands are webbed, like a duck's foot. When the nautilus wants to sail, it sets up some of these arms above the water and above the top of the shell, and it spreads out its wide webbed hands, which serve for sails. Sometimes it sets up and spreads six of these sails at once, while two of its arms which are longer than the others serve for oars; and with these it rows itself on in the water.

"I wish I could see it!" cried Rosamond—"I wish I could see it rowing, and with all its sails up, sailing away!—Ma'am, are these fish often seen sailing, and where are they seen?"

"In fine weather, they are often seen sailing on the Mediterranean Sea; but when they fear a storm, or when they are in danger from any of their enemies, they instantly furl their sails, that is, draw them down, pull their oars into their shell, turn their whole shell upside down, and sink themselves below the surface of the water by a curious method."

"How convenient!" said Rosamond—"but what is the curious method?"

"When he wants to sink, the nautilus lets water into some of those divisions or cells which you see; and he lets in water till he, and his shell, and the water in it, become altogether so heavy that they can no longer float on the sea. Then he sinks—"

"Then he sinks," repeated Rosamond—"that I understand; but how does he rise again? for how can he get the water out of his shell when there is water all round him?"

"It is said," replied Mrs. Egerton, "that he has the power of pressing his body in such a manner into the cells, that he can expel or push out the water from them at pleasure; and the air in these cells being lighter than the water, he rises again, and comes to the surface of the sea. And, in the same way, by letting water into the cells, or filling them with air, he can make one side or the other, or one end or the other, of his shell heavier, so as to set it in any direction, with either side or end uppermost, just as he pleases; by these means he can *trim* or balance his boat with the greatest nicety."

"How very happy he must be!" said Rosamond. "I wish men could learn from the little nautilus to make such a boat, as well as learn from him to sail. But,

ma'am, what is this other shell, which has this tuft or tassel of fine silk sticking to it?"

Mrs. Egerton told her that this, which looked like silk, is called the *beard* of the fish that formerly lived in the shell. Of this silky substance, when it has been collected from a number of this kind of fish, fine and remarkably warm gloves and stockings have been made. "This animal," said Mrs. Egerton, "has been called the *silkworm of the sea*. Its name is the *pinna*."

On the slip of paper on which this name was written, Rosamond saw two lines of poetry, which she read; and of which she asked an explanation.

"Firm to his rock, the silver cords suspend  
The anchored pinna, and his cancer friend."\*

Mrs. Egerton told her "that this fish fastens itself, by these silky threads, to the rocks, twenty or thirty feet beneath the surface of the sea: and it fastens itself so firmly that fishermen, to pull it up, are obliged to use strong iron hooks, at the end of long poles, with which they tear it from the rocks. It is called by the poet 'the anchored pinna,' because it is fastened or anchored by these silken threads to the rocks, as a ship is fastened by ropes to the anchor."

"But what is meant by his '*cancer friend*'?" asked Rosamond.

"It is said," replied Mrs. Egerton, "that a sort of little crabfish, called cancer, which has no shell of his own, lives in the shell of the pinna; and is very useful to him in procuring him food, and in giving him notice when his enemy, the eight-footed polypus, is coming near. The cancer goes out of the shell to search for food: he has, I am told, remarkably quick eyes; and when he sees the polypus coming, he returns immediately into the shell of his friend pinna, warns him of the danger, and instantly the pinna shuts his shell, and they are both safe; for the polypus cannot get at them when their shell is shut. I am told, also, that the cancer divides with his friend pinna all the booty or food which he brings home to his shell."

"How curious!" cried Rosamond. "I did not think that fishes could be such good friends. But, ma'am, is

\* Botanic Garden, canto iii., line 67; and note xxvii., page 72.

this really true? Are you certain of it? For I observe you said, 'I am told,' or 'It is said.' "

"As I have not seen the cancer and pinna myself," said Mrs. Egerton, "I cannot be certain; I can only tell you what I have read and heard asserted by persons whose truth I have no reason to doubt. When the poet speaks of friendship, you cannot suppose that there is really friendship between these fish; but there is some mutual interest which makes them perform services for each other."

Rosamond found so many other curious shells, and so many questions to ask about them, that she had scarcely time this morning to look through the drawer of shells before it was time to go out to walk.

"O ma'am, you are looking at your watch; I am afraid you are going," said Rosamond. "And here is mamma coming to ask you to walk."

"Yes, I must go now," said Mrs. Egerton; "but I shall be able to-morrow morning, I hope, to answer any other questions you may wish to ask."

Rosamond thanked her; but was very sorry that she was going. "I have looked over but one drawer yet, and I long to see some more; but then, if I look at them by myself, I shall not have half so much pleasure; all the pleasure of talking and hearing I shall lose. I shall forget to-morrow to ask the questions I may want to ask; and then I shall lose, perhaps, a great many such entertaining facts, mamma, as Mrs. Egerton has told me to-day—I wish she was not going out to walk; but perhaps, if she stayed, she would be tired of telling me these things."

"Most probably you would be sooner tired," said Mrs. Egerton, "of listening to them."

"O no, ma'am," said Rosamond. "And yet," added she, "I know that listening to the most entertaining things, for a very long time together, does tire at last. I recollect being once tired of hearing Godfrey read the fairy Paribanou, in the Arabian Tales; and yet *that*, all the time, entertained me excessively."

"Suppose then," said Rosamond's mother, "that you were to divide your entertainment, and make the pleasure last longer."

"Mamma, I know you are going to advise me to shut this cabinet, and keep the pleasure of seeing the other

drawers till to-morrow; but then I am so very curious, and I want so much to see what is in them."

"But if you put off the pleasure it will be greater," said her mother. "Mrs. Egerton will be with you, and will tell you all you want to know, and you say *that* increases the pleasure; I think you said you should not have half the pleasure without her."

"Half!—No, not a quarter, I am sure," said Rosamond.

"Then, Rosamond, the question is," said her mother, "whether you choose a little pleasure now, or a great pleasure to-morrow?"

Rosamond took hold of one of the doors of the black cabinet as her mother spoke, as if she was going to shut it.

"Four times the pleasure, if you put it off till to-morrow, Rosamond."

Rosamond shut one door; but paused, and hesitated, and held the other open.

"Mamma, in that drawer that is not quite shut I see some beautiful little branches of red sealing-wax: might I open that one drawer *now*?"

"No, no; you must make your choice and be content."

"But perhaps—" said Rosamond.

"Finish your sentence, my dear: or shall I finish it for you?—perhaps to-morrow will never come."

"No, no, mamma; I am not so foolish."

"Perhaps, then, you mean to say, that you cannot look forward so far as till to-morrow?"

"Mamma, you know, so long ago as two summers, I learned to look forward about the blowing of my rosebud: and last year I looked forward a whole twelve-month about my hyacinth—O mamma!"

"You were very prudent about the hyacinths; and were you not rewarded for it, by having more pleasure than you would have had if you had not been prudent and patient?"

"Yes, mamma, but that was worth while; but I think it is not worth while to be prudent and patient, or to make such wise judgments and choices, about every little trifle, mamma."

"I think, on the contrary, that it is very well worth while to be patient and prudent, and to make wise judgments and choices, even about trifles; because then we

shall probably acquire the habit of being patient and prudent; and when we come to judge and choose about matters of consequence, we shall judge and choose well."

Rosamond shut the other door of the cabinet, and, turning the key in the lock slowly, repeated—" ' Four times as much pleasure to-morrow.' It is worth while, certainly; but, mamma, though I see it is worth while, you know it requires some resolution to do it."

"That is true, my dear Rosamond. And the having or the not having resolution to submit to self-denials, and to do what is known to be best, makes the chief difference between foolish and wise people; and not only between the foolish and the wise, but between the bad and the good."

" ' Between the bad and the good,' mamma!—how can that be?"

"Yes, my dear. It is seldom for want of knowing what is right, but for want of having resolution to do it, that people become bad—for want of being able to resist some little present temptation—for want of being able steadily to prefer a great future to a little present pleasure."

Rosamond turned the key decidedly. "I shall always have resolution enough, I hope," said she, "to prefer a great future to a little present pleasure."

"Do so in trifles, my dear daughter," said her mother, kissing her, "and you will do so in matters of consequence, and you will become wise and good; and you will be the joy and pride of your mother's heart."

"And of my father's, mamma."

Well pleased with herself, Rosamond presented the key of the India cabinet to Mrs. Egerton, who desired her to keep it herself.

The next morning, at the appointed time, Mrs. Egerton was in her dressing-room, and Rosamond's mother was there also; and Rosamond opened the India cabinet, and fully enjoyed all the pleasure she had expected, and all the advantage of Mrs. Egerton's instruction.

The first drawer she opened was that in which she had seen a glimpse of what she called *little trees of red sealing-wax*. They were each about a foot high, and had really somewhat the shape of branches of trees without leaves, and in appearance and colour resembled red sealing-wax. When Rosamond took up one of



these branches, she was surprised to feel its weight; for it was much heavier than sealing-wax, or than a wooden branch of the same size would have been.

"Is it a vegetable? is it a stone? or is it made by men? and what is it made of?" said she; "or where does it come from? and what is it called, ma'am?"

Mrs. Egerton could not answer all these questions at once, but she began with the easiest, and answered that it was called *coral*. Rosamond immediately recollected the coral which she had seen hanging round the neck of one of her little cousins, who was an infant. Then she repeated—"But what is it? or how is it made?"

Mrs. Egerton told her that people are not yet quite certain what it is—that it is found under the sea, generally fastened to rocks—that for many hundred years people believed it was a vegetable, but that within this last hundred years they believe it to be an animal substance, a substance made by little animals: it has been discovered that there are innumerable small cells in coral, which are inhabited by these animals; and it is supposed that the animals make these cells."

"It is supposed!" repeated Rosamond—"only *supposed*."

Rosamond was rather impatient of the doubtful manner in which Mrs. Egerton spoke—she wondered that people had been so many years *believing* wrong, and wished that somebody would decide. Rosamond, as she spoke, looked from Mrs. Egerton to her mother, and from her mother to Mrs. Egerton. But neither of them would decide. Mrs. Egerton said that she did not know facts sufficient; and Rosamond's mother said, that if people would avoid being in the wrong, they must often have patience to wait till they know more facts before they attempt to decide.

Rosamond thought this disagreeable; but she said that, rather than be in the wrong, which was still more disagreeable, she would try to have patience. Rosamond shut the drawer of corals, and opened another drawer. This contained a set of Chinese toys, men and women rowing boats, or seeming to draw water in buckets from a well; or tumblers, tumbling head over heels down stairs, and performing various feats of activity. These toys were set in motion by touching or winding up some machinery withinside, which was concealed from view. For some time Rosamond was amused so

much by seeing their motions that she could think of nothing else ; but, after she had seen the boatmen row the boat ten times round the table, and after she had seen the watermen pull up and let down their empty buckets twenty times, and the tumblers tumble down stairs fifty times, she exclaimed—

“ I wish I knew how all this was done ! Oh, if papa was here ! How I wish that my father and Godfrey were with us ! Godfrey would delight in them, and I should so like to see his surprise ! And my father would perhaps explain to me how they are all moved. And Laura ! Oh ! if Laura was here, how I should like to show her these strange drawings on these Chinese screens ! ” continued Rosamond, taking one of them in her hand, and laughing. “ Very different from the nice tables and chairs, in perspective, which Laura draws ! Look at those men and women, sitting and standing up in the air, as nobody could ever sit or stand ! all the cups and saucers, and teapot, are sliding off that ridiculous table ! Laura, my dear Laura ! I wish you were here ! Mamma, I have not nearly so much pleasure in seeing all these entertaining things as I should have if Laura, and Godfrey, and papa were looking at them with me !—Mamma, when will they come ? ”

“ They will be here next Monday, I hope, my dear. ”

“ Three whole long days till Monday ! ” said Rosamond, considering seriously. “ Mamma, do you know I am going to have a great deal of resolution—I shall put off seeing the rest of these things for three days, because I know I shall have so much more pleasure if I do ; and, mamma, I show you now, and always, whenever I have an opportunity, I will prove to you, that I have resolution enough to choose, as you say Laura does, the great future pleasure instead of the present little pleasure : I am very curious about some things in those other drawers, but I will conquer my impatience ; and now I shut the doors of the India cabinet till Monday. ”

Rosamond courageously closed the doors and locked the cabinet.

“ Mamma, there is a sort of pleasure in commanding one’s self, which is better, after all, than seeing Chinese tumblers or any thing else. ”

“ I am glad you feel that pleasure, my dear, and I hope you will often feel it ; that is always in your

power; and this is more than can be said of most other pleasures."

Rosamond occupied herself in several different employments during the three following days; and they did not appear to be *long days*. Monday came; her father, and Laura, and Godfrey arrived; and she was very happy to see them, and they were all glad to see her. Several times, while they were talking of other things, and telling what had happened and what they had seen during their absence, she was going to begin a sentence about the India cabinet: but her mother smiled and whispered—

"Not a good time yet, my dear."

So she waited with heroic patience till the happy moment came, when all had finished what they wished to say, and when they seemed as if they had nothing that they were particularly anxious to do.

"Now, mamma, is it a good time?"

"Very good."

Rosamond then asked them if they would come with her, for she had something to show them. She led the way to the India cabinet—unlocked it—displayed to Godfrey's wondering eyes the treasures it contained, made the boatmen row, and the watermen work with their buckets, and the tumblers tumble—showed Laura the bad perspective, and told her the history of Pinna and his cancer friend—asked her if she knew whether coral was a vegetable, animal, or mineral substance. Rosamond spoke and moved all the time with a rapidity that is indescribable, but not inconceivable to those who are used to lively children. Her mother and Mrs. Egerton, with some difficulty, found time to state what Rosamond had forgotten to explain—that she had deferred looking at the remaining nine drawers of this cabinet, that she might have the pleasure of looking at them along with Laura, Godfrey, and her father.

They were quite as much pleased and as much obliged to her as she had expected that they would be, and she was fully rewarded for her self-denial and patience. With Mrs. Egerton's permission, her father opened the Chinese boat, so as to show the inside; and he explained to her and Laura, and to Godfrey, who was remarkably fond of mechanics, how it was made to move. It was moved by a common piece of clockwork, as a chamber clock is kept in motion by a spring, not by a

weight. The tumblers were very ingeniously constructed. They held between them a little chair, supported by poles, like those of a sedan chair. At first, they stood at the top of a flight of steps; and when the hindmost, or second figure, was once lifted up, he was instantly carried over the first or foremost figure, as if he jumped over his companion's head, between the chair-poles, to a step lower than that on which he stood. Without any further assistance, the first figure, which now became the hindmost, jumped in his turn over his fellow-chairman's head, the poles turning, and the chair remaining steady; and so on to the bottom of the steps.

"How was all this performed!"

Each of the children guessed. Godfrey, as usual, decided immediately, and said it was done by a spring.

Rosamond said she was sure that the figures were not alive, and that the chairmen were neither magicians nor fairies: but this was all of which she was certain. Laura acknowledged that she could not imagine how it was done.

Their father, then told them that the *power* or *force* which set the figures in motion, was, he believed, a little quicksilver, or a grain of shot, which ran down the chair-poles, which were hollow. But how it continued to move the figures after the first tumble, would be more, he thought, than he could make them understand, till they were better mechanics. Rosamond was for the present quite satisfied.

The only thing this happy day which a little vexed Rosamond, was Godfrey's saying that, though these Chinese toys were very ingenious, he did not think that they were of any great use; that his father had shown him some mechanics, large, *real* machines, which were much more useful, and which therefore he liked better.

"Well!—Let us go on, Godfrey, to the other nine drawers," said Rosamond.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The history of the other nine drawers of the India cabinet has not yet been found.

## THE SILVER CUP

WHEN Rosamond, Laura, and Godfrey were travelling home with their father and mother, they began to talk of the different people they had lately seen ; to describe them, and to tell which of them they liked or disliked.

"Godfrey, pray what sort of a man is Orlando's schoolmaster?" said Rosamond.

"I do not know well," said Godfrey, "for I only just saw him for a minute; papa stayed talking with him a great while, but I went off to the playground, because I wanted to see the boys playing at ball."

"I am sorry you did not see something of Orlando's schoolmaster," said Laura, "for I wished to know how you liked him."

"That I can tell you at once," said Godfrey. "To save trouble, I don't like him at all."

"I do not see how that will save trouble," said Laura.

"It does save trouble," replied Godfrey; "it saves the trouble of long explanations. You, Laura, always ask WHY one likes, and WHY one does not like a person!"

"So much the better! Laura is very right. Now is not she, mother?" cried Rosamond, starting forward from the corner where she sat.

"You need not disturb my mother about it," said Godfrey; "do not you see that she is busy reading her letters?"

"I'll ask my father, then," said Rosamond, springing up and stepping across to where her father was sitting reading the newspaper; but a sudden motion of the carriage threw her forward, and she fell with her nose upon her father's knee. Her father, putting aside his newspaper, helped her up, and advised her never to stand in a carriage without holding by something. Then he went on reading the newspaper; and Rosamond, not liking to interrupt him more, retired back to her corner, while Godfrey laughed, and said—

"Rosamond, you have not gained much by that motion."

But Rosamond, knowing that she was, as she said, "for once in the right," and perceiving by Laura's coun-

tenance that Laura was of the same opinion, would not be laughed out of her reason. She brought the example of her own past folly in support of her present wisdom; and gave Godfrey an account of her "foolish antipathy, that is, *dislike at first sight*, without reason, to poor, dear, good Mrs. Egerton;" and repeated pretty correctly all that her mother had said to her upon that occasion.

"And now, Godfrey," concluded she, "only do consider how much I was mistaken; and how much I should have lost—what a quantity of pleasure—if I had not gone with mamma to see Mrs. Egerton. At first, do you know, I wished very much not to go, and begged mamma would not take me with her; but when mamma advised me to try and find out why I disliked her—"

"*Her!*" interrupted Godfrey. "Did you dislike mamma?"

"No, no; but Mrs. Egerton, you know very well. And when I could find no reason but the pinch in the black bonnet, and the poor scarred hand—and when I saw the one reason was so foolish—and when I heard the story about the fire—my opinion changed; and how well it was for me that it did!"

"Well for you, indeed," said Godfrey; "but you were excessively foolish at first, my dear Rosamond. You don't think that I could be so foolish as to dislike any body for a pinch in a black bonnet? In the first place, I don't know what you mean by a *pinch in a black bonnet*."

"Maybe not," said Rosamond; "but I dare say you might dislike a person yourself for no better reason."

"My dear Rosamond! Impossible! Impossible! Quite impossible!" repeated Godfrey, rolling backward and forward with laughter at the bare idea. "I dislike a person for a pinch in a black bonnet!"

"Well, what is your reason this minute for disliking Dr.—what is his name?—Orlando's schoolmaster?"

Godfrey repeated, in his own defence, four lines which he had learned from the schoolboys with whom he had been playing at ball—four lines which, changing the name, most schoolboys think applicable to every schoolmaster:—

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell;  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I do know very well,  
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Rosamond delayed to pursue her reasons, while she got by rote these rhymes, which were new to her. Laura, however, thought the lines not worth getting by heart; and, before this point had been settled, the attention of all the disputants was turned to another object. They came within sight of a large town, through which they were to pass; and their father said to their mother—

"We stop here; and while the horses are feeding, I think we can have time, my dear, to go to the cotton manufactory; and, if we have, I shall like to show it to the young people."

"Oh, thank you, papa!"

"Pray do, papa!"

"I am sure you will have time!" exclaimed Laura, Godfrey, and Rosamond. Their father and mother determined to stay an hour longer than they had intended, on purpose to give their children the pleasure and advantage of seeing what they could not see so well anywhere else, and what they might not again, for some time, have so good an opportunity of seeing.

"Now, Rosamond," said Godfrey, "you will see some really useful machinery—much more useful than those Chinese toys; but you must not expect to understand all about them; for, do you know, that I do not understand half, nor a quarter of the things I saw in one of the cotton manufactories; and though papa explained a great deal to me, he told me still there was a great deal that I could not possibly understand yet, and a great deal that he does not understand himself. And at first when you go in you will hear such a noise of whirling and whirring—*whirr—whirr—whirr*—and you will see so many wheels spinning round, round, and round, without knowing what moves them; then such numbers of palefaced men, women, and children! such numbers, everywhere, so busy, none of them thinking of or caring for you! and there will be such a dust! and such disagreeable smells! and want of fresh air! and, Rosamond! you will not be able to hear a word that is said, nor to make anybody hear what you say, without bawling as loud as I do now."

Rosamond looked much alarmed, especially at this last danger, and she said,

"I am afraid to go, and I am sure I shall not understand any thing—I know nothing of machines, you know, brother."

"Afraid! Oh, don't be afraid—I will take care of you. There's no danger if you keep out of the way of the wheels, and don't touch any thing about the machines, but hold fast by my arm," said Godfrey, drawing Rosamond's arm within his; "and I will take care of you, my dear Rosamond, and you shall understand every thing, for I will explain all to you—I mean, every thing that I understand myself."

His father smiled, and told Godfrey that was a good correction of his first assertion.

"After all, my dear," said he, turning to his wife, "I think Rosamond is too young, and knows too little of these things, for her to be amused or instructed by going with us to the cotton manufactory. When I spoke of showing it to the young people, I thought only of Laura and Godfrey."

Rosamond's countenance changed, and she looked mortified and disappointed.

"Papa, do pray take Rosamond!" cried Godfrey. "She will understand something; and I will take such care of her, and it will be such a pleasure to me, papa."

"And to me too," added Laura—"and papa, Rosamond last summer saw cotton wool in its pod, or husk, on the cotton-tree in the hothouse; and she wanted to know how it was spun into cotton thread, such as we use."

Rosamond's eyes were fixed upon her mother, and she waited anxiously to hear what her mother would say. Her mother said that she thought as Godfrey did, that Rosamond would be able to understand something, though perhaps very little, of what she might see; but that, however little she might be able to understand at first, yet it would be useful to Rosamond to see real things that might entertain her; because she was rather too fond of imaginary things, such as fairy tales, and stories of giants and enchanters; and it would be advantageous to give her a taste for truth and realities.

These reasons determined Rosamond's father, and he took her with them to the cotton manufactory.

At first, going into one of the large rooms where the machines were, and where the people were at work, she felt nearly as Godfrey had foretold that she would—almost deafened by the noise, and dizzy from the sight of a multitude of wheels spinning round. The disagreeable smells, and dirt, and want of fresh air,



which Godfrey had described, Rosamond did not perceive in this manufactory; on the contrary, there was plenty of fresh air, and but little dust: nor were the faces of the men, women, or children who were at work, pale or miserable; on the contrary, they had a healthy colour, and their looks were lively and cheerful. This manufactory was managed by a very sensible, humane man, who did not think only of how he could get so much work done for himself; but he also considered how he could preserve the health of the people who worked for him, and how he could make them as comfortable and happy as possible.

This gentleman, who was a friend of Rosamond's father, went to them as soon as he was informed of their arrival; and he kindly offered to take the trouble of showing them the whole of his manufactory.

While this gentleman was speaking, Godfrey had carried Rosamond to the farthest end of the long room, to show her some part of the machinery. His father went after him, and brought them back; and as soon as they went out of this room, and away from the noise of the wheels, Godfrey said, "I have shown Rosamond a great many things already, papa;" but he answered—

"I advise you, Godfrey, not to drag your sister about, to show her a variety of things so quickly; for if you do, she will have no clear idea of any one thing—I recommend it to you to come with us, and to keep as close as you can to this gentleman—to look at each thing as he shows it to you—to look at but one thing at a time—and to listen to every word he says."

"I will listen, but I am afraid I shall not be able to hear him," said Rosamond; "for though I tried to hear Godfrey, and though he roared in my ear, I could not make out half of what he said; I thought he said *hand*, when he said *band*, and I could not see any hand; so I could not understand at all."

Rosamond found, however, that she could hear better after she had been a little accustomed to the noise; and that she could understand a little better when but one thing at a time was shown to her, and when she went on in regular order from the beginning—from that which was easy to that which was more difficult.

But presently they came to some part of the machinery which Rosamond could not comprehend, though she looked, or tried to look, at but one thing at a time,

and though she stuck close to the master of the manufactory, and listened to every word he said. Her father, who had been so intent on what he was about that he had forgotten Rosamond, chanced, however, to see her looking up, and listening and frowning with the pain of attention. He touched her shoulder, and she started.

"My dear little girl," said he, speaking so loud that she could hear, "I was wrong to bid you listen to *all* this gentleman says. Don't listen to this; you cannot understand it—rest; and I will touch you again when there is any thing to be heard or seen that you can understand."

Rosamond was right glad to rest her eyes, ears, and understanding.

From this time forward she looked and listened only when her father touched her shoulder, though Godfrey gave her many a twitch and many a push by the elbow to force her admiration of things which were beyond her comprehension. At last, when they had gone through the manufactory, Godfrey said—

"Now, Rosamond, you have missed seeing a great deal, I assure you; you had better just run back with me, and I will show you all that you have missed."

But to this her father objected; and she was glad of it, and quite of his opinion, that she had seen and heard enough already.

The hospitable gentleman who had shown them his manufactory, now invited them to rest themselves, and to eat some fruit which he had prepared for them. Cherries, ripe cherries, strawberries and cream, soon refreshed them; and, when Godfrey had finished eating his fruit, he turned to Rosamond and said—

"Rosamond, my dear, you have eaten your cherries, have not you, and you are quite rested; now I want to know whether you remember all you have seen and heard—now tell us."

"Impossible, Godfrey!" interposed her father—"you expect impossibilities from your sister; you forget what you were when you were her age."

"It is so long ago, sir," said Godfrey. "But, at any rate, I wish Rosamond would tell us all she remembers."

Rosamond blushed, and hesitated, and said she remembered very little; but her father encouraged her, by assuring her that he did not expect that she should

remember much; that if she remembered any thing distinctly, it would satisfy him, because it would be a proof that she had paid attention; and that was all, he said, that he expected from her. As he spoke he drew her to him, and, seating her upon his knee, bid her begin, and tell any thing that she could clearly recollect.

The first thing which Rosamond clearly recollected seeing, she said, was a large quantity of cotton wool, which was not nearly so fine, or so white, or so soft, or so light, as some which she afterward saw, which had been cleaned. This had not been cleaned; there was a number of little seeds in it, and a great deal of dust; and the gentleman told them that the first thing to be done was to clean the cotton, and take out of it all these seeds and dust. This, he said, used formerly to be done by old women and children, who picked it as clean as they could; but they were a great while about it; and he had at last invented a way of doing it—of cleaning it by a machine.

Here Rosamond paused, and Godfrey began with—  
“Don’t you remember, Rosamond—?”

But his father stopped him. “Give her time to recollect, and she will remember.”

“There was a great noise and a great wind, papa, just at that time; and I do not recollect exactly how it was.”

“What cleaned the cotton, or how was it cleaned, my dear?”

“I don’t know, papa, because I could not see the inside of the machine, and there was something about a door, a valve, and moving first in one direction and then in another *direction*—I never rightly understood about the direction.”

“The word *direction* seems to have puzzled you; but let that alone for the present, and tell us simply what you saw.”

“I saw a great sort of box, larger than this table, with an iron grating like the grating of a fender all over the top of it; and when I looked through this grating, I saw bits of cotton wool, which looked like flakes of snow driven about by a high wind; first blown up against the grating in one part, and then falling down at another part of the box.”

“Was there any dust?”

“A great deal of dust blown through the grating.”

"Where did that dust come from, or what made it, do you think?"

"The dust came from the cotton wool, I believe; and I believe it was blown out by the wind; but I don't know about the rising and falling—I do not know about the valve, or the door."

While Rosamond spoke, Godfrey had pressed closer and closer, and bit his lip with impatience, and at last said—"Papa, do let me just ask her one question; it will not put her out; indeed, it will put her in."

"Well, ask it, Godfrey, lest you should burst in ignorance," said his father.

"Did you never see a machine like it, Rosamond?" cried Godfrey—"I do not mean quite like it, because it is very different in some respects, but like it in general?"

"No," said Rosamond.

"Recollect, my dear Rosamond?—at home, last autumn, in the barn."

"Oh! now I recollect, for you have told me almost; you mean the winnowing machine; yes, I thought of that once; but I was puzzled about the door."

"Let that alone, my dear," said her father. "Now you have told us all that you understand or can recollect of that machine, have you!—Do you remember what is done next to the cotton?"

"Yes; it is combed out, and made smooth, and thin, and flaky—*carded*—but not as I have seen a woman card wool, with little flat boards with pins stuck upon them; but with great large rollers with pins stuck upon them, and the pins, like the teeth of a comb, comb the cotton that is drawn over them: but I do not exactly know how—then comes the spinning."

"Take breath—you shall have time—do not hurry yourself."

"I cannot recollect any more, papa; after this all is confusion. There were such a number of little wheels spinning, and large wheels underneath, and bands round them."

"My dear, it is impossible that you should understand the motions and uses of the motions of all those wheels; but I dare say you know the general purpose or use of the whole."

"Yes; to make the cotton wool into cotton thread—to spin it."

"And do you recollect the name of the spinning machine?"

"I remember that perfectly—*spinning-jennies*."

"Why was that name given to them—can you tell?"

"Because *Jenny* is a woman's name, you know; and Jenny, I suppose, spun; and when these machines were made to spin instead of women, they were called *spinning-jennies*."

"Then cotton was formerly spun by women, and with spinning-wheels?" said her father.

"Yes, papa; so the gentleman said."

"And why, Rosamond, do they not continue to spin in the same manner?"

"Because the spinning-jennies spin much more quickly; a woman moved with her foot and hands only one spinning-wheel; but these machines do the work of a hundred spinning-wheels at once in the same time. I saw them all in rows working, pulling the cotton out, and twisting it, just like so many spinning-wheels, only better and faster. How they were moved—there is the thing I don't know, papa!—I could not understand how it was done—and I am tired now of trying to recollect."

"You have understood and recollected more than I expected that you could, my dear," said her father; "especially as you have not been used to such things. I am glad you have attended so carefully. It may not be necessary for you ever to understand perfectly these or any other machines; but it is always useful, and will often be necessary for you to command your attention, and to turn it to observe real things. Some other time I will bring you here again, if this gentleman will give me leave, and if you wish it yourself."

The gentleman kindly said that he should be glad to see Rosamond again, and that he would then try to explain to her any thing she might wish to know.

Rosamond thanked this good gentleman, and was glad that her father was pleased with her. She said that, some other time, she should like to see the way in which the pretty little balls of cotton are wound. "That was what Godfrey was showing me," papa, "when you called us away."

"I am glad I did call you away, my dear; because you could not have understood it, and Godfrey would only have puzzled you."

"Look, look, papa! look, mamma! out of this win-

"dow!" cried Godfrey—"All the people are going from work; look, what numbers of children are passing through this great yard!"

The children passed close by the window at which Godfrey and Rosamond had stationed themselves; among the little children came some tall girls; and among these there was one, a girl about twelve years old, whose countenance particularly pleased them—several of the younger ones were crowding round her.

"Laura! Laura! look at this girl! what a good countenance she has!" said Rosamond, "and how fond the little children seem of her!"

"That is Ellen—she is an excellent girl," said the master of the manufactory; "and those little children have good reason to be fond of her."

Rosamond and Godfrey asked "Why?" and the gentleman answered—

"It is a long story; perhaps you would be tired of hearing it."

But they begged he would tell it, and he complied.

"Some time ago," said he, "we had a benevolent clergyman here, who gave up several hours of his time every week to instruct the children in this manufactory: he taught them to read and write, and he taught them arithmetic; he taught them much more, for he taught them the difference between right and wrong, and explained to them the use of doing right, and its good consequences—the happiness that follows from it; and the evil and unhappiness that follow from doing wrong. He was so kind and gentle in his manner of teaching, that these children all liked him very much. At last news came that this good clergyman was to leave the place—he was appointed master of a large school, and a living was given to him in another county at a considerable distance. All the children in the manufactory were sorry that he was going away; and they wished to do something that should prove to him their respect and gratitude. They considered and consulted among one another. They had no money—nothing of their own to give but their labour; and they agreed that they would work a certain number of hours beyond their usual time, to earn money to buy a silver cup, which they might present to him the day before that appointed for his departure. They were obliged to sit up great part of the night to work, to earn their

shares. Several of the little children were not able to bear the fatigue and the want of sleep. For this they were very sorry; and when Ellen saw how sorry they were, she pitied them—and she did more than pity them. After she had earned her own share of the money to be subscribed for buying the silver cup, she sat up every night a certain time to work, to earn the shares of all these little children. Ellen never said any thing of her intentions, but went on steadily working till she had accomplished her purpose. I used to see her, night after night, and used to fear she would hurt her health, and often begged her not to labour so hard: but she still said—‘It does me good, sir.’ When she had completed her work, the wages were paid to her; and all the wages were paid to those who had worked extra hours—that is, hours beyond their usual hours of working. A clerk was sitting at a table to receive the subscriptions for the silver cup; and those who had earned their contribution went up proudly, one by one, and laid down the money on the table, saying, ‘Write down my name, sir, if you please; there is my subscription.’

“The poor little children who had nothing to give were sadly mortified, and stood behind ready to cry. Ellen went to them, and took them out of the room with her, and, without letting anybody see her but themselves, she put into the hands of each their share of the subscription money, that they might have the pleasure of subscribing for themselves.”

Everybody was pleased with this anecdote of Ellen, and were glad that they had seen her. Rosamond said, in a low voice, to her mother, that if Laura had been a poor girl in the same situation, she would have done just as Ellen did.

Rosamond was going to say more, but her attention was now drawn to another subject. The master of the manufactory opened a desk, and produced the copy of the inscription which had been engraved upon the silver cup. Godfrey, into whose hands it happened first to be put, began to read it; but the moment he saw the clergyman’s name, he laid down the paper and exclaimed—

“To Doctor Bathurst—that is the name of Orlando’s schoolmaster! Can it be the same Doctor Bathurst?”

Godfrey asked for a description of Doctor Bathurst—he found it exactly agreed with that of the schoolmaster;

and it was proved that the good clergyman and the schoolmaster to whom Godfrey had taken a dislike were one and the same person.

Rosamond and Laura looked at one another and smiled : and Rosamond could not forbear whispering,

“ I do not like you, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell—”

But Rosamond stopped ; for she saw that Godfrey looked so much ashamed of himself that she would not then laugh at him.

The carriage came to the door ; and, after thanking the gentleman who had received them so hospitably, and who had given up so much time to show them his manufactory, they took leave of him, and they got into their carriage and pursued their journey. As they drove on, they began to talk of what they had seen and heard ; and, first, about Doctor Bathurst and the silver cup. In general, Godfrey was apt to think himself in the right ; but when he was clearly convinced that he had been mistaken, he always acknowledged it candidly. He now confessed that he had been quite mistaken in his opinion of Doctor Bathurst ; and that his disliking him merely because he was a schoolmaster, and because some schoolboys had repeated four nonsensical lines, was almost as foolish as Rosamond's dislike to Mrs. Egerton for the *pinch* in her black bonnet. Then Godfrey and Rosamond began to talk over their causes for liking or disliking every person they knew ; and presently grew vehement in maintaining the justice of these causes, and the excellence of their several reasons.

“ I like Mrs. Allen, because she is always cheerful,” said Rosamond.

“ I like Mr. Ormond, because he is so honest,” cried Godfrey.

“ I love Mrs. Ellis, because she is so good-natured,” said Rosamond.

“ I like Mr. Brooke, because he is always entertaining,” said Godfrey.

Being cheerful, honest, good-natured, and entertaining, Laura, who was appealed to as a judge, allowed to be good reasons for liking people ; but when it came to the degrees of liking, and to the question which ought to be most liked and esteemed, the cause became more diffi-



cult; and Laura presently began to make a catalogue of all the virtues, and, as well as the motion of the carriage would allow, she wrote them down in the order in which she thought they deserved to be placed; "And then," said she, "we can try all your favourites by our list." But the list was not soon arranged. It was easy enough to settle the names of the virtues; but it was difficult to put them into their proper order. Truth and honesty Godfrey and Rosamond readily allowed to come first; but there was a great debating about cheerfulness and neatness; and, "as for a person's being entertaining," Rosamond said, "that was no *virtue*," though she acknowledged she liked people for being entertaining. After talking long and loud, till at last they did not understand one another or themselves, they appealed to their father, and asked him if he could help them to settle their debate. Their father said that they had, without knowing it, got deep into a very difficult question. "I am afraid that I cannot answer you without going deeper still."

"Do then, papa, if you please," said Godfrey; "and I will follow you—I love to argue with Laura, because she will go deep; but Rosamond never will."

"I do not know what you mean by going deep," said Rosamond.

"Consider how young she is," said Laura.

"Well! let us hear what my father was going to say. Which virtue should stand highest in our list, papa? which next? and so on."

"The most useful, I think, should come first," replied his father: "and you might, I believe, arrange them all by their degrees of usefulness or utility."

"Useful! papa," cried Godfrey; "but are there not many virtues which are not at all useful?"

"Which are they?"

"Generosity, for instance," said Godfrey.

"If it be useless generosity, I think it is no virtue," replied his father.

Godfrey thought again, but he could not name any virtue that was not useful.

"But, papa," said Laura, "it will still be very difficult to settle which is the most useful virtue—how shall we ever do that?"

"Deeper and deeper, indeed, Laura, we must go, to determine that," said her father; "deeper than you can

go, or I either; for we must know what contributes most to the happiness of the greatest number of people, and for the greatest length of time—of this, my children, you cannot judge, till you have a great deal more experience and more knowledge.”

“I am glad that is settled,” said Rosamond: for they had long got beyond her depth, and she had been obliged to have recourse to looking out of the window.

“Now, mamma, will you tell me something very entertaining, which I heard the gentleman at the manufactory telling you while I was eating my fruit—something about a girl’s mistaking a bee for a cow?”

## THE BEE AND THE COW.

"A girl who mistook a bee for a cow! She must have been an idiot," cried Godfrey. "My dear Rosamond, there never could have been such a girl! This must be some great mistake of yours."

"Now, mamma, did not I hear that gentleman say so? Mamma, it is not a great mistake of mine, is it?" cried Rosamond.

"No, only a little mistake of yours, my dear Rosamond," answered her mother. "You did hear that gentleman telling me something about a girl, and a bee, and a cow; but you are not clear in the story."

"No; because of the cherries, which *distracted* my attention, as you say, mamma. Will you be so good, ma'am, as to tell us the story, and then I shall know it clearly."

"The fact was simply, that a lady was teaching a poor little girl, who had been constantly employed in a manufactory, to read. And, one day, this child was reading in a book, called Harry and Lucy, an account of a girl's being stung by a bee. The child read ill, and as if she did not in the least understand what she was reading—and the lady said to her, 'I think you do not understand what you are reading.'—'No, madam, I do not.' The lady questioned the child farther, and from her answers began to think that she had never seen a bee; and she asked the child whether she had ever seen a bee. The child answered, 'Yes, ma'am.'—'What is a bee like?' said the lady. The child answered, 'Ma'am, it is like a cow.'"

Godfrey, Rosamond, and even the sage Laura, laughed at this strange answer; and they wondered how it was possible that such an idea could come into the child's head.

"It was clear," Godfrey said, "that the child never had seen a bee; but Laura did not think this was quite certain."

"The child," she observed, "might have seen a bee, without having been told the name of it."

Laura recollected to have heard her mother read, in the Monthly Magazine, a letter from a lady, who described the ignorance of some children either in a manufactory or a charity school. It was said that they did not know the names of a hog or a calf when the animals were shown to them.

"But why did the girl, when she was asked what a bee was like, say that it was like a cow?"

Godfrey and Rosamond thought that the girl said a cow only because she had nothing else to say; because it was the name of the animal that first occurred to her.

Laura thought that there was some other reason for it. Her father said he believed he had discovered the reason; and Godfrey immediately begged that he would not tell, but that he would leave to them the pleasure of guessing or inventing it.

"I would willingly, my dear," said his father, "but that I believe you do not know a certain fact, which is absolutely necessary to be known, Godfrey, before you could guess or invent it. Some children, particularly some of the poorer class, are taught their letters in *picture-books*, as they call them, where, to each letter of the alphabet, a little *picture*, or, properly speaking, some print, is joined, and the thing represented usually begins with the letter to be taught; as A for *apple*, C for *cat*. Now I remember to have seen in some of these little books, B for *bull*; and the letter B stands at the foot of the picture of a *bull*. It is a vulgar saying, meant to express that a person is ignorant—such a one does not know a B from a bull's foot. This saying led me to think of the cause of the child's mistake. And it appears to me that the sound of the letter, which is pronounced like the name of the insect, *bee*, was joined in the child's mind with the idea or picture of a bull or a cow. Therefore, when she was asked what a *bee* was like, the recollection of a cow came into her head."

Godfrey, with some difficulty, understood this, and allowed it to be possible. Rosamond, who was eager to prove that the poor girl was not an idiot, comprehended her father's explanation quickly, and pronounced it to be very ingenious.

Still Godfrey maintained that the child must have been uncommonly silly to make such a mistake. This assertion of Godfrey's led Rosamond and Laura to rec-

ollect and to mention several odd instances of their own misunderstanding of things when they were little children, which they had read or heard in conversation. Laura mentioned a passage in a story she once read, which appeared to her absolute nonsense; because it was ill stopped, or because, in reading it to herself, she had stopped in the wrong place. The sentence was this—

“ ‘Leonora walked on, her head a little higher than usual;’ which, by one method of reading it, may represent Leonora as walking on her own head, and consequently being a little higher than usual.”

“However absurd this mistake may seem to us now,” said Laura, “I assure you it was really made.”

“And not by an idiot, nor by a very silly child, neither,” said her mother.

Rosamond next reminded Godfrey of a mistake which he had made, but which he could now hardly believe, till both his sister and his mother joined in bearing witness, and in bringing the time and place to his mind.

“Godfrey, I remember perfectly,” said Rosamond, “your telling me you thought that there were two worlds; and that America was in the other, and not in this world; that is, not on this earth—not on this globe. And you thought so, because America is called the new world, and all other countries the old world.”

“It was a natural mistake for a child to make,” said his mother; “and I dare say every child may recollect making a hundred such. Sometimes not till after people have grown up do they discover the sense of what they have learned by rote when they were children. I can recollect lines of poetry, which I was obliged to learn by rote when I was a child, and which half my life afterward I never understood.”

“Thank goodness!” cried Rosamond—“Thank your goodness, mamma, we have none of us been forced to learn by rote poetry which we did not understand.”

“But are you sure, my dear, that you have not, without being forced to do so, learned by heart any poetry that you do not understand?” said her mother.

Rosamond answered by beginning to repeat her favourite little poem.

## THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

" When the leaves had forsaken the trees,  
 And the forests were chilly and bare ;  
 When the brooks were beginning to freeze,  
 And the snow wavered fast through the air ;

" A robin had fled from the wood,  
 To the snug habitation of man ;  
 On the threshold the wanderer stood,  
 And thus his petition began :

" ' The snow's coming down very fast,  
 No shelter is found on the tree ;  
 When you hear this un pitying blast,  
 I pray you take pity on me.

" ' The hips and the haws are all gone,  
 I can find neither berry nor sloe ;  
 The ground is as hard as a stone,  
 And I'm almost buried in snow.

" ' My dear little nest once so neat,  
 Is now empty, and ragged, and torn ;  
 On some tree should I now take my seat,  
 I'd be frozen quite fast before morn.

" ' Oh, throw me a morsel of bread !  
 Take me in by the side of your fire ;  
 And when I am warmed and fed,  
 I'll whistle without other hire.

" ' Till the sun be again shining bright,  
 And the snow is all gone, let me stay ;  
 Oh, see what a terrible night !  
 I shall die if you drive me away !

" ' And when you come forth in the morn,  
 And are talking and walking around ;  
 Oh, how will your bosom be torn,  
 When you see me lie dead on the ground !

" ' Then pity a poor little thing,  
 And throw me a part of your store ;  
 I'll fly off in the first of the spring,  
 And never will trouble you more.' "

I am sure I understand all this, mamma," said Rosamond ; " and ' The poor Piedmontese and his Marmot.' " \*

So far so good ; but Rosamond went on to " Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

\* See Miss Lucy Aikin's Poetry for Children.

"Take care, Rosamond," said her mother; "you know I warned you that you could not yet understand it, when you wanted to learn it by heart."

"But the lines sound so very pretty, and Laura has them all by heart."

"But I never learned them by heart till I understood them, and I never understood them till they had been explained to me."

"I think I understand them well enough," said Rosamond.

"Begin, and let us hear," cried Godfrey.

" 'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.' "

"What is meant by 'curfew'?—What is meant by 'tolls?' and what is a knell? and what is meant by 'parting day?'"

"Godfrey, I cannot tell the meaning of every word; but I know the general meaning. It means that the day is going; that it is evening; that it is growing dark. Now let me go on."

"Go on," said Godfrey, "and let us see what you will do when you come to 'the pomp of heraldry;' to 'the long drawn aisle and fretted vault;' to 'the village Hampden;' to 'some mute inglorious Milton;' and to 'some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.' You! who have not come to Cromwell yet in the history of England!"—

"Well, I give it up," said Rosamond, overpowered with all these difficulties: "but, at least, I know the meaning of—"

" 'The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed.' "

"Oh, I grant you the swallow," said Godfrey; "but not the 'cock's shrill *clarion*.' "

"It means the cock's crowing, which is like a clarion or trumpet."

"How came you to know that?"

"Because Laura told it to me."

"And now, Godfrey, you, who have been so severe upon your sister, do you understand all the poetry you have learned by heart?" said his father.

"Try me," said Godfrey. He began with some lines from Pope's Homer, in Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus—

" 'Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd—  
Admired as heroes, and as gods obeyed?'"

He went on to—

“ ‘ Brave, though we fall, and honoured if we live;  
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.’ ”

And though he was a little perplexed to explain the last line, yet he convinced his judges that he understood it; that he was master of the sense, and felt the spirit of the whole speech. Elate with this success, he cast a look of triumph upon Rosamond, and began in an heroic tone—

“ ‘ Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!  
Confusion on thy banners wait;  
Though fanned by conquest’s crimson wing,  
They mock the air in idle state;  
Helm, nor hawberk’s twisted mail,  
Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail.’ ”

“ Gently, gently, my boy!—Tell us, Godfrey,” said his father, “who is this ‘ruthless king,’ and why is ruin to seize him? and what are ‘banners?’ how were they ‘fanned by conquest’s crimson wing?’ and what is ‘helm or hawberk’s twisted mail?’ ”

Fortunately for Godfrey, he had carefully read certain notes of Mason’s to this poem; and he answered readily that “the ruthless king was Edward the First, who conquered Wales; and when he conquered Wales, had put all the Welch bards or poets to death: that it was for this crime ruin was to seize him, though his banners, that is, the colours his soldiers carried in battle, were then victorious; ‘fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,’ was only another way of saying this, Godfrey observed. ‘Hawberk’s twisted mail,’ he explained satisfactorily to be a kind of armour, made of rings of steel. Godfrey went on victoriously, showing that he knew all the kings of England and France, and all the facts in history alluded to in this poem. But presently, as he went on with the poem, he came to a passage where his historical notes gave him no assistance.—

“ ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep;  
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit; they linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land:  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.’ ”

Godfrey could not make any sense of this passage;



he did not know who wept—who slept—who the grisly band were—what dreadful harmony they joined, or what they wove with bloody hands.

Moreover, it now appeared that Godfrey did not clearly know whether the person who had been speaking from the beginning of the poem till this moment was the ghost of a bard, or the bard himself.

"Ha! ha!" said Rosamond. "Even Godfrey, you see, does not understand all the poetry he has by heart."

"Who does?" said her father, smiling.

"Laura does, I dare say," cried Rosamond.

"I dare not say so," said Laura.

"Do, pray, let us see," said Godfrey. "Laura, what poetry do you know?"

"Very little," said Laura. Conscious of the difficulty, she began with more timidity than her younger brother and sister had done. She repeated, first, from the Rape of the Lock, the parody of that speech of Sarpedon's which Godfrey had recited, beginning with—

"Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?"

ending with—

"And trust me, dears, good humour can prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail;  
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

These lines she well understood, but she found it difficult to explain the nature of a parody. However, this difficulty was conquered; and her judges, even Godfrey, the most severe among them, admitted that she was not guilty of ever having learned any poetry by rote which she did not understand; but Laura herself could not allow this to be true. She at once surprised them all, and made them laugh, by confessing that when first she learned by heart Collins's Ode to Evening, which begins with—

"If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,"

she did not know the meaning of "pastoral song;" and she had thought that "Eve" meant our first parent instead of *evening*. At this strange mistake of Laura's Godfrey laughed for some minutes. At last, Rosamond turned with uncommon seriousness to her mother, and said—

"Mamma, now I am quite convinced that it would be foolish in me to go on getting all the poetry by rote which I happen to hear other people repeat; for, if Laura does not understand it all, how can I?"

"Besides its being foolish to learn mere words, or merely pretty sounds by heart, Rosamond," said her father, "there is another reason why it will be better to put off learning poetry till you can understand it; you will, if you read it before you have the necessary knowledge, lose a great pleasure, which you may enjoy if you wait till that time. I can give you an example of what I mean. I will repeat to you a few lines which describe something you have seen this day. I am not sure that you will understand them all; but I am sure that you will understand more of them to-day than you could have understood yesterday. Before you had seen or had any knowledge of the machine that is described, the lines could only have been nonsense to you, and could have given you no pleasure except, perhaps, that arising from their harmonious, or, as you say, Rosamond, their *pretty* sound."

He then repeated the following lines;

"With wiry teeth revolving cards release  
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece  
Next moves the iron hand, with fingers fine,  
Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line;  
Slow, with soft lips, the whirling can acquires  
The tender skein, and wraps in rising spires;  
With quickened pace, successive rollers move,  
And these retain, and those extend the rove:  
Then fly the spools, the rapid axles glow,  
And slowly circumploes the labouring wheel below."

"The spinning-jennies! the cotton machine, papa!" cried Rosamond: "I understand and like a great deal in these lines, and all I understand I like."

Here Rosamond was interrupted by the postillion's stopping to ask which road they were to go.

## THE HAPPY PARTY.

Which road should they go was the question.

They had come to a place where three roads branched off from the main road; each of these roads led to objects that the young people wished to see. To an old castle, with a beautiful park; to a china manufactory; and to a town where there was a ropewalk.

Their father and mother said that they would go whichever way Godfrey, Rosamond, and Laura should agree in preferring; and they gave the young people five minutes to decide, while their father was drawing a gateway which was within view. Godfrey immediately decided. "The ropewalk, then, the ropewalk! I vote for the ropewalk!—Rosamond, don't you?"

"No, indeed," said Rosamond; "I would rather see the china manufactory than all the ropes in the world—would not you, Laura? My dear Laura, you will vote for the china manufactory, will not you?"

"For my own part," said Laura, "if I were to say what I wish for most myself, it would be to see the old castle, and to walk in the beautiful grounds, and to see the fine conservatory; but—"

Before Laura could say another word, Godfrey and Rosamond both interrupted, exclaiming, at the same moment—

"Conservatory! castle! park! Is it possible, Laura, that you would rather see those foolish things than a ropewalk!—than a china manufactory?"

"I would," said Laura, smiling—"I confess that I am so very foolish; but I do not call the ropewalk and china manufactory foolish things. On the contrary, if you will settle between you, Godfrey and Rosamond, which you choose, I will give up my wish and follow yours."

"O, that is very good-natured! thank you, Laura—thank you, dear Laura," said Rosamond; "you are always so ready to give up. Now, Godfrey, what pleasure can you expect in seeing ropes, dirty ropes, all smelling of pitch and tar?"

"The way of making them is very ingenious; and

ropes are much more useful than china," replied Godfrey. "What paltry things are china cups and saucers compared with ropes! The nation, the royal navy, could not exist without ropes—consider, Rosamond!"

"I have nothing to do with the royal navy," said Rosamond; "but I want to know how china teacups and saucers are made; they are useful every day, and twice a day, and you do not think them such paltry things at breakfast or tea-time, Godfrey—consider, too, Godfrey—"

"Consider, Rosamond," whispered Laura, "that my father has just finished his gateway, and the five minutes are almost over—look at the minute-hand of the watch—three minutes and a half are gone; if we do not agree and decide, we shall not go to see any of these things."

"And, *instead of a party of pleasure*, Rosamond," added her mother, "*it may turn out a party of pain*."

These words brought instantly to Rosamond's recollection the disagreeable day she had passed with the Masters and Miss Blissets, who had disputed about every trifle: she recollected, also, her own resolution never to imitate them: so, turning to her brother, she said, with a good-humoured smile—

"Well, Godfrey, Laura has given up her choice to please us, and I will give up my wish to please you, and we will all agree to go to the ropewalk."

"No, no, my dear Rosamond," said Godfrey; "no, no, my dear Laura, you shall not both give up your wishes to me; that would not be fair—let us draw lots."

"Here," said Godfrey, holding up three slips of paper, "draw one of these out of my hand, each of you; whoever has the longest shall choose which way we shall go."

Laura drew the longest slip of paper; Godfrey and Rosamond smiled, and said she deserved it best, because she had been the most ready to yield.

"Laura has her wish, and we are both glad of it," said Rosamond; "and we agree, and are happy, mamma; we shall not dispute, like those foolish boys and girls who turned pleasure into pain. I think, mamma, there is a sort of pleasant feeling in giving up instead of disputing."

Her father smiled, and, holding out his hand to Rosamond, said

That is right, my little girl—

“ ‘And trust me, dears, good-humour can prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail.’ ”

Rosamond was in such a good humour with herself, that she doubly enjoyed every thing she saw and heard.

“ My dear Godfrey, look at those honeysuckles in the hedge! did you ever see such fine honeysuckles!—and did you hear that bird?—I do believe it was a nightingale.”

“ No, it was only a robin; but a robin, when people are inclined to be pleased, sounds sweeter than a nightingale when people are not disposed to be satisfied.”

“ Now, Laura, we are come within sight of the castle, look out of this window—here—you can see it best,” said Rosamond—“ and, do you know, Godfrey, you will see a drawbridge, and hear a gong?”

“ Indeed!” said Godfrey—“ then I do not regret the ropewalk.”

When they arrived at the inn, their mother ordered dinner to be got ready as soon as possible; and they dined as quickly as they could, that they might have the more time to walk and see the castle. Dinner finished, they walked to the castle. Godfrey's object was to see the drawbridge and hear the gong—Rosamond's to run up and down the terrace, and to discover where the walks led to in the grounds—Laura wished particularly to have time to see the conservatory—and their father and mother desired to look, while it was yet light enough, at the architecture of the castle, and at several fine pictures which were in some of the rooms. Now it was impossible that each person's wish could be gratified at the same moment without their separating; but by each yielding a little, and all being desirous to accommodate and give pleasure to one another, the pleasures of all were secured and increased. First they looked at the outside of the castle: Godfrey and Rosamond had never before seen a Gothic castle. Their father told them what was meant by Gothic architecture: and, as they passed through a gallery of prints, he showed them prints of Grecian and Roman buildings. Then he left them, and went to look at the pictures. Rosamond and Godfrey were too young to have much taste for paintings; but instead of being impatient till their father and mother had finished examining the pictures, they amused themselves by looking at some

prints of celebrated persons with which one gallery was hung.

Presently their father and mother returned to the gallery where they had left Godfrey and Rosamond, and said that they were now ready to go back with Godfrey to the drawbridge. His father added that he would show him how it was constructed, and how it was moved. In going there, Rosamond had a fine run upon the terrace, and Godfrey took a race with her; she, in return, had the complaisance to stand quite still, and to attend when he wanted her to look at the drawbridge. Then they went on to Laura's object, the conservatory. Godfrey had no great wish to go; for he said he hated to look at ugly plants, with long hard names, upon which some people seemed to set a great value, he did not know why; however, as Laura wished to see this conservatory, he would go with her; and he would not laugh at her, or call the plants wretched weeds, because she had been so good-natured to him as to stay in the gallery of prints, on purpose to tell him the name and histories of some of the celebrated portraits. He knew that Laura, all that time, would rather have been with her father and mother looking at the paintings.

They had a pleasant walk through the park to the conservatory. This conservatory was not filled with ugly looking plants with long hard names. Some of the flowers and shrubs were so beautiful, both in form and colour, that they charmed even Godfrey; and he found so many of which he wished to speak, that it became rather convenient to him to know their names, instead of calling one the great red flower, or the little blue flower, or the beautiful white *thing*. There were so many red, blue, and white flowers, that without a more particular description no one could, with their best endeavours, understand which he meant; and to describe the whole flower or shrub accurately every time he wanted to speak of it, was rather troublesome.

In this conservatory there were several plants which Rosamond and Godfrey had never before seen, and which they had often wished that they could see.

"O Godfrey! here is the tea-tree, and here is the coffee-tree! look here, with its beautiful scarlet berries! and the sago-tree, Godfrey!"

"But, Rosamond, come this way! make haste, run!" cried Godfrey.

Rosamond ran, but when she came opposite to the plant to which her brother was pointing, she stood still, disappointed.

"I see nothing, brother, that is pretty."

"No, but you see something that is useful; or, at least, that was very useful formerly. This is the papyrus, papa says, or *paper rush*."

"Very likely," said Rosamond; "but I see nothing like paper, nor like a rush."

"It is not like the little rushes you have seen in the fields, Rosamond; but papa told me that it is a kind of rush, and it grew originally on the banks of the Nile, in Egypt, you know."

"Yes, I know the Nile is a river in Egypt."

"And the Egyptians used to write all their books upon it, and all that they wrote; because they had no such paper as we use now."

"Very likely," said Rosamond; "but I cannot imagine what part of it they wrote upon, or how they wrote upon it."

"Papa told me all about it, and I will explain it to you, my dear. Look at this stem of the plant—look; it is composed of thin leaves, as it were, one over the other. It was on these they wrote; of these, when unfolded, that they made their sort of paper; they cut off the top of the plant and the root, which were of no use; and, with a sharp knife, they separated these leaves or rinds of the stem, and flattened them, and put one over the other, crosswise; so that one leaf lay breadthwise, and the other lengthwise; and stuck them together with the muddy water of the Nile, or with a sort of paste; and then the leaves were dried, and pressed with heavy weights; and sometimes they were polished by rubbing them with a smooth stone."

"Rub as they would," said Rosamond, "they could never make it into such nice paper as ours—they could not make it white."

"No; but it was better than none. The Romans used to write upon it a great while after the Egyptians."

"And how could they write with a pen and ink upon this leafy paper?"

"They wrote with a hard sort of pencil, that made marks on the papyrus."

In return for all this information about the papyrus-tree, which Godfrey was proud to be able to give her,

Rosamond, with equal eagerness, told him all she had heard from her mother about the tea-tree. She told him that leaves are rolled up over hot plates and dried; and the Chinese people fan the leaves with large fans while they are drying. Rosamond was surprised, she said, at the difference between the leaf of the tree and the tea which she saw every day put into the teapot; but she recollected having seen the leaves unrolled and unfolded in the hot water; and she and Godfrey determined to look at them more particularly this very evening. Laura next took them to look at the coffee-tree, and the cacao-tree. From the nuts of the cacao-tree, she told them, both cocoa and chocolate are made; "and the berries of the coffee-tree, when roasted, make the coffee of which you are so fond, Godfrey."

Godfrey was glad to see the coffee-tree, and proud to tell Rosamond something more that he knew, or rather that he had heard, about coffee: "that monks used to drink it to keep themselves awake; and that they had learned the knowledge of the power which coffee has to keep people awake from a goatherd, or keeper of goats, who had observed, that whenever his goats browsed upon the leaves of the coffee-tree, they became unusually wakeful."

Laura was considering whether this was likely to be true or not; and she was just going to ask whether it was certain that the leaves of the coffee-tree have the same effect as the berries have, but she forgot her doubts and her question; for the master gardener, who had the care of the conservatory, came towards them, and began to talk to Godfrey. Finding that these young people were intelligent and eager to acquire knowledge, he was, as he said, ready to give them any information in his power. Rosamond asked him where the coffee-tree came from first.

He answered, that some travellers say that it was originally found in Abyssinia; but that he believed it was first brought into Europe from Arabia; that the Turks drank it commonly long before it was known in Europe; and that it was first brought into France by some French gentlemen who had been to Constantinople.

"Constantinople! that, you know, is the capital of Turkey," whispered Godfrey to Rosamond.

"I know that very well," said Rosamond. "But,



sir, how long is it since coffee was first brought to England?"

"In the time of Charles the Second, miss."

Rosamond had not yet got as far as the reign of Charles the Second in the English history; but Godfrey had read it, and he told her that it was about one hundred and seventy years ago.

Her father, who heard what was saying, told Rosamond, that about forty years after coffee was brought to England, some magistrates of Amsterdam—

"Amsterdam! that is the capital of Holland," said Rosamond.

"Some magistrates of Amsterdam had some coffee-plants from berries, which had been originally procured from Mocha, in Arabia Felix—"

"Mocha!" interrupted Godfrey, "that is the reason some coffee is called Mocha coffee."

Rosamond looked back at Laura, as much as to say, "I do not know where Mocha or Arabia Felix is."

Laura whispered, "I will show you where they are on the map of Asia, when we go home."

"And these Dutch magistrates," continued her father, "sent a present of a fine coffee-tree, in full bearing, that is, with ripe fruit upon it, as a present to Louis the Fourteenth."

Rosamond looked puzzled again.

"Louis the Fourteenth, King of France," said Godfrey.

"From the berries of this tree other coffee-trees grew; and about four years afterward, several young coffee-trees were sent from France to Martinico, one of the West India Islands. The voyage was long, and the weather not favourable, and all the plants died except one. The people in the ship were at last reduced to such distress for want of water, that each person had only a very small quantity allowed to him every day. The gentleman to whom the coffee-tree had been intrusted divided his share of water every day into two parts, and he drank but one half of his allowance himself, and gave the other to the tree of which he had the charge. The tree was saved; he brought the plant which had been committed to his care safely to Martinico, where it grew and flourished; and from this one plant that whole island, and afterward all the neighbouring West India Islands, were supplied."

Rosamond was delighted with this man's care of the tree which had been intrusted to him; but her pleasure in hearing what her father told her was a little lessened by the shame she felt at being ignorant of several things which Godfrey knew very well, and which he seemed to think she ought to know. However, when he saw what she was thinking of, he in a good-natured manner drew her to another part of the greenhouse, and whispered to her—

"It is very easy to learn all that, Rosamond; and I have a nice *wee-wee* history of England and of France, that I bought with my grandmother's crown, on purpose for you. I have them in papa's coach-seat, and you shall have them as soon as we get to the inn. I can tell you they are bound in red morocco, and not much larger than mamma's little red pocket almanac; and they have prints—a great many prints!"\*

It was now growing late and dusk in the evening, and they had time only to look at the sensitive plant—the mimosa—which they saw close and droop its leaves when they touched the latter, or even approached them with their fingers. Laura wished to have stayed a little longer with the mimosa; but she knew that if she did there would not be time for Godfrey to hear the gong sounded, which he and Rosamond very much wished to hear. So Laura, ever ready to give up her own wishes for the sake of giving pleasure to her brother and sister, left the conservatory, and walked as fast as she could back to the castle, with Godfrey and Rosamond, who thanked her half the way as they went, and pronounced that "she was one of the most good-natured sisters that ever was born."

They heard the gong till all but Godfrey said that they had had enough of the sound.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "I am sure you are tired of hearing this loud noise. Now, Godfrey, do not ask to have any more of it."

Godfrey stopped the hand of the man who was going to strike the gong again.

"Mamma, how very different this party of pleasure has been from the *ill-humoured* party," said Rosamond: "we have all been good-humoured; have not we, mam-

\* Pictures of England, designed by Alfred Miles, printed for J. Harris.

ma! We have not disputed, nor wanted to have every thing our own way. I am sure, if those quarrelsome children—you know whom I mean, mamma—had been with us, they would have quarrelled about every trifle; and they would have spoiled the pleasure of seeing the castle, and the drawbridge, and the tea-tree, and the cacao-tree, and the coffee-tree, and the gong, just as they spoiled the pleasure of going on the water, and hearing the music. Ours has been really a party of pleasure, mamma. A happy party!—Good night, mamma.”

As Rosamond was going out of the room, she heard her father say to her mother—“How easy it is to entertain children who are good-tempered, and who have some taste for knowledge; and how difficult it is to make children happy who are ill-humoured, and who have no taste for any thing but eating and drinking, and *idling*: with such children it is impossible to have a happy party.”

## WONDERS.

ROSAMOND, if you are sleepy you had better go to bed! said her mother to Rosamond, who was yawning stretching herself one morning soon after break-

fast. "Go to bed! mamma, at this time!—Oh no, I am not sleepy; I am only tired."

"Tired of what, Rosamond?"

"I do not know, really, ma'am, what makes me feel so very much tired as I certainly do this morning. I suppose it must be my journey yesterday and the day before."

"But at you were not tired last night, nor the day before yesterday, though you had been travelling, and walking, and running, and taking a great deal of exer-

cise. That is true, ma'am. But one does not feel tired all the time, always—sometimes one feels tired afterwards."

"Now happens it that Laura and I are not tired, nor your father, nor your brother? The journey was the same for all of us. Are you ill, Rosamond?"

"Not that I know of, mamma. Why should you think that I am ill?"

"Because you seem not able to do any thing. You sit alone nothing but lounge from window to window, from table to table, leaning on both your elbows, and so on, this half hour."

"I suppose I must be ill. I do not know what is the matter with me, mamma—I am so very—very—"

"lazy."

"No, not lazy, mamma."

"Well, then."

"Because I have nothing to do, mamma."

"Have not you all your usual employments, Rosamond?"

"Employments, mamma!—What!—You mean that I have not done my sum, or read French or English, or Latin. No, ma'am—but then I meant—"

"You meant, perhaps, that you have nothing that you like to do."

"That is just the thing, mamma."

"But you used to like all these employments, Rosamond."

"So I did, mamma, and so I do," added Rosamond, yawning again as she spoke.

"So it seems, Rosamond."

"I do, really, ma'am—only just this morning—I do not like to set about to do any thing; and I do not know why every thing seems dull."

"Shall I tell you why, Rosamond?"

"If you please—if you can, mamma—and if you are not going to say that it is all my own fault."

"I am not going to say that it is all your fault, Rosamond—it is partly mine, and partly nobody's."

"Well! my dear mother, begin with the part that is nobody's fault, and then tell your part, and, last of all, mine, if you please."

"After having been unusually entertained and interested, it is natural, Rosamond, to every human creature as well as to you, to feel as you do now—wearied, you do not know why—not inclined to like your common employments—and unwilling to exert yourself."

"But this is no fault of mine, mamma, you say."

"The feeling is no fault, my dear; but not trying to conquer it would be a fault, and the punishment would be—"

"O, mamma, before we go to that," interrupted Rosamond, "tell me the next part, which you said was your fault."

"It was my fault, Rosamond, I believe, that I gave you too much entertainment for some days past. You had so much amusement when you were at Mrs. Egerton's, and when you were travelling with us, that it has made home and your common employments seem dull and tiresome to you; and since I find this to be the case, I must take care not to let it happen again; for you know, my little daughter, I must not make you discontented with home, where you are to live; and I must not disgust you with your common employments, else you would never do or learn what is useful; and you would grow up a helpless, ignorant, wretched creature."

"Instead of growing up to be like Laura," said Rosamond. "Mamma, I will not yawn any more; I will

er my laziness, or idleness, whichever it is, and I do something useful, as Laura does ; and I know, ma, that when I have done *my little duties*, as you call them, I shall feel better satisfied. I recollect my first of misfortunes, mamma, when I was a little child, I remember how much better pleased I was after I conquered myself—so no more yawning. Laura, you lend me a pen for me !—Mamma, will you set me a difficult sum, you may, ma'am—now for it rest !”

Ernest Rosamond set about her little duties, and accomplished them all, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having conquered her inclination to idleness, having earned her mother's and her own appro-

praise. It was a rainy day, and as Rosamond could not go out, with her usual good-nature, complied with her mother's wish to play at battledoor and shuttlecock with her. This could not last all day ; before the morning was over Rosamond began to feel some returns of her old habit, and another fit of yawning came on.

“Cause, mamma,” said she, “Godfrey has been so busy with his Latin lessons, or in the workshop with his father, that he cannot come. May I go and see whether he can come now and see me ?”

“I may go if you please, my dear ; but you know your brother said that he would come as soon as he

could. He cannot swing me yet, —he has something to do first.”

“I am sorry for it, my dear—no—I mean that I am sorry you have nothing to do.”

“Mamma ! if I had but the India cabinet here !—those curiosities, and wonderful things, and animals from other countries, then I should have amusement enough this rainy day.”

“Rosamond, though there is no India cabinet here, there are wonderful things from other countries, yet there are many in this room, many curious things and wonderful animals with which you are not acquainted, which might afford you amusement enough this rainy

day. Look at those curious things ! where are they, mamma !” said Ernest, looking round—“there's nothing new in the

room—nothing but what I have seen a hundred times—wonderful animals!—mamma, there is not an animal in the room but you, and Laura, and myself.”

“Look again, Rosamond.”

Rosamond looked under the sofas, and under the tables, and under her mother's gown, and under Laura's.

“Mamma, I have looked again, and there is no animal of any kind; not a dog, nor a cat, nor even a mouse, ma'am.”

“And are there no animals but dogs, and cats, and mice?”

Rosamond saw Laura smile, and look towards the window.

“Ah, fly! Oh, I see what you mean now, mamma: a fly is an animal, to be sure; but what is there wonderful in a fly?”

“There are more wonders in a fly's wing, a fly's eye, a fly's foot, little as you may think of a fly, Rosamond, than you could comprehend, or I explain, in a whole day.”

“Indeed, ma'am!” said Rosamond, looking at the fly with an incredulous countenance. “Come upon my finger, fly,” added she, going to the window, and holding her finger for the fly to walk upon—“There! walk upon my hand, and let me look at you.”

“You may look at him, yet without seeing all the wonders I speak of, Rosamond.”

“Why, mamma, how did other people see them? and have not I eyes, mamma, and good ones, as you sometimes say?”

“You have, my dear; but, however good they may be, they cannot see as much as eyes can with certain helps.”

“Spectacles! mamma, do you mean? Do you know,” said Rosamond, “I never could see well with spectacles in my life.”

“Very likely, my dear; but I am not speaking or thinking of spectacles.”

“What can you be thinking of, then, mamma? O, what papa has in the study—a—a—what is it? for you know, Laura.”

“A microscope do you mean?”

“Yes, a microscope, a solar microscope: I will run and ask papa this minute to lend it to me,” cried Rosamond.

"Stay, Rosamond: he is busy, probably, and cannot give up his time to fix it for you."

"But papa is so very good!—I dare say he will, mamma, if he is not *terribly* busy—just let me run and ask him, mamma."

"Listen to me, and shut the door—there is not sunshine enough to-day for the solar microscope."

"Solar! ay, I remember Godfrey's telling me *solar* is of or belonging to the sun."

"It is a pity it is a rainy day," continued Rosamond; "but a gleam of sun came out just now: perhaps it will peep out again."

"In the meantime," said Laura, "if you like it, I can show you, Rosamond, some of the *wonders of the microscope*, the pictures of some of the things and insects that have been seen magnified in a solar microscope."

"Yes, do, pray, Laura; you are always so good! and you know where every thing is."

Laura took down from its shelf a thin folio book.

"What book is it?—what is its name?"

"It is a long name, which, perhaps, you will not be able to pronounce; but though it has a hard name, the book is easy to understand," said Laura: "I used to love looking at it when I was your age, and I love it still."

"But what is its name?" said Rosamond, looking at the back. "Hook's Microg."

"The name is not all printed on the back; look at the title-page," said Laura, "the first page, you know—here it is—I will read it for you—'Hook's Micrographia Restaurata; or, the copperplates of Dr. Hook's wonderful Discoveries by the microscope *reprinted*—'"

"I don't care for that," interrupted Rosamond; "miss about *reprinted*—"

"And fully explained."

"Ha! fully explained! I am glad of that, particularly if it is true," said Rosamond. "Now for the pictures."

"Prints they are. Here is the print of the sort of fly you were looking at just now—a bluebottle fly."

"But, my dear Laura! this cannot be meant for the picture of a fly, or print of a fly—for it is almost as large as a bird, as a robin—look, mamma!"

"The fly was magnified, that is, made to look large



by the magnifying-glasses in the microscope in which it was seen," said her mother.

"But ma'am, you have a magnifying-glass, now I recollect—will you lend it to me for one minute?"

Her mother unlocked her writing-desk, lent Rosamond a magnifying glass, and she immediately ran to the window and caught the fly.

"It won't stand still, ma'am, for me to look at him—there, now he is quite still—his wing: I see all the parts of it so plainly, and it is like thin gauze, or like the skeleton of a leaf which I saw yesterday on the walk, or like—and his head and eyes—O, I saw his eyes—but his head looks only about three times as large as his real head, ma'am. And the whole fly, now I see it altogether, seems only about three times as large as it is in reality—nothing like the size of the fly there in the book. I am afraid the man who wrote that book did not tell truth, Laura. What do you think, mamma? What can be the reason that I do not see this fly as large as he says he saw it with a magnifying-glass?"

"My dear, you have not the same magnifying glass which he had." Her mother then told her that with different glasses objects appear of different sizes. Rosamond next wanted to know how it happens that one bit of glass, which looks much the same, she said, as another bit of glass, can have such different effects; and, in short, she wished to know how glasses magnify. Her mother told her that she could not explain this to her.

"Can papa, ma'am."

"Not till you know more than you do now, my dear."

"Then, for the present, I had better go on looking at these prints," said Rosamond, seating herself comfortably to examine them. She read the titles as she turned over the leaves; and every now and then stopped to look at something that caught her attention in the descriptions of the prints—" 'foot of a fly—three joints—little claws, which it clasps about things as it walks.' I have often wondered how it walked on smooth glass. Mamma, it could not walk if the glass was quite smooth; but there are bits of dirt and roughnesses on the glass which we do not see, into which, or round which, it sticks its little talons. What comes next!—

" 'Tufted, or brush-horned gnat'—what a beautiful tuft he has on his head!—But, troublesome creature!

how often he has teased me when I have been going to sleep: and how he stings!"

Rosamond was silent for a minute, and then resumed—

"Mamma, do you know this man says that he has four darts."

"Who has four darts?"

"The gnat, ma'am, has four darts, in a kind of sheath under his throat, and he can push them out or draw them in, as he pleases—to sting us or not—barbed dart—mamma, what is a *barbed* dart?"

Laura drew for Rosamond the shape of a barbed dart; and then she saw why it must hurt any one to draw it out.

Rosamond went on turning over the leaves.

"'Piece of a stinging nettle'—mercy! what sharp spikes. Laura, my dear, do you know how a nettle stings? I can tell you—this man says that there is a poisonous juice at the bottom of each spike, and that this is pressed out when we squeeze the spikes down.

"'Sting of a bee,'—bag of poison, too, at bottom—same way—not quite—'wild-oat beard; clothworm; wandering mite; cheese mite'—O cheese mite!—what a curious mite you are;—'poppy-seeds; pansy-seeds; moss; fine muslin; silkworms—way to rear them'—O, delightful—'flakes of snow'—this Doctor Hook caught flakes of snow on a black hat, and watched their shape when melting—I could do that on Godfrey's hat as well as any doctor; and I will the next time it snows—'hunting spider'—"

"My dear Rosamond, at the rate you go on, you will have such a confusion of hunting spiders, flakes of snow, silkworms, pansy-seeds, cheese mites, stings of bees, stings of nettles, stings of gnats, and feet of flies, that you will know nothing, and remember nothing distinctly."

"True, mamma—one thing at a time, as papa says; so I will stick to the hunting spider—or, mamma, suppose—the stings of bees, or cheese mites?"

"Whichever—whatever you please, my dear; but now let me read, and you read to yourself."

"Yes, mamma—only just this bit about the hunting spider. Ma'am, in the first place, you must know, 'it is a small gray spider, with spots of black over its whole body; which are found, by the microscope, to be made up of feathers like those on the wings of butterflies'—

feathers, mamma, on a spider's back!—"It runs sometimes very nimbly, and at other times jumps like a grasshopper, and turns round so quickly that it seems to face every way: it has six eyes; two in front, looking directly forwards; two by the side of these, pointing both forwards and sidewise; and two others, on the middle of the back, which are the largest of all, and look backwards and sidewise: they are all black."

"Very well; now have you done, my dear Rosamond?"

"Oh, no, my dear ma'am: I was only just beginning—I was only telling you what sort of a creature this spider is, that you might know before I go on."

"But I have known all this a great while ago, my dear."

"But, mamma, you do not know what is coming—just listen one minute more, mamma. 'Mr. Evelyn'—you do not know Mr. Evelyn, do you, ma'am?—no—that is lucky. Well, 'Mr. Evelyn says, he observed a spider at Rome, which, espying a fly at three or four yards' distance upon the balcony where he stood, would not make directly to her, but crawled underneath the rail, till, being got exactly against her, it would steal up, and, springing on her, seldom miss its aim. If the fly happened not to be within its leap, the spider would move towards her so softly, that the motion of the shadow on the dial is scarcely more imperceptible.'"

"You need not go to Rome to see all this, my dear Rosamond," said her mother; "you may, if you observe—"

"Yes, ma'am," interrupted Rosamond; "but there is something more coming. May I go on, mamma?"

Her mother gave her leave to go on.

"You conquered your inclination to be idle to-day, Rosamond; and, to reward you, I willingly give up a little time to hear you read what you wish me to hear about this fly and the spider."

"Thank you, mamma." Rosamond went on instantly:—

"If the fly moved, the spider would move also, in the same proportion, either forwards, or backwards, or on either side, without turning its body at all, keeping the same just time with the fly's motion as if the same soul animated the bodies of them both; but if the fly took wing, and pitched upon some other place behind

the spider, it would whirl its body round with all imaginable swiftness, pointing its head at last towards the fly. Being got near by such indiscernible approaches, it would then make a leap, swift as lightning, upon the fly, and, catching him by the pole—

“The pole!—What is meant by the pole, mamma?”

“The head.”

“‘Never afterward quits its hold, till’—poor fly!—the spider eats it up, ma’am; or, at least, ‘eats as much as he can eat, and carries the rest home’—ha! just what you told me, mamma,” said Rosamond, as she turned over the leaf. “You told me I need not go to Rome, or to Mr. Evelyn, to see such things.

“‘These spiders are to be found, with us, on garden walls, in the spring, when the weather is very hot.’

“And here is an account of different sorts of spiders that weave nets—make cobwebs—”

“Nay, nay, Rosamond, I did not undertake to hear of all the different sorts of spiders,” said her mother. “Now take the book away.”

“Well, I will just finish it to you, Laura, my dear,” said Rosamond, carrying the great book to Laura; and, leaning it on her shoulder, she went on reading—

“‘Spiders that make webs—’ Laura, do you know that cobwebs are made of a gummy liquor, that comes out of the spider’s body, which *adheres* (that means *sticks*, does not it?) to any thing it is pressed against, and, being drawn out, hardens instantly in the air, becoming a string or thread strong enough to bear five or six times the spider’s body, and yet of an amazing fineness!”

“How curious!—How entertaining this is,” said Rosamond. “Mamma might well tell me, that though we have no *India cabinet*, I might find curious and wonderful things enough, even in the commonest little insects, *spiders* and flies, and ants and bees—and the commonest vegetables too; the nettle, you recollect—and mould—look at this picture of mould: it is like mushrooms—even mould, such as I saw to-day on the paste we threw away, Laura, appears to me now as wonderful as any thing I saw in the *India cabinet*.”

Here Rosamond was interrupted in her speech by the entrance of her brother Godfrey, who came to summon her to the swing.

## THE MICROSCOPE.

ONE fine morning Rosamond had a difficult, or what appeared to her a difficult sum in division to do. She had made a mistake in it, and had just wiped away a tear, and rubbed out half of what she called *a long ladder of figures*, when she heard Godfrey's voice at the window, calling to her—

"Rosamond! Rosamond, come out! Come here!"

She ran to the window, and saw Godfrey with a green helmet of rushes on his head, holding another in his hand, on the top of a spear; and he had a bow and arrow slung across his shoulders.

"Come, Rosamond, come directly; here is your helmet that I have made for you; and here's a bow and arrow for you: I am to be Aurelian, the Roman emperor, and you shall be Zenobia, queen of the east."

"Yes," said Rosamond, "when I have done my sum in division."

"When you have done what? I don't hear you."

Rosamond held up her slate to show him what she was about.

"O, is that the thing? Have not you done your sum yet? How can you be so long doing your sum?"

"Very easily," said Rosamond, sorrowfully; "because it is a very difficult sum!"

"Difficult!—Nonsense: I do sums ten times as difficult every day. I am sure I could do it in five minutes."

"I dare say you could," said Rosamond, sighing; "but, you know, you are so much older."

"Well, make haste," said Godfrey; "you'll find me on the field of battle at the bottom of the hill."

"Very well—the nines in forty-nine will go how many times?" said Rosamond to herself, trying to withdraw her attention from the sight of Godfrey, who was running down the hill, brandishing his spear. Suddenly he turned about, and came back to the window.

"Rosamond, pray, did mamma desire you to finish that sum before you went out?"

"No: she did not quite desire it; but I believe I ought to do it."

"But, if she did not *desire* it, come out, and you can finish the sum afterward."

"When?"

"Any time in the day. Surely, in the course of the day you can find time to do it."

"But, if I once go out with you, and begin being Zenobia, queen of the east, I shall forget ever to come in to finish my sum—No—I will stay and finish it now."

"That is right, Rosamond," said Laura, who was at the other end of the room; but who now came to the window to Rosamond's assistance. "You will soon have finished it, Rosamond; then you will have done all you ought to do, and then you can be queen of the east as long as you please."

"In peace and comfort," said Rosamond. "The nines in forty-nine will go—"

"Are you still at the nines in forty-nine?" cried Godfrey.

"Yes; because you interrupted her," said Laura.

"Will you come or will you not, Rosamond?" said Godfrey.

Rosamond looked at Laura; then at the helmet; and then at Laura again.

"No, brother; I will do this first: because I ought."

"That's right, Rosamond," said Laura.

The emperor of the Romans whistled and walked away. Rosamond was afraid that he was angry with her; but Laura, who saw what passed in her thoughts, said:—

"Never mind that, my dear Rosamond; you are in the right."

Rosamond fixed her attention with difficulty upon her slate; answered the question she had asked herself so often, about the nines in forty-nine; and completed the sum in long division.

"Now all is right, I hope," said she.

Laura looked at it, and Rosamond watched her face.

"I know by your smile, Laura, that all is right," said Rosamond.

"Quite right," said Laura.

Scarcely had the words passed Laura's lips, when Rosamond seized her bonnet, threw open the glass door which led to the lawn, and ran down the hill to the field of battle.

How happy she was, as queen of the east, with her helmet of rushes, and her bow of willow, is not to be told, but may be guessed, by her continuing two whole hours untired of the war, with the still more indefatigable emperor of Rome. At last, as they halted for a moment, breathless, their lengthened shadows reminded them of the time of day; and now, as the emperor had been severely wounded in searching among the brambles for his last arrow, and the queen of the east was likewise hopeless of hers, which had been shot into the long grass, a truce was agreed upon for this day: they hung their bows under the beech-tree, laid aside their helmets, resumed the hat and bonnet, and Godfrey and Rosamond were themselves again.

In the meantime, at home, new pleasures were preparing for Rosamond. Laura, having given her mother a full and true account of Rosamond's heroic resolution to finish her long sum in division, in spite of all temptations to the contrary, her mother was pleased to have this opportunity of bestowing upon her a mark of approbation. When Rosamond went into her room to dress, she found lying on her table two little books, in which her name was written.

"'On the Microscope,' my dear Laura!—The very thing I wished for when I heard mamma read the title in the newspaper the other day; and the very thing that Godfrey wished for."

The moment she was dressed—and she was dressed this day with singular expedition—she ran to thank her mother for the books, and then to show them to Godfrey.

Godfrey opened the first volume and read—

"'Microscope described; its uses; magnifying-glasses; discoveries made by'—I shall like, I believe, to read this." Then turning to another chapter—"Principle of the telescope; refraction; limits of distinct vision; principle of concave lenses explained."\*

"But, my dear Rosamond, did my mother give this to you? You can no more understand this than you can fly."

"I know that, brother," replied Rosamond, looking a little mortified; "but mamma did give *me* the books, and she told me where to begin—here, at 'poppy-seeds'

\* Dialogue on the Microscope, by the Rev. J. Joyce.

and 'the blessed thistle,' which I can understand as well as anybody; and whatever I do not understand I need not read yet. Look at these prints; here are all my old friends, the spiders, and beetles, and caterpillars, and gnats."

"So I see," said Godfrey; "and while you are busy with those in the second volume, you can lend me the first, because I shall begin at the beginning, for I can understand about the laws of vision and refraction."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Rosamond, nodding her head; "for I can tell you, mamma said she was not sure that even *you* could understand all *that* without a great deal of help and explanation from papa."

"We shall see," said Godfrey.

He sat down and began at the beginning, while Rosamond looked first at the prints of the spiders and caterpillars.

"But, Godfrey," resumed she, after being silent a few minutes, "I forgot to tell you why mamma gave me these nice books. It was because I stayed, with so much resolution, to do my *duty* this morning—to finish my long sum, instead of going out with you first to be queen of the east."

"*'RESOLUTION! DUTY!'*" repeated Godfrey. "What a fine emphasis, Rosamond! as if it was such a grand duty—such a great exploit!"

"Grand or not, it was my duty, and I did it," said Rosamond; "and Laura and mamma said I was right, and I know I was right."

"I do not say you were wrong, but I do not see the great resolution."

"No, not *great* resolution, maybe; but great for me, for a little girl like me."

"That makes a difference, to be sure," said Godfrey. "Well! I grant you *great* for *you*."

Not quite satisfied with Godfrey's manner of granting this, Rosamond could not refrain from praising herself a little more. Half talking to herself, she went on—

"Mamma, I know, says—and Laura says too—that I am learning to have a great deal of resolution, and prudence too; for now I always—almost always—think as mamma advises, and as Laura does, of the future; and I always, that is, generally, prefer the great future pleasure to the little present pleasure."



"You would give me a little present pleasure if you would hold your tongue, Rosamond," said Godfrey.

The dinner-bell rang at this moment, just when Rosamond's colour was rising, and when the words, "Godfrey, you are very provoking," were going to be said. They were not said, and Rosamond was glad of it; she resolved not to be provoked. A wise resolution, in which a good dinner, as Godfrey observed, much strengthened her.

In the course of the evening, however, something led to the renewal of the conversation. Laura was in the room when the dispute began; but she was playing on the piano-forte, and singing: so that she did not hear what was going on. Presently, Rosamond came and stood at her elbow, silent and still. As soon as she had finished the lesson she was playing, Laura began the accompaniment of

"Merrily every bosom boundeth,  
Merrily, ho!—merrily ho!"

"Come, Rosamond, we can sing this together—begin."

But Rosamond could not begin—she was in no condition for singing—she could not command her voice—she struggled, and struggled in vain, and at last burst into tears. Laura, surprised, stopped playing.

"What is the matter, my dear Rosamond?" said she.

"Oh!—because—because," said Rosamond, sobbing, "because Godfrey says that it is all selfishness—"

Laura wiped the tears from Rosamond's eyes, and waited till her sobs and indignation would allow her to give a clearer account of the matter.

"He says—he thinks—that all my prudence is selfishness."

"No, no," cried Godfrey; "I only said—where's the generosity, Rosamond?"

"Yes; but you said that all that about giving up a present pleasure, Godfrey, for a greater future pleasure, was not generous."

"Well, so I did; and I say it again—where's the generosity, Rosamond, of choosing for yourself the greatest of two pleasures? You can't call that generous."

"There now! Do you hear *that*, Laura?" said Rosamond, and her tears recommenced.

"I hear it," said Laura; "but I do not know why it should make you cry so, my dear Rosamond."

"I only know it does make me—make me—make me very—very unhappy; because, if mamma tells me one thing is right, and Godfrey tells me another, I don't know what is right and what is wrong, and I don't know what to do: for I thought it was right to be prudent, and mamma said so; and now Godfrey says it is not generous."

"But don't cry so, Rosamond," said Laura: "he did not say *you* are not generous, did he?"

"He did not say that, quite; but he said that if I go on so, he thinks I shall become selfish."

"And so I do," said Godfrey.

"If she goes on how, Godfrey?" said Laura.

"If she goes on always as she has learned to do lately, considering, and calculating only how she is to secure, upon every occasion, the greatest quantity of pleasure; in short, how she is to make herself the happiest. I say, that may be very prudent, but it is not generous—it is all selfishness."

"There!—there!—now do you hear him?" cried Rosamond.

"But we will all try, and ought to try, to make ourselves as happy as we can, without hurting anybody else," said Laura, coolly. "You may say that the wisest and best person in the world is selfish, at that rate. And the most generous persons have pleasure, I suppose, in being generous—it makes them happy, or they would not be generous; so far they look forward to their own pleasure. But if you call this being *selfish*, it is only making a wrong use of the word."

"Oh! that is very fine," said Godfrey; "but we all know what is meant by generosity; and people that are generous are never calculating and weighing about their own happiness—they are ready to give up their own pleasures to others. And I repeat it," added he, partly, perhaps, for the pleasure of teasing Rosamond, and partly for the sake of persisting in his first assertion.—"If Rosamond goes on as she is going on now, I think she *will* become selfish."

Godfrey was called away at this moment by his father.

"He is not in earnest, I am sure," said Laura, as he left the room; "he is only trying your temper, Rosamond."

"It is so unjust!" said Rosamond. "Selfish!—he forgets about the India cabinet, for instance; that I put off, for three long days, the little present pleasure of seeing it by myself, for the greater pleasure of seeing it afterward with him and you—was that selfish?—was that selfishness?"

"No, indeed, it was not," said Laura; "but I am glad you did not put him in mind of that just now—one should never reproach anybody with any kind thing we have done for them."

"No, I did not mean to reproach, but only to put him in mind—to convince him, you know."

"Better wait till another time," said Laura.

"But, Laura, you don't think, then, that I am *going the way* to become selfish?"

"No, indeed, my dear Rosamond, I do not," said Laura; "for the more you practise, even in the least things, the sort of resolution you showed this morning, the more, I think, you would have resolution to be really generous: that is, to give up your own pleasures for other people."

"You think so!—I am so glad you think so," said Rosamond, wiping away her tears; "and, perhaps," continued she, her whole face brightening as she spoke, "perhaps, Laura, some time or other I shall make Godfrey think so too."

"I dare say you will," said Laura; "Godfrey is very candid, and he has amused himself with trying your temper; yet, when he is convinced he is wrong, I am sure he will acknowledge it."

"O Laura! you are what mamma calls you—the *peace-maker*," said Rosamond. "Now I am ready to sing with you,

"Merrily every bosom boundeth."

It was not long before Rosamond had an opportunity of convincing her brother Godfrey that she was not in any danger of becoming selfish; and that her practising prudence had not diminished her desire to be generous, but, on the contrary, had increased her resolution to make those sacrifices of present to future pleasure, without which no one can be really generous.

Godfrey, after reading the account of the microscope in Rosamond's little book, was seized with an ardent

desire to have a microscope of his own. His father had a small pocket microscope in a case, which usually stood upon the mantel-piece in his study. This was exactly the sort of thing for which Godfrey wished.

One day, when he had been examining it for some time in silence, his father said that he would give him this microscope if Godfrey would do a laborious job which he much wanted to have done immediately.

"O father, what is it," cried Godfrey—"I will do it with pleasure."

"And I shall give it to you to do with pleasure," said his father; "because it will not only save me some trouble, but do you some good—it will improve your handwriting, and, perhaps, it may increase your habits of order and patience."

"But what is it, sir?" said Godfrey.

"It will, perhaps, cost you a week's hard labour," said his father.

"I hope I shall be able to bear it, sir," replied Godfrey, laughing—"but pray tell me what it is, father."

"Did you see the two large packing cases?"

"Which came down this morning for you by the wagon?—Yes; and I wondered what was in them."

"Your uncle's library, which must be unpacked, and put up in the new bookcases in my study."

"And is this the job I am to do? I am glad of it. I shall like to do it very much," said Godfrey.

"But you are to write a catalogue; an alphabetical catalogue, of all the books; and arrange them under the heads history, poetry, miscellaneous, according to the titles of the bookcases."

The writing the catalogue was a task which Godfrey did not much like, for he had not yet learned to write quickly and well.

"May I have anybody to help me, sir?"

"Yes, your sisters, Laura and Rosamond, if you can persuade them to help you; no one else."

It proved a more laborious and tedious undertaking than Godfrey had foreseen. He applied to Laura and Rosamond for assistance. And it was now that Rosamond had an opportunity of showing him her readiness to give up her own pleasure to serve him. Every day for a whole week—and a week is a long time at Rosamond's age—she worked hard, reading the names of the books to him as he was making his catalogue; then

arranging the volumes ready for Laura, and at last carrying them for Laura and Godfrey to put up. Hard, tiresome work! And it was fine weather, and her father and mother took pleasant walks every evening, and Rosamond loved to walk with them: but every evening, when her mother asked if Rosamond would come with them or stay to help her brother, she chose to stay to help her brother.

Godfrey said nothing, but he felt a good deal—he felt how unjust he had been; and he loved Rosamond for never reproaching him, and for showing such good temper, as well as generosity. The catalogue was at last finished; the books were all arranged on their shelves. Godfrey announced to his father that he had completed his undertaking, and presented to him the catalogue. His father examined it, saw that it was well done, and put the microscope into Godfrey's hands, telling him that he had well earned it, and that he was glad he had so soon accomplished his business.

"Father, I should not have finished it this month—I think I should never have got through it—without the help of Laura and Rosamond—"

"And Rosamond," said he, turning to her with tears in his eyes, which he tried to prevent from coming into them, but could not; "I am sure you have done more for me than I deserved. I acknowledge I was unjust, and you are not selfish."

"O Laura," cried Rosamond, "do you hear that?"

"And if you forgive me, Rosamond, will you accept from me of this microscope?"

"No, Godfrey, I cannot," said Rosamond, putting both her hands behind her. "I don't mean that I cannot forgive you, for that I do with all my heart, and did long ago; but I cannot take the microscope."

## TO PARENTS.

**ROSAMOND**, when we last saw her in the days of "The Black Bonnet," "The India Cabinet," and "The Microscope," was, we believe, about nine or ten years old. This sequel to her history comprises about three years, from eleven to fourteen. Her biographer mentions this to prevent mistakes, and to enforce the advice, the entreaty, that this book may not be read at an earlier age than ten years old.

The same principles will here be found as in all the preceding Early Lessons, but applied to those new views of character, new thoughts, feelings, and objects, which present themselves at this time of life. The young readers will still see in Rosamond's less childish, but ever fluctuating mind, an image of their own. Few may have her infinite variety of faults, follies, and foibles; but some of her youthful errors will probably fall to the share of each, and some passing likeness will be continually caught by the young, or imputed by the old. May all who are at any time conscious of resembling Rosamond, or reproached with being like her, imitate her constant candour, and follow her example in that ardent, active desire to improve, by which she was characterized in childhood, still more in youth, which made her the darling of her own family, and which will, we hope, influence generous strangers in her favour.

Though the following little volumes are not intended for young children, yet it is not here attempted to give what is called a knowledge of the world, which ought not—cannot be given prematurely.

It is the object of this book to give young people, in addition to their moral and religious principles, some knowledge and control of their own minds in seeming trifles, and in all those lesser observances on which the greater virtues often remotely, but necessarily depend. This knowledge and this self-command, which cannot be given too early, it is in the power of all to attain, even before they are called into the active scenes of life. Without this, all that gold can purchase or fashion give—all that masters, governesses, or parents can say.

or do for their pupils, will prove unavailing for their happiness, because insufficient for their conduct. But with this power over their own minds, confirmed by habit, and by conviction of its utility and its necessity, they may, in after life, be left securely to their own guidance; and thus *early lessons*, judiciously given, will prevent the necessity of *late lectures*.

"I have been labouring to make myself useless," was the saying of an excellent writer on education. A stupid commentator concluded that this must be a mistake, and in a note added, for *useless* read *useful*.

M. E.

*January, 1821.*

## ROSAMOND.

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### PETTY SCANDAL.

"I HAVE been dreaming of Anne Townsend," said Rosamond, one morning as she awakened. "My dear Laura, you did not hear all the things she was telling us last night. She certainly is the most entertaining person in the world!"

"In the world!" repeated Laura, with somewhat of an incredulous smile, which provoked Rosamond to start up in her bed.

"Yes, indeed, Laura!" cried she; "without any exaggeration, Anne Townsend is the most entertaining person that I ever knew in the world; and you would have acknowledged it if you had heard her last night—but you never would see my nods, and becks, and signs to you to come to us; you seemed as if you could not stir from your place among the wise ones; and there you were all the evening looking at those prints, which you have seen fifty times. How I pitied you!"

"Thank you," said Laura, "but I was not at all to be pitied; I was very much entertained, listening to an account which a gentleman who has lately returned from Italy was giving of his visit to Pompeii, that town which was buried, you know, under a shower of ashes, and which remains as perfect—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Rosamond; "I read an account of it long ago; and I remember it put me in mind of the old desert town in the Arabian Tales, where everybody was dead, and all turned to stone! and all silence! Very shocking, and very entertaining, the first time one hears of it; but I've heard it very often. I like something new."

"And I heard something that was quite new to me, about Pompeii," said Laura.

"Very likely; and you can tell me that another time,"



interrupted Rosamond; "but I must go on now about Anne Townsend; and, in the first place, I may observe that she never tells of all the grand, musty things one can find in books; but of those little things of living people that are so excessively diverting."

"What kind of little things?" said Laura.

"I cannot describe them," said Rosamond; "but all sorts of anecdotes, and stories of all sorts of people: for Anne Townsend has seen a vast deal of the world."

"Anne Townsend! What, at thirteen!" said Laura.

"Fourteen at least, if not fifteen," said Rosamond; "and she has been going about lately everywhere with her mamma; she counted to me twelve houses in the country where they have been paying visits this summer, and where the people were exceedingly fond of her, and kind to her; and she did make me laugh so much, by describing the odd ways of many of these people!"

"Of these people, who had been so kind to her," said Laura.

"That is so like you, Laura," cried Rosamond, "I knew you would say that! and I own I did not think that it was quite right of Anne Townsend to repeat *some things*; but I am sure she did not mean to be ill-natured. It was all to divert me, and only for *me*, you know."

"But you have not yet told me any of these entertaining things," said Laura.

"Because, though they were excessively entertaining at the time when I heard them," said Rosamond, "I cannot repeat them in the way Anne Townsend told them."

"Pray tell me some of them; I shall be content with your way of telling them," said Laura.

"But almost all the anecdotes were about people you do not know, and I forget the names, and it is all confusion in my head. Stay, I remember some curious things about the pretty Miss Belmonts. My dear! you cannot conceive how excessively poor and excessively shabby they are. Anne Townsend says that they have only one riding-habit among the three, that is the reason that they never ride more than one at a time; and they never subscribe to raffles, or charity sermons, or charity balls, or any of those sort of things; and I forget how much, I mean I forget how little pocket-money they have. That is their mother's fault indeed; but, as Anne Townsend says, avarice runs in the blood."

Laura was going to interpose something in favour of the Miss Belmonts, but Rosamond ran on to another anecdote, and another, and another, and another, and at every close repeated, "Anne Townsend is so entertaining! But, my dear Laura," continued she, "what name do you think Anne Townsend has found for old Mrs. Cole? Red-hot Coal! You must not repeat this."

"No," said Laura, "I should be sorry to repeat it; because, though Mrs. Cole is perhaps a little passionate, mamma says that she is a very good-natured woman, and very kind to the poor in our neighbourhood in the country. Do not you recollect hearing of that little orphan girl to whom she is so good?"

"That is all a mistake," said Rosamond, giving a very significant, mysterious nod.

"It cannot be *all* a mistake," replied Laura, "because I saw, and know some of her kindness to that little Bessy Bell."

"No matter, my dear Laura, what you say," said Rosamond, "for I have heard just the contrary, from the best authority."

"But," said Laura, "I heard from Bessy Bell herself, that Mrs. Cole was as kind as possible to her; and I loved that child for the affection and gratitude with which she spoke of her dear good old lady."

"That is all quite changed now," persisted Rosamond, "for Bessy Bell hates her now: Bessy Bell was the very person who said so, and who told this to Anne Townsend."

"I am sorry for it," said Laura, gravely.

"You would be sorry for her," said Rosamond, "if you knew but all. Mrs. Cole is a terribly passionate, horribly cruel woman."

"My dear Rosamond, do not believe it," said Laura; "and do not repeat such things when you are not sure that they are true."

"I am quite sure that what I have heard is true," said Rosamond. "I will tell you the whole story, and then, I will answer for it, you will acknowledge that Mrs. Cole is, and ought to be called, a horribly passionate, cruel woman."

"One day, just in the dusk of the evening—"

Rosamond stopped short in her story, for her mother came into the room, and told her that breakfast was ready. As they were going into the breakfast-room,

Rosamond whispered to Laura, "You must not ask me to go on with that story till we are by ourselves."

Laura looked grave: she said nothing, however, at that time, but, as soon as breakfast was over, she asked Rosamond to come to their own room, where they could be by themselves.

"Ho! ho!" said Rosamond, as soon as they were in their room, "I see that I have excited your curiosity at last, Miss Laura. I know the reason you are in such a hurry to have me alone with you again, to hear my story of Red-hot Coal."

"I confess I am curious to hear it, and anxious too," said Laura.

"Anxious and curious, to be sure you are, I don't doubt it in the least," cried Rosamond: "and I am delighted to find that I have made the sage Laura so curious and so anxious."

"But you don't understand me. The reason why I am anxious is—"

"I suppose," interrupted Rosamond, "that you are anxious only for poor dear Mrs. Cole's sake, and that you have no curiosity for your own part, at least so you would make me believe. But, as Anne Townsend says, I understand human nature a little too well, to be taken in so easily. Ah Laura, you may sigh, and look as demure or as impatient as you please. I have you in my power. Oh! the joy of having a good story, and a good secret to tell!" continued Rosamond. "But I assure you that you should not hear it this half hour, but that I am afraid my dancing-master will come before I have time to tell it to you, if I don't tell it directly. But, Laura, if you do not quite laugh, and almost cry, I will never tell you any thing again."

"That is a threat that does not frighten me much," said Laura, smiling.

"Because you think I can't help telling every thing; that is very provoking; but the dancing-master will be here, so this once I will tell you.

"One winter's day, just in the dusk of the evening, when people sit round the fire before the candles come, old Mrs. Cole was sitting by the fire in her arm-chair, making that poor little girl read to her, that Bessy Bell: and she went on and on, reading, while old Mrs. Cole, never perceiving that there was not light enough, cried, 'Go on, go on,' while she was all the time going to

sleep; till at last little Bessy heard a loud snoring, and, looking up, she saw Mrs. Cole fast asleep, with her head back and her mouth open; and just then, the servant coming in with the candles, and Mrs. Cole stirring a little, cap, wig, and all fell off over the back of the chair; and she did look so very droll, that the child could not help bursting out laughing," said Rosamond, who was here obliged to pause in her story, she was so much diverted at the recollection of Anne Townsend's description of her. "Well, my dear, Mrs. Cole waked while Bessy Bell was laughing, and she was extremely angry; and all the time she was scolding she looked so excessively ugly, and so odd without cap or wig, so very odd, that though Bessy Bell did all she could to stop it, she could not help laughing again: so Hot Coal, Red-hot Coal came up to her, saying, 'I'll teach you to laugh at me!' and gave her such a box on the ear that flashes of light came from her eyes; and before she knew where she was, Mrs. Cole gave her another blow, which knocked her down, and she fell—now comes the shocking part!—she fell on the spikes of the fender, and one of the spikes ran into her arm, and she cried out; and that horrible woman, when she saw this, left her there, I cannot tell you how long, saying, 'That will teach you to laugh again at me, you ungrateful creature.' Oh, my dear, think of leaving her writhing on the spikes!"

"I do not believe that part of the story in the least," said Laura.

"But I give you my word it is true," said Rosamond: "but stay, you have not heard all. When at last she took the child up, who was all streaming with blood, and just fainting, what do you think she did? She took her by the very arm that the spike had run into, and shook her so that she broke the arm!"

"Broke it!" cried Laura, with a look of horror: "but I am sure it is not true. I cannot believe it."

"But you must believe it: I assure you it is certainly true," said Rosamond.

"How can you be certain of that?" said Laura; "you did not see it."

"No, but I heard it," said Rosamond, "from one who heard it from the very girl herself, who, you know, you say is a girl that speaks truth."

"That is true; but you heard this account from Miss Townsend, did not you?"

"I did; but surely you do not suspect that Anne Townsend would tell a falsehood, and such a falsehood, such a horrible lie! You do not think that she invented the whole! Oh, my dear Laura, could you, who are so good, think so ill of any human creature! I could not have conceived it."

"Stay, Rosamond, you do not understand me; I do not suspect Miss Townsend of having invented the whole of this story, or think her capable of telling such a horrible falsehood."

"No, nor a falsehood of any kind," cried Rosamond; "surely you do not think she would."

"Not intentionally," said Laura; "but, my dear Rosamond, I have heard her, for the sake of making out a good story, and to divert or to surprise people, in short, to produce a great effect, exaggerate sometimes, so that I cannot think her so exact about the truth as she ought to be."

Rosamond became serious and thoughtful, and after some minutes silence, said, "I acknowledge that sometimes Anne Townsend does exaggerate a little; but that is only in droll stories, or in describing, and that she says is allowable: but, in earnest, I am sure she would be careful, and you will see that all she has told me will prove to be true, quite true."

"But is not it more likely, my dear Rosamond, that she should have exaggerated or misunderstood, than that anybody should have been so cruel as she represents Mrs. Cole to have been, a woman who was never known or suspected to be cruel before?"

"But, Laura, you are prepossessed in favour of Mrs. Cole," said Rosamond, "and prejudiced against poor Anne Townsend; but I shall see her again to-morrow, when we go to Mrs. Townsend's to practise the quadrille, and then I will ask her to tell me over again every particular, and you shall be convinced."

Here Rosamond was interrupted by a servant, who came to tell her that her dancing-master was waiting. Laura said she was sorry that they had been called so soon, for that she had not had time to say what she was most anxious to say to Rosamond.

"What can you mean," cried Rosamond, stopping short; "I thought you were anxious only about my story."

"I am much more anxious about you, my dear Rosa-

mond," said Laura. "Do not be angry with me if I say that, though Miss Townsend is very entertaining, I should be sorry you were like her; and I should be sorry, my dear Rosamond, that you were to imitate her; I don't think she is a good friend for you."

"Why so?" asked Rosamond, in a tone of much disappointment and dissatisfaction.

"Because I don't like her habit of laughing at everybody. Even those who have been most kind to her she ridicules, you see, the moment she is out of their company. Then she repeats every thing she sees and hears in every family she goes into, and almost all the anecdotes she tells are illnatured: what mamma calls petty scandal. Besides, I do not like her desiring you not to mention to mamma what she told you."

"Now that is very unjust indeed," said Rosamond; "you blame her both for not telling and for telling; you say you don't like her habit of repeating every thing she hears, and you do not like her desiring me not to repeat to mamma what she said."

"But is not there a great deal of difference," said Laura, "between telling little illnatured stories, and telling what we hear and what we think to our best friends, to mamma for instance; but I have not time to explain what I mean entirely," said Laura; "we must go down to the dancing-master."

Rosamond acknowledged that there was some truth in Laura's general opinion of Miss Townsend's love of scandal; but she was eager to prove that, in the present instance, what she had said was perfectly true.

"But, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, "how happens it that you, who are in general so good-natured, should be anxious to prove that this horrible story of Mrs. Cole is quite true! Is it merely because you have heard it, or because you have told it?"

Whether Rosamond heard this last question or not, never appeared; she made no answer to it, but observed that she could keep poor M. Deschamps waiting no longer.

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THE next day Laura and Rosamond went to Mrs. Townsend's, as it was their custom at this time to do, twice a week, to practise quadrilles with the Miss

Townsend, and with some other young people, who met by turns at each other's houses. Rosamond, impatient to see Miss Anne Townsend, flattered herself that she should have an opportunity, if they went early, to talk to her in private before the rest of their companions should come. But, to her disappointment, on their arrival, she heard from Mrs. Townsend that her daughter Anne had caught such a cold, that she was not allowed this night to join the dancing-party, and was confined to her bed. "But you will not lose your quadrille, Miss Rosamond," said Mrs. Townsend, observing Rosamond's look of disappointment and despair. "I have invited one of the Miss Belmonts here, to take Anne's place for to-night. To be sure Miss Belmont does not dance quite so well as our own set, and may, perhaps, put you out; but we can manage it for once; and I must do her the justice to say that she is very obliging, which makes up for many little deficiencies. Here she is; I believe you have never been introduced to each other," continued Mrs. Townsend; taking Rosamond's hand she led her to Miss Belmont. As the dancing did not immediately begin, Rosamond and Miss Belmont were left together. With the recollection of all she had heard and all she had said of this young lady's shabbiness full in her mind, Rosamond felt somewhat embarrassed: whatever she tried to talk of, all the stories she had heard crossed and puzzled her thoughts, so that she never could finish any one distinct sentence. Miss Belmont meantime, quite at her ease, in the most obliging manner tried to find subjects of conversation, not disdaining to talk to Rosamond, though she was some years younger than herself: of dancing, music, drawing, she spoke, but in vain; Rosamond did not know what she said, and the conversation dropped: at length some one came up, and said to Miss Belmont, "I hope you had a pleasant ride this morning. Do you ride to-morrow?"

Miss Belmont answered that she did not, that it was her sister's turn to ride the next day, and that they never rode on the same days.

"Ha, ha! I know the reason of that," thought Rosamond. "Anne Townsend is certainly right about this."

The friend who was speaking to Miss Belmont, and who was her near relation, said, "I know you have but one horse that you like to ride; but I can lend you my

little Jannette to-morrow, and all next week ; so, if you please, you and your sister can ride together."

Miss Belmont thanked her friend, but declined her kind offer, saying, in a whisper, "There is another difficulty : we have only one habit as well as one horse among us ;" and, with a slight blush, ingenuous countenance, and sweet voice, she added, "you know we are poor, and in mamma's circumstances we should be as little expense to her as possible, in our dress or our pleasures."

Miss Belmont's partner then taking her out to dance, her relation, turning to another friend, said, "Though they are my own relations, I hope I may be allowed to say that the Miss Belmonts are most amiable girls."

"Yes," replied the friend, "so generous too ; come with me, and I will tell you such an instance !"

"What a different person she is from what she was represented to me !" thought Rosamond. "Anne Townsend did not exaggerate the circumstances, but she misrepresented the motives, that is, she did not understand, or she did not know them ; and I will tell her how much she was mistaken."

Dancing interrupted Rosamond's moral reflections, and dancing employed her till late in the evening, when, as she was drinking some lemonade, Mrs. Townsend came to her, and said, "If you are quite cool now, Miss Rosamond, I can take you up to Anne for a few minutes, as you are so anxious to see her. She is awake now, and will be delighted to see you."

Rosamond looked back for Laura, as Mrs. Townsend took her out of the room ; but Laura was dancing, and Mrs. Townsend could not wait.

The history of what passed in this interview Rosamond gave to her sister at night, when they were going to bed, in the following manner :—

"Well, my dear Laura, it is all over ; and how do you think it has ended ? We have come to an explanation, and I am convinced you were quite right, and that Anne Townsend is too fond of scandal ; and I told her so ; and we have had such a quarrel ! When I went to her room, we began by talking about her cold, and *all that* ; then we went on to the dancing, and the quadrille, and she asked me how Miss Belmont had got through it, and regretted that her mother had asked her ; then I took Miss Belmont's part, and said that I was



sure, if Miss Townsend knew her, she would like her; I said, I thought that she had been quite misrepresented by whoever told the illnatured stories. I repeated what I had heard her say, and added what her friend and relation had said of her being generous: but Miss Townsend still insisted upon it she was right, instead of fairly acknowledging that she had been wrong, or that she was convinced she had been misinformed. She only laughed at my credulity, as she called it, and said that when I had seen more of the world I should know better—worse she meant. That it was very natural that Miss Belmont's own friend and relation should say the best she could for her, but this was no proof she deserved it; that she is shabby, and that all the Belmonts are shabby; and that she could tell me fifty other stories of them worse than the habit, and more diverting. And, as Miss Townsend said this, that flattering, mincing maid of hers, who was fidgeting about the bed with jelly, or something which nobody wanted, smiled and said, To be sure; that she knew enough of the shabbiness of the Belmonts, of which she could tell a hundred instances if she pleased. But I said I had no curiosity to hear any such stories. I perceived from this where Anne Townsend's anecdotes came from, and I felt ashamed for her; and I believe I looked as if I wished the maid away; but she did not go till Anne, who perhaps was a little ashamed herself, told her she need not stay. As soon as she was gone I lost no time, for I was determined to know the truth, and to see the very bottom of Anne Townsend's mind."

"Ah, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, "you think it is as easy to see to the bottom of everybody's mind as it is to see to the bottom of your own open heart."

"On I went into the very middle of the *Hot Coal* business," continued Rosamond; "and I told her that I had repeated the story to you, and that you doubted the truth of it, and thought she had been misinformed. She began to look angry directly, and reproached me with always repeating everything I hear.—Only think of her charging me with the very thing she does herself! She wondered why you doubted the story; she asserted that she *knew* it was all perfectly true, and that she had it from the very best authority: 'Yes,' said I, 'I assured Laura that you heard it from Bessy Bell herself.' But Anne Townsend interrupted me, and explained to me

that the story was not actually told to her by Bessy Bell, but only that it *came* from herself; that is, the person who told it to Anne Townsend heard it from somebody who heard it from Bessy Bell."

"Oh! that makes a great difference," said Laura.

"Yes," said Rosamond, "quite a new thing! Then came out another change in the business: I thought that the affair had but just happened, and that the child was lying wounded and half dead at this moment; but this was all a mistake in my foolish imagination, as Anne Townsend says, for at this moment the girl is as well as I am. All this happened a year ago; 'therefore,' said she, 'it is not worth while to say any thing more about it;' and she added, that unless I wanted to make mischief, I must never speak of it again, and must never let anybody know that I had heard it. She bid me recollect, that when she told me this, I had promised her I would not tell a word of it to mamma. But this I could not recollect, because it was not so. When I insisted upon this fact she was very much vexed, and then asked what reason I could have for wanting to tell it to mamma, except to make mischief. I said that I tell mamma every thing, and that you, who are my best friend, advised me not to hear any secrets which I must not tell my mother. She said that this was all 'mighty fine,' but that she was sure I had some other reason for wishing to tell it to mamma. I answered that I had another reason; that I desired to find out the exact truth of the Cole story, that I might prove to you that she had not exaggerated in telling it. She thanked me proudly, and after a little silence she said, 'Now pray tell me exactly all you told your sister Laura.' I repeated it as exactly as I could. But when I came to Bessy Bell's being knocked down by old Mrs. Cole, and falling on the spike of the fender, and 'the stream of blood,' Anne Townsend cried, 'No such thing! No such thing!' and protested that she had never said a word of a 'stream of blood.' But, worse and worse—when I came to Mrs. Cole's shaking Bessy Bell's arm till she broke it, Anne Townsend stopped me again, and put in an *almost*, that entirely altered the case. But indeed, my dear Laura, I remember, when she first told me the story, exclaiming with horror, 'What! broke her arm!' and Miss Townsend could have set me right then. When I reminded her of this, she would not listen to

me. She knew she was wrong, and would not acknowledge it, and she wanted to throw all the blame upon me. At last she was quite out of humour, and said I had misrepresented and exaggerated the whole story. Then I confess I grew very angry, and I cannot exactly remember what I said, but I believe that the sense of it was that I should be very sorry to have any person for my friend who was not exact about truth, and that I was very glad that I had found out her real character before I had grown too fond of her. She laughed, which provoked me more than all the rest; and only think of her punning at such a time! She said she believed I was indeed fitter to be a friend of old Hot Coal; that she fancied I was of the family of the Hot Coals, nearly related—*Kindle Coal*, certainly. I wished her a good night, and left her; and I never desire to see her again. She may be as entertaining and witty as she pleases, I shall never love her again. Who would wish to have such a friend as Anne Townsend! You were very right, Laura, and I was very foolish."

THE next morning, when Rosamond wakened, she began the day with this sage reflection, "How different the same person and the same things appear to me now, from what they did even this time yesterday! Anne Townsend for instance, and Anne Townsend's wit;—wit is very entertaining; but, my dear Laura, I think I like people better for friends who have no wit."

"Why so, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, smiling; "would you keep all the wit for yourself?"

"No," said Rosamond, "I would rather not have wit myself; it may tempt people to be illnated, and to ridicule every thing and everybody."

"But, by the same rule," said Laura, "you would rather not have any fire, I suppose, because fire sometimes burns people if they are not careful about it."

Rosamond laughed, and soon gave up her rash resolution against wit, when Laura reminded her of the character of Lady Lyttleton:—

"A wit that, temperately bright,  
With inoffensive light,  
All pleasing shone, nor ever passed  
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,  
And sweet benevolence's mild command,  
And bashful modesty, before it cast."

"I love those lines," cried Rosamond; "that is the kind of wit I should like to have! But I must make haste and dress myself, that I may go to mamma and tell her the whole affair."

And when she had related all that had passed, she was very anxious to know what her mother thought of the whole. Her mother told her that she thought she had been too sudden in her liking for Miss Anne Townsend at first, and perhaps a little too angry at last; yet she was upon the whole well satisfied with her conduct, and glad that she felt such aversion to any appearance of prevarication and falsehood. It was not yet possible to decide whether or not Miss Townsend had told an absolute intentional falsehood; but it was plain, that in her desire to surprise or to entertain, she had been careless about truth, and had considerably exaggerated and misrepresented facts.

"That she certainly did," cried Rosamond. "But now, mamma, that we may get quite to the bottom of the truth, will you be so kind to call this morning to inquire how poor old Mrs. Cole does? If she lets you in, as I dare say she will, you can find out for me, without making any mischief, the whole truth exactly about Bessy Bell, and the fender, and the blood; for I am excessively curious to know all the particulars exactly."

"But I do not see that any good purpose can be answered by gratifying this curiosity of yours, my dear," said her mother; "therefore let me advise you to repress it. You are assured that the child is quite well; and as to the rest, you cannot do her any good, and you might do her injury by interference. From all that has passed, you may observe the danger of exaggeration; and, I advise you, take warning by this. Do not repeat what Miss Townsend told you to any of your young companions."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I wish you would explain to me the right and the wrong about *repeating*; I am very much puzzled about it. Let me consider; it is right, always, to tell you and Laura every thing I hear; and it is wrong, *sometimes*, to tell the same things to my young companions; and I do not know how to settle these contradictions; and, mamma, you love those who have an open temper, and you esteem those who are sincere; and yet some things are never to be repeated; you like people that are entertaining, and yet

people cannot be entertaining if they never tell any thing they hear, can they? I am sure that many of those you like, mamma, and whom you think the most sensible, agreeable people, often, in conversation, relate anecdotes that amuse you, and that show the characters of different persons; and how am I to distinguish the difference between this and what you call petty scandal?"

"My dear, you have put so many difficult questions," said her mother, smiling, "I shall find it impossible, I am afraid, to answer them all at once. But to begin with your puzzle about secrecy and sincerity: you may be perfectly sincere and open about every thing that concerns yourself, and at the same time you may forbear to tell what does not concern you, and what might injure others. Never repeat any thing to the disadvantage of any person unless you are sure it is true; never tell any thing illnatured of any one, even if it be true, unless it is to be of use, and to do some good greater than the pain you inflict; in short, never repeat what is illnatured merely for the pleasure of telling what may divert others, or show your own cleverness, as it is called."

"That last is a very good rule, mamma," said Rosamond, blushing.

"And to this rule there can be no exception," continued her mother. "To my other general rules there may be some exceptions. Circumstances may possibly occur in which, for the sake of justice and truth, it is our duty to repeat or to reveal what may be much to the disadvantage of others."

"Ah! there's the thing, mamma; how am I to distinguish?"

"At your age, and with your inexperience, you cannot yet judge in these difficult circumstances, my dear," answered her mother; "therefore I advise you to consult those who have more experience; and it is safest to apply in all difficulties to those who are most interested for your happiness."

"That is to you, mamma,—yes, certainly, and to Laura. I will always tell you when I am in doubt about right and wrong."

"If you do, my dear, I will always, to the best of my power, give you my advice. I acknowledge that petty scandal may be entertaining, and—"

"Oh! yes, mamma, Anne Townsend is very entertaining."

"But you perceive some of the mischief she might do. And when you know more of the world, you will find that a scandalous story is scarcely ever repeated without inaccuracy or exaggeration; even by those who do not intend to alter or exaggerate in the least, some little difference is made in the warmth of description, the eagerness to interest, and the desire to produce effect."

"Very true; I recollect that even I said *streaming with blood*, when I was telling Laura about Bessy Bell; and, if I had been quite exact, I should have only said bleeding, or covered with blood; for, to do Anne Townsend justice, that was, as she reminded me, all she said. But go on, mamma, for I am really anxious to know how to do right for the future."

"I am sure you are," said her mother, kissing her affectionately; "and with such good dispositions and good principles you cannot go much wrong. You have as yet, however, so little knowledge of the world, that it is not possible for me to explain to you all the mischief that may be done by spreading trifling reports. Some instances may give you an idea of the sort of things you should avoid repeating. Your own feelings tell you how painful it would be to yourself to hear repeated to you what any one you love had said of you, at some time when they were displeased with you, or when they had spoken hastily of you or your faults."

"Yes, mamma, I remember Anne Townsend once told me something that was said by *somebody*—I will not tell you who—it gave me a great deal of pain, and made me like that person less—and much less than if she had found fault with me to my face."

"Yes, such repetitions are injurious," said her mother. "You know, Rosamond, how sorry you would feel if every hasty word you say were repeated."

"Certainly, mamma; people forget so soon what they say when they are angry; and they never mean half so much as they say."

"And," continued her mother, "in repeating such things, the tone and manner in which they were said must often be altered by the repeater, and then they appear a great deal worse than they really were. What might be said half in jest is turned into earnest, and

perhaps these trifling, vexatious things, are repeated at a time when those to whom they are told are not in good-humour, or when they have other causes of complaint; so that, altogether, they produce suspicions and quarrels among acquaintance and friends."

"I recollect, mamma, your being displeased once, when somebody repeated to you some dispute which they had overheard, no, *heard* (let me take care to be exact) between a husband and wife. You stopped them by turning the conversation to something else; and you said afterward to Laura, that such things should never be repeated. Laura," continued Rosamond, as she turned to look for her, "what are you searching for in that book, instead of listening to what we are saying?"

"I have heard all you were saying," said Laura; "and I am looking for a story that I think you will like to read; it is an account of a girl who ruined a whole family by repeating something about family affairs which she did not understand."

"Oh! give it me!" cried Rosamond: "but is it true?"

"I should think it is true; I am sure it might be true," answered Laura.

"What is the name of the book?"

"Mrs. Palmerstone's Letters to her Daughter."

"I will read the story before I stir from this place," said Rosamond.

Accordingly she read the story. It interested her very much, so much that she could hardly think of any thing else for some hours.

But the impressions on Rosamond's mind, though easily made, and seemingly strong and deep, were like the writing on sand, often shaken and quickly obliterated.

Not more than a fortnight afterward, when she was at Mrs. Belmont's, where it had been arranged that she was to meet her young companions to practise quadrilles, it happened that one of the Miss Belmonts asked her what was the cause of her not liking Anne Townsend so well as she did formerly. She at first answered prudently, "I cannot tell you any thing about it:—Oh, don't ask me."

But some one present declared that she knew the whole already, and that she had had it all from Miss Townsend. Rosamond was provoked at perceiving that the whole had been told to her disadvantage; and

that it was insinuated that the fear that something discreditable to herself should *come out*, was the cause of her present reserve. Forgetting her mother's cautions and her own resolutions, Rosamond then began, and told all that had passed, and all that she had heard from Miss Townsend. It was not till she was in the middle of her story that she recollected herself, and stopping short, exclaimed, "But I cannot, I must not tell you any more about Mrs. Cole and Bessy Bell; for mamma desired that I would not repeat it."

"Oh, my dear Rosamond," cried one of her companions, "you have gone so far you must go on, for poor Mrs. Cole's sake, or we shall think it is something horrible, much worse probably than it really is."

"That's true," said Rosamond; "but still I ought not to repeat it."

"But we shall never tell it again; it will be as safe with us as with yourself; you may depend upon it we shall never say any thing about it," said the young ladies, adding all the arguments of this sort, with all the asseverations and promises usually made by the curious upon such occasions. Poor Rosamond was overpowered by their persuasions, went on, and bit by bit told the whole; and while she was in the midst and warmth of her narration, her eyes always fixed on the young lady to whom she was speaking, she did not perceive that one or two more of their acquaintance came into the little music-room where they were standing, and joined the party of listeners. When at last Rosamond wakened to the sight of the new faces among her auditors, she stopped and started; but one of her companions whispered her, "Go on, go on, she is my cousin Susan, I will answer for her; and the other is only Mary Law, she will not understand what you are saying; you may say any thing before her, she is deaf, and stupid besides, and too full of the quadrille to think of any thing else." Rosamond, thus reassured, went on to the end of her story. When all was over, and when she went home, and found herself again with Laura and her mother, she told them what had passed, not without some shame: but still, she said, she hoped that none of the company would repeat what she had said. Her mother and Laura hoped so too. They did not reproach Rosamond, but they were sorry that she had been tempted to break her wise resolutions.



Some days passed. No more was said upon the subject. Rosamond forgave herself, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, when one morning it was brought to her recollection in a painful manner.

She happened to go with her mother and sister to a glover's shop; the woman who kept this small shop had been once a faithful servant in her mother's family, and therefore they were interested for her. Laura first remarked that the poor woman did not look as well as usual. She answered that she was well, but that she had been very much vexed this day; she begged pardon, however; it was not a matter of great consequence, and she would not trouble them about it.

While she was speaking, Rosamond thought she heard the sound of some one sobbing. The sound came from a room within the shop. The woman shut the door close, which had been a little open; and, in doing this, she by accident pushed aside the green curtain that hung before the glass panes in the upper part of the door.

Rosamond looked into the room, and saw a child kneeling by a chair, with her head down, and her face hid in her hands, crying as if her heart would break. Rosamond looked at Laura, and with much emotion exclaimed, "What can be the matter with her, poor little thing?"

"Ah, poor thing, she may well cry as she does," said Mrs. White, the woman of the shop; "she has lost a good friend, and the best friend she had in the world; and the only one, I may say, that could and would have served her through life; but she is an unfortunate little creature, an orphan; Bessy Bell, ladies, that you may remember to have seen in the country with good old Mrs. Cole;—but Miss Rosamond! my dear Miss Rosamond! is as pale as death!"

"Oh!" cried Rosamond, as soon as she could speak, "I am certain I am the cause of all the mischief; but go on, go on, tell me all."

Mrs. White, much astonished, then related all she knew of the matter; that Mrs. Cole had been so extremely displeased by some report that had been repeated to her of Bessy Bell's having complained of her cruelty, and having told, with many circumstances that were not true, *something that happened in her family* above a year ago, that she had resolved to have nothing more

to do with the child. "Indeed," continued Mrs. White, "considering how excessively generous and kind and like a mother Mrs. Cole has been to Bessy, and the pains she has taken with her, and the affection she had for her, I cannot wonder she should be cut to the heart, and made as angry as she is, by what must appear to her such base ingratitude and treachery in this child. I don't like to tell all the circumstances, lest I should be guilty of spreading scandalous false reports, as others have been."

But Rosamond told her that she knew all the circumstances, she believed; and, as well as she could, in the extreme agitation of her mind, repeated what she had heard from Anne Townsend, and asked if this was the report to which Mrs. White alluded.

"Yes, ladies, the very same, as far as I can make out: it was written as news to the country, and so came round again to Mrs. Cole, and never was a story more exaggerated. Bessy Bell! Bess! Come here, child, and tell how it was; or, please to step in here, ladies, for she is ashamed, poor thing, and she is in such a condition."

Bessy wiped the tears from her face, tried to stop her sobs, and endeavoured to speak. She said she had done wrong, very wrong indeed; but not as wrong or as wickedly as had been reported of her: she had, a year ago, when she was angry, told her friend the apothecary's daughter that Mrs. Cole had been very passionate one evening, and had given her such a box on the ear as had nearly knocked her down; and she said that if she had fallen, she *might* have fallen upon the spikes of the fender. But the letter asserted that she had fallen down, and that the spikes of the fender had run into her arm to the bone; and that, while she was *all streaming with blood*, Mrs. Cole shook her till she broke her arm; "but oh, ma'am! I never, never uttered such falsehoods! I was very wrong ever to tell any thing about it; for Mrs. Cole was so very, very kind to me: what I did let out, ma'am, I told at the minute when I was in a passion, and that was a year ago, and I had forgotten it, and every thing I said; and how it came up, and how it came out again, I cannot conceive."

Rosamond's mother inquired whether Bessy knew the name of the lady who had written the letter. She replied that she was not quite certain, for that the let-

ter was put into her hands but for a minute, but that she believed it was Law—Martha or Mary Law.

It appeared now too plain that the whole mischief had arisen from that young lady's having written an exaggerated account of what she had imperfectly heard and imperfectly understood, of the story Rosamond told to her companions in the music-room at Mrs. Belmont's. She had not heard the explanation and contradiction of the first part of Anne Townsend's assertions, and had gone off with the falsehoods instead of the truth; then, for want of something to say in her next letter, slow, dull Miss Law had repeated this story. Thus it often happens that the stupid and slow, as well as the quick and lively, become spreaders of false reports.

Rosamond was miserable when she saw the mischief she had occasioned; she could not cry, she could not speak, she stood pale and motionless, while her mother and Laura thought for her what could be done. They proposed immediately that they should go to Mrs. Cole's, and that Rosamond should tell her exactly what had passed; but Bessy Bell said their going to her house in town would be of no use, for that she had left London this morning early. And then Mrs. White increased Rosamond's sorrow by saying, that little Bessy was to have gone with Mrs. Cole to the country, to Devonshire, to the sea, and that every thing had been arranged for the journey, "and clothes and books even, ma'am, bought for her: see there!" pointing to a little trunk half packed up. "But all is over now."

"Bessy, why did not you tell Mrs. Cole," said Laura, "what you have told us; and why did not you assure her that the falsehoods which have been reported did not come from you?"

"I did, ma'am; but I could not deny that there was some part of the story true. I could not deny that I had talked foolishly, and that I had told some part of what was repeated. This vexed her exceedingly, as well it might; and she did not perhaps believe me, or perhaps she did not hear the rest of what I was saying, to explain to her that I did not say all the horrible things that there were reported. Oh! she was very much vexed."

"Ay," said Mrs. White, "the only fault Mrs. Cole has upon earth is the being a little too touchy and hasty."

"Pray! pray! don't say any thing more about that!" cried little Bessy, "because Mrs. Cole has been so very kind to me: she has taught me every thing good in the world that I know, and she has given me almost every thing I have, and she has been a mother to me: I was an orphan, and starving, when she first took me in. Oh!" said the child, kneeling down again, and hiding her face on the chair, "I have been very, very ungrateful, and I shall never forgive myself."

"Poor Rosamond!" said Laura.

Rosamond's mother forbore to reproach her for her imprudence. It was plain that the reproaches of her own heart, at this moment, were sufficiently acute: but what was to be done to repair the evil. Mrs. Cole was to stay in Devonshire two months at least. It was proposed that Rosamond should write to her; she did so, and gave as clear a statement of the facts as she could, and as pathetic a petition in favour of the orphan.

During the days that elapsed before an answer to this letter could be received, Rosamond suffered bitterly: nor did the answer, when it arrived, relieve her mind. Mrs. Cole's physicians had advised her, instead of staying in Devonshire, to proceed immediately to the Continent for her health; and she was upon the point of sailing when she wrote a short hurried answer to Rosamond's petition. She regretted, she said, the mistakes and misrepresentations that had occurred. She wished it was now in her power to take the child with her, but it was impossible she could delay her voyage; and she could only hope, that when she should return to England, in the course of six or seven months, she should be able to take Bessy Bell again: in the meantime, she desired that Bessy might remain with Mrs. White. The letter concluded with a kind message of forgiveness to the child, and of regret for her disappointment.

This message was some consolation to Rosamond. But still she felt very unhappy till a bright idea darted across her imagination, a generous project, which, if she could but execute, would turn all her sorrow into joy. She asked her mother if she would give her leave to have Bessy Bell, and to take care of her while Mrs. Cole was away. But her mother did not approve of her plan. Changing suddenly from the tone of delight in which she had made the request, Rosamond exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! what objections can you have?"

"Several, my dear, on the child's own account, and with respect to Mrs. Cole, who has desired that her pupil should remain with Mrs. White. But my chief objection is on your own account."

"My own account! Oh! my dear mother, nothing in this world could make me so happy."

"Yes, my dear, I know that, to your kind heart and generous temper, it would be a great pleasure to do all this—it would be as great a reward as I could give you. But, Rosamond, do you think that you deserve to be rewarded?"

"I acknowledge that I do not," said Rosamond; "but have not I been punished enough, mamma? I see so strongly the bad consequences of my folly and imprudence, I cannot be more convinced than I am, nor more resolved never to fall into the same fault again. All that I have felt has made such a deep impression upon me, I never, never can forget it."

"Do you recollect your former good resolutions, my dear Rosamond," said her mother, "and the *deep impression* made by reading that affecting story?"

"I do, mamma," said Rosamond, colouring; "and I cannot conceive how I could ever forget it, when I was so very much struck and touched by it, and so resolved! But," added she, after a pause, "I do not mean it as an excuse; but I may say that I did not know, at least I was not quite sure, that it was a true story; and certainly no story can make such an impression as what is true, and especially what really has happened to one's self."

"And why, Rosamond? Shall I tell you?" said her mother.

"If you please, mamma, and if you can."

"One reason," said her mother, "may be, that the consequences of our actions last longer in real life than in fiction. The moral of a story is read or perceived in three or four minutes; the consequences of our own actions last often for months, for years. If they did not, perhaps we should forget them, and profit as little by experience, even by our own experience, as by good advice, or good stories."

"Oh, mamma, what a reproach," said Rosamond.

"My love, I do not reproach or wish to give you pain; but I speak seriously, because, Rosamond, you are no longer a child, and you must consider not only

the present but the future. I know it is your sincere wish to correct your own faults, and to make yourself an amiable woman. This habit of exaggeration, of repeating every thing you hear, is not easily broken ; it is a fault to which we women are, it is said, peculiarly liable, because we have fewer subjects of importance to engage our thoughts, and we come frequently into those little competitions and rivalships which lead to envy and jealousy, and thence to detraction and slander. Lively people, who can entertain by mimicry, or exaggerated description, are, of all others, the most exposed to continually recurring temptation on that subject ; and you, Rosamond, should therefore watch over yourself. Now I will say no more, my dear daughter ; judge and decide for yourself."

"Temptations will recur," repeated Rosamond. "Yes, I know they will, when I am again in company, mamma, where example encourages me, and the wish to amuse. Oh ! I know, mamma, all the difficulties ; and I am convinced that it is better that all my sorrow should not be turned to joy immediately, or else perhaps I should, as you say, quite forget it. Well, my dear mother, I will prove to you that I am in earnest resolved to make myself an amiable woman : I submit ; I will give up my scheme. I am only sorry for Bessy Bell ; but it will do me good for life, I am almost sure. It will be a great punishment to know and recollect every day that this poor child is suffering for my imprudence," said Rosamond, in a faltering voice ; "but let it be so."

Her mother was so well satisfied, not only with the candour, but with the resolution which Rosamond showed by this determination, that she mitigated the punishment by giving her permission that Bessy Bell might come to her every morning for one hour. It was settled that this must not interfere with any of Rosamond's own lessons or daily duties. The time fixed was, as she had proposed, an hour before breakfast. And to Rosamond's credit be it recorded, that, well as she loved sleeping late, she was regularly up in good time, and never, even for a single morning, missed hearing this child read, seeing her work, and attending to all that she had learned.

Bessy Bell was sweet-tempered and docile, and her gratitude might be depended upon, because she was

grateful, not only to Rosamond, but to the benefactress who was at a distance, of whom she often spoke with great affection, and about whose health she expressed great anxiety.

At last, happily for this child and for Rosamond, Mrs. Cole recovered, returned to England, and sent for Bessy Bell, who went to her, and was received by her benefactress again with all her former kindness.

Nothing more is to be known concerning Mrs. Cole and Bessy Bell; but we have the pleasure to assure all who are interested for Rosamond, that the pain which she endured, in consequence of the imprudence of which she had been guilty, made a lasting and useful impression upon her mind. Whenever she was tempted to tell an ill-natured anecdote to amuse, or to produce surprise or effect, she recollected Bessy Bell, checked herself, and carefully refrained from any exaggeration, and from all *Petty Scandal*.

## AIRS AND GRACES.

ROSAMOND had now arrived at that age when girls are considered neither quite as children nor quite as women. She became very desirous to please, and anxious about her appearance and manners. Her mother was in London; and Rosamond, though she was much too young to *go out*, as it is called, had opportunity of seeing at her mother's, and of meeting at different houses, many young companions. Uncertain which of their manners she liked best, or what would best become her, she tried a great variety; sometimes catching involuntarily, sometimes purposely imitating, every new tone, look, gesture, and mode of expression of those whom she heard admired, or whom she thought pretty, graceful, or fashionable. In consequence of these imitations and changes of manner, Rosamond had become a little, perhaps not a little, affected.

About this time her brother Godfrey, who had been at school, returned to spend the holidays at home.

One morning, a few days after his arrival, he found Rosamond alone, practising attitudes before a large mirror.

"I am practising; I am going to practise my *chassé* for the quadrille this evening, Godfrey," said she. "You have never seen me dance since I learned quadrilles. I'll show you my steps."

"Do so," said Godfrey; "but I am afraid I shall not do as well for you as the glass."

"Never mind, you'll do very well: better, indeed, for you can speak to me," said Rosamond.

And then, in the hope of surprising and delighting him, "she ran her female exercises o'er," displaying all her newly-acquired airs and graces.

Godfrey, when she stopped to take breath, and when she looked towards him with modest expectation of applause, sang in a mock tone of rapture the words of an old song,

"With an air and a grace,  
And a shape and a face,  
She charms like beauty's goddess."



Rosamond was not quite pleased with Godfrey's tone the first time he sang her praises; but when, at each pause, as her eye ever involuntarily turned upon him for approbation, he recommenced the same song, she was no longer able to conceal her disappointment, and, in a tone of vexation, she exclaimed, "Godfrey, I do wish you would not sing so!"

"And suppose I was to answer, Rosamond, I do wish you would not dance so."

"How, brother?" asked Rosamond.

"This way," replied he, imitating the affected turns of the head, and all her favourite grimaces, in a ludicrous manner.

"How very odd! how very awkward!" said Rosamond, half laughing. "To be sure, nobody could like to see anybody dance so."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Godfrey.

"But, my dear Godfrey, I don't dance in that ridiculous way."

"Are you sure that my way is at all more ridiculous than yours?" said Godfrey.

"I can only assure you," said Rosamond, with a little conceited motion of her head, and with a look and tone of decided superiority, "I must only beg leave to assure you, brother, that my way was learned from somebody who is not thought at all ridiculous, but who is universally admired."

"Universally admired! Who can that be?"

"One whom M. Deschamps called 'La reine des sylphes.' Lady Cecilia Bouverie's niece, too, Susanetta Manners."

"Susanetta Manners! Before I went to school, did not I know one Susan Manners?" said Godfrey.

"One Susan Manners! such a way of speaking! Yes, you did know her, Godfrey, and you thought her very pretty; but she is much prettier now, since she has been in Paris and Italy."

"But how comes she to have turned into Susanetta!" said Godfrey.

"Not turned at all," replied Rosamond; "but Susanetta is the Italian for Susan: little Susan, the Italian diminutive, you know. She was always Susanetta in Italy."

"But why not Susan in England," said the downright Godfrey, with a look of stupidity.

"Oh, I don't know, because Susanetta is so much prettier, and shows she has been abroad. She learned to dance from M. Deschamps in Paris; and she, like a dear creature as she is, taught me all her steps, and the right way of doing every thing. So you need not laugh at me, Godfrey."

"Well; I will be serious; you know I am but an ignoramus. Let me see you do it again," said Godfrey; "encore! encore!"

With all the simplicity, all the credulity of vanity, Rosamond recommenced her dance, exhibiting new graces for Godfrey, who, she hoped, was now really in admiration, for he was quite silent, and profoundly attentive; till, just at the moment when the favourite turn of the neck, at the end of the *chassé*, came, he burst forth again,

"With an air and a grace,  
And a shape and a face,  
She charmed like beauty's god-dess,"

bowing when he came to the flourish in the middle of goddess. He sang in so rude and insulting a strain that Rosamond, stopping in the midst of her dance, exclaimed, "Indeed, Godfrey, you put me out entirely; I can *not* do my *chassé*."

"I am only admiring you, my dear, to the best of my ability; I thought you wanted to be admired."

"No, I do not in the least want you to admire me, Godfrey," said Rosamond: "only do not put me out with that odious 'beauty's god-dess.'"

"What can beauty's goddess have to do with your *chassé*?"

"I don't say that it has any thing to do with it; but—"

At this moment Laura, opening the folding-doors of the front drawing-room, told Rosamond that she was ready to play for her if she was ready to dance.

"I am quite ready," said Rosamond, "if Godfrey will be quiet. Now, brother, do pray," added she, turning to him with a look and tone of affected distress, "when I tell you it really annoys me so."

"It really annoys you so," repeated Godfrey. "Annoys me: I wish I could say *annoy* with that pretty turn of my head, that sweet close of my eyelids, and that languid drawl of my voice. Rosamond, could you teach me, do you think? Look now, is this it?—It annoys me so."

"Pray, Godfrey, do not be so provoking, so foolish," said Rosamond. "Did you never hear the word *annoy* before? Everybody says *annoy*, I assure you; and if you had not been at school you would have learned it too. But," continued she, "there is poor dear Laura playing *Il Pastorale* for me, wasting her music on the desert air."

"*Il Pastorale*! Poor dear Laura! wasting her sweetness on the desert air!" repeated Godfrey. "How fine! I wish I could talk so. How I have wasted my time at school! Oh Virgil! Ovid! Homer! Horace, Cæsar, and all your commentaries! where are you now? What are you all to this!"

"It is too much, Godfrey! I cannot bear it!" cried Rosamond. She ran to the piano-forte, and stopping Laura's hand, "Stop and hear me," said she. "Now, Laura, I appeal to you: when I have not seen Godfrey for such a length of time, and when I expected such pleasure, you know, from his coming home at his holidays, is it kind of him, is it not cruel of him, when I was doing all I could to please him, too; is not it very ill-natured of him to laugh at me, and sing at me, and mimic me?"

Laura was going to speak, but Godfrey put his hand before her mouth.

"Ha! my own dear little sister Rosamond! Now I hear your own voice again; now I see you yourself again; and now I love you with all my heart."

"Love me!" said Rosamond, and tears would have flowed, but pride struggled and repressed them.

"My dear, dear Rosamond," cried Godfrey, "I love you with all my heart, and that is the very reason I cannot bear to see you any thing but what you really are—so be my own dear Rosamond."

"Well! am not I your own dear Rosamond?"

"Now you are."

"I am sure I am the same to you, Godfrey; I love you as well as ever," said Rosamond.

"But I could not love you as well as ever," said Godfrey, "if—"

"If what?" said Rosamond. "Now finish your sentence."

"Well, then, if you were to have all those airs and graces that you have lately learned, I could not like you so well, Rosamond. You can't think how the boys at

school hate all affectation; and I would not for any thing have a sister of mine affected!"

"I am sure, Godfrey, I am not affected. I don't know what you mean by affectation. Nobody hates affectation more than I do."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Godfrey. "But, if you hate it so much, you must acknowledge that you know what I mean by it, else you say you hate you don't know what. You see, my dear, I have not been at school and learned logic for nothing."

"Indeed, I see you have not been at school for nothing," said Rosamond; "you have learned to triumph over and laugh at your poor little sister."

"Come, come, I will triumph over you no more, Rosamond," said Godfrey, kissing her affectionately. "Here is my hand; I promise you I will not laugh at you any more, if you will be your own dear self. Only promise me that."

Rosamond, though now touched by her brother's tone of tenderness and affection, felt some remains of resentment for his former irony, and had a strong desire to make him retract his charge of affectation, on which point she was perhaps the more nice, from a secret consciousness that there was some truth in the reproach. She gave him her hand, but not quite cordially.

"Upon condition, brother," said she, "that you will never say I am affected any more."

"Upon condition, Rosamond, that you will never be affected any more," said Godfrey.

"But who is to be judge?" said Rosamond; "we shall never agree."

"Will you agree that Laura shall be judge?" said Godfrey.

"With all my heart," said Rosamond; "for I am sure she never thought me affected: did you, Laura?"

A slight downcast look, and a playful smile upon Laura's countenance, prevented Rosamond from repeating her question; but Godfrey pressed for an answer.

"Now do, Laura, answer, that Rosamond may be convinced I am not unjust, and that it is not all my fancy, and that I am not so very hard upon her. Now, Laura, can you say that you never thought her affected?"

"No, I cannot say that," replied Laura; "I acknowledge I have seen her sometimes, lately, appear a little

affected; but I don't think she is really so, that is, I don't think she has the habit of affectation. She has caught looks, and manners, and ways from different people."

"Oh, yes, I know. I acknowledge, Laura, you told me of that, but in such a different way from Godfrey—"

"That it did you no good, you find," said Godfrey, laughing.

"No, no," said Rosamond; "but, the truth is, I imitate them often without intending it, and I really don't always know when I do it. If you would tell me at the minute—"

"Then, my dear," said Godfrey, "I will tell you whenever you do it and don't know it. I'll always sing,

"'With an air and a grace,'" &c.

"But you cannot sing in company, you know," said Rosamond.

"But I could hum in a low tone, just loud enough for you, and nobody else, to hear."

"No, you could not hum; that will never do," said Rosamond.

"Well, then, just the two words, beauty's goddess, will do."

"No—beauty's goddess—nonsense: how could you bring them in?" said Rosamond.

"Trust to my ingenuity for that," said Godfrey; "or, without my saying a word, this look, Rosamond, will put you in mind, and you will comprehend my meaning, I will answer for it."

Pleased to see his power over Rosamond, eager to exercise it, and flattering himself that his only motive was the wish to do his sister good, Godfrey spared no opportunity of singing, humming, saying, "beauty's goddess," calling up his warning look. Rosamond felt sometimes ashamed, sometimes vexed. Often she appealed in private to Laura, who endeavoured, as kindly and gently as she could, to do justice between them, and neither to flatter Rosamond, nor to indulge Godfrey in his love of power and habit of teasing. Rosamond, sincerely wishing to please her brother, and as earnestly wishing to avoid his dreaded ridicule, laid aside, in the course of a fortnight, most of the little affected habits of which she was conscious; but still there were some remaining to which she adhered, either because they

had grown habitual and she was therefore unconscious of them, or because she thought they were too becoming, and too like some fashionable and charming model, to be hastily abandoned, even in complaisance to Godfrey. She thought he might not be a perfect judge of fashion and manner, and that he might be a little prejudiced, a little perverse, and, perhaps, a little capricious.

One instance of what she thought caprice in him she keenly felt. In consequence of his dislike and ridicule of what he had called the twist, and she the turn, of her head in the quadrille, she had taken pains to alter it, and had abandoned various attitudes and graces of the dance which she had learned from Susanetta, "the queen of the sylphs;" Godfrey had thanked her and approved of her, and had declared he liked her own natural style of dancing a thousand times better.

She was, or she endeavoured to be, satisfied with his being pleased, though it was some sacrifice, she thought, to give up what others admired so much. But Godfrey had not seen Susanetta's dancing, till one night when he met her at a "children's ball," where she was acknowledged to be the prettiest girl in the room. Rosamond heard some mothers near her wish that their daughters could dance like Miss Susanetta Manners; and many gentlemen exclaimed, "Graceful! beautiful little creature! certainly she dances inimitably!"

"Inimitably! Now," thought Rosamond, "I could imitate that exactly, and did; but I gave it up because Godfrey called it affectation. Yet there he is admiring it after all."

At the first convenient opportunity when she and her brother were together, Rosamond reproached him with his inconsistency.

"So, Godfrey, after all I saw you admiring Susanetta's dancing last night."

"Certainly," said he; "she dances very well."

"Very well! So I told you," said Rosamond.

"I am happy to agree with you, sister," said Godfrey.

"Happy to disagree with me, you mean; else why did you laugh at me for the very same way of dancing that you admire in Miss Manners?"

"It did not appear to me the same," said Godfrey.

"But it was the same, I assure you: I imitated her

exactly, though some people say she is inimitable," said Rosamond.

"By your own account there was one great difference."

"Great difference! What!"

"The one was original, and the other imitation," said Godfrey.

"Ah! there was my folly in telling you that I imitated her," said Rosamond; "if I had not told it to you, you never could have found it out."

"I beg your pardon, Rosamond; I should have found it out immediately."

"You! so little used to dancing! pretend to be such a judge! such a connoisseur! If this is not affectation!" cried Rosamond—"I only wish that Laura was here, that I might appeal to her."

"Without appealing to anybody, try me, not only as to your dancing, but as to your manners in general, and I will tell you from whom you imitate various tones, and twists, and words, and even thoughts."

Rosamond doubted whether he could do so, but, not much liking to put him to the proof, she passed over his offer hastily, and said, "Well! but suppose I did imitate those people, what then? Where is the shame? Where is the harm?"

"The shame is in your cheeks at this moment: you blush at being found out," said Godfrey.

"At being suspected," said Rosamond. "But still I don't know the harm of copying what I think engaging or graceful in others."

"Only the chance of making yourself ridiculous and disagreeable," replied Godfrey.

"But why disagreeable? Why ridiculous? Why should that be disagreeable in me," said Rosamond, "which is thought agreeable in another? I come round to my first question."

"And I to my first answer," said Godfrey; "that one is original, and the other imitation; and I detest all imitations, of manners at least."

"But still your detesting them is no reason," said Rosamond.

"Everybody detests them!" cried Godfrey.

"That, begging your pardon, is a mistake," said Rosamond, "for many people have liked and admired in me the very same things that you *detest*. So, you see,

there's no disputing about tastes. But why do you detest imitations? Now, for the sake of argument, as you say, Godfrey, suppose that you were one of the persons who did not find out the difference, why should not my dancing, or my manner, in all those little things that you dislike, be as agreeable as the originals, if the imitation is quite perfect?"

"But I tell you there is always this difference, that one is natural and the other affected; and though some few may be taken in for a little time, it is always found out at last."

"And when it is found out, why is it disagreeable?" persisted Rosamond.

"Oh, you are arguing in a circle," cried Godfrey, impatiently.

"We are," said Rosamond, "and I can't help it."

"And I can't bear it," said Godfrey; "so I am off."

Rosamond felt that she was not convinced by any thing he had said, and saw that he went off because he was not able to explain himself farther, or to give her any farther reason or answer to her questions. She, after this conversation, became much less submissive to his opinion, and even withstood his ridicule, in a manner that surprised him. Sometimes she relapsed, as he said, into her former follies, and then he exerted all his wit and power over her, not only to cure her, as he professed, but to prove that he was in the right, and to obtain the victory. Rosamond at last became quite puzzled, and her manners suddenly altered, and grew constrained and awkward, especially when Godfrey was present. When he was out of the room she was more at her ease, but her manner was not more natural or agreeable, because, when relieved from this observation, and from the fear of his laughing at her, she took the opportunity of trying experiments on new graces, which she found, or fancied she found, succeeded with new spectators.

All this had not passed unobserved by her mother, who, one morning at breakfast, took notice of some sudden change in Rosamond's look and manner when Godfrey came into the room, and asked her to explain the cause of her sudden silence, reserve, and constraint. Rosamond, blushing, and seeming yet more constrained and embarrassed, said only she was sorry, but she could not help feeling awkward sometimes.



This answer not being quite satisfactory, Godfrey could not forbear smiling: but then Rosamond's discomfiture increasing, and Laura looking at him reproachfully, he became serious, and a very awkward silence ensued for at least five minutes, which appeared, to the parties concerned, of incalculable length. Indeed, Rosamond doubted whether it ever would end, or how, or who would next venture to speak: she was certain she could not, she hoped Godfrey would not, and she wondered Laura did not. Laura understood her wishes, and made the effort, but what she said will never reach posterity, as not a creature present heard or understood more than that it was some observation on hot rolls.

"I believe, mother," exclaimed Godfrey, "I am the cause of it all; for I believe I have gone too far, and done more harm than good. Poor Rosamond! I have plagued her too much, and I am very sorry for it."

"Well, then, if you are, it's all over," said Rosamond; "I am sure I forgive you with all my heart, and there is an end of the matter—only don't let us say any more about it."

"My dear Rosamond," said her father, "I love your generous, forgiving, amiable temper: it is particularly amiable in a woman to be ready to yield, and avoid disputing about trifles. And I am convinced this will make your brother more careful not to tease you;—

"And trust me, dear, good-humour will prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fail."

"But, papa," said Rosamond, shrinking back a little as her father was going to kiss her, "I am afraid I don't quite deserve it, for it was not all, or *only* good-humour that made me in such a hurry to forgive Godfrey, and that made me say, Let us say no more about it; I was rather ashamed of telling before you, and mamma, and *everybody* all about it."

"Who do you mean by everybody, Rosamond, my dear?" said her mother. "Here are only your father, your sister, your brothers, and myself. Which of us stands for *everybody*?"

"I suppose I must be *everybody*," said Orlando, as Rosamond timidly looked towards him. "Since I am such a terrific person, I'll go away as soon as I have swallowed this cup of tea."

"Pray don't go, Orlando," said Rosamond. "It is

better for me that you should stay ; indeed, my dear Orlando, it is my real wish."

She pressed so urgently upon his shoulder, that he could not rise in opposition to what he felt was her "real wish."

"And now, my dear, go on," said her father.

"You must know, then, papa," said Rosamond, "that Godfrey's dispute and mine—I mean Godfrey's argument and mine, was about *affectation*."

It seemed to be with some shame or difficulty that she pronounced the word *affectation*.

"Affectation, my dear," said her father, "is, after all, as the wise and indulgent Locke has observed, only a mistaken attempt to please."

"Mistaken, indeed!" cried Orlando, and he spoke with a tone and look of contempt which Rosamond deeply felt. But Orlando was so much taken up with his own thoughts, that he did not perceive the effect of his words.

"Well, Rosamond, go on," said her father.

"As soon as I can—as soon as I can recollect what I was going to say, papa; I do not know, then, exactly what is meant by *affectation*."

"Not know what is meant by *affectation*!" cried Orlando, turning with a look of astonishment.

"Oh, Rosamond! Rosamond!" said Godfrey.

"Take your own time, my dear Rosamond," said her mother; "your father will hear you patiently."

"That I will, if I sit here till dinner-time," said her father.

"Heaven forbid!" thought Godfrey, making some sort of interjection between a sigh and a groan; but without minding him, his father attended to Rosamond.

Rosamond then, determining to state her old difficulties in a new way, and to keep as far from Susanetta as possible, began again in general terms:—

"People, young people, are continually told that they ought to have agreeable manners. But when young people, girls I mean particularly, do their best to try to have these agreeable manners, and begin to imitate what other people do, they are told not to imitate, and they are laughed at for being affected; they are told to be themselves, and to be natural; but then, again, I don't know what is meant by being natural."

"Then you must be a natural!" cried Godfrey.

"Gently, Godfrey," said his mother; "that is not fair."

"Go on, Rosamond," said her father, in an encouraging tone; "I would rather hear reason than wit at present."

"It is not *natural*, it is not born with us to have any manner, is it?" said Rosamond. "Even to use our knives and forks in the way we do, or to make a bow or a courtesy, or in our ways of sitting and standing, must not we imitate others! You would not call this affectation?"

"Certainly not," cried all present.

"In all those things," said her father, "which depend on established forms and usages, we must imitate whatever is the custom or fashion of the society in which we live."

"So I say, papa; but then why not imitate other things in manners which are just as much the fashion. But if one begins to imitate any pretty ways, motions, words, manners, even of those who are most admired—then comes the outcry against affectation."

"And very justly, surely," said Orlando.

"I say nothing," said Godfrey.

"But I say," continued Rosamond, "there is my great difficulty, papa, to know where wrong imitation begins, and where right imitation ends."

"That is a sensible question, and not easy to answer," said her father; "but I will answer you from your own words. As long as people imitate only what is of established form and custom in manners, they are not affected; when they begin voluntarily to imitate pretty motions and ways, as you call them, and when they do this with the aim of pleasing by what they are conscious is not their own manner, then they are affected."

"And why should not we imitate what is agreeable in others? and why does it displease people?" said Rosamond. "If the things please in one person, why should they not please in another?"

"There may be many reasons for this, Rosamond: if you have patience to hear them all, I will endeavour to explain them."

"I! Oh, I have patience," said Rosamond.

"In the first place, you take it for granted that the *pretty ways* imitated are really agreeable; this may be a mistake; they may have pleased, and have been admi-

red, merely because they belonged to some pretty person; and, when they are imitated by one less pretty, they may not only have no longer any power to please, but they may be ridiculous."

"The very truth!" said Godfrey, "though I could not explain it."

"I understand," said Rosamond; "but suppose, papa, that the motions and manners are really in themselves graceful and agreeable; then why should not we imitate them?"

"I will not stop you at present, my dear, to inquire what manners are in themselves *really graceful*, because this would lead us too far; but take it for granted that they are such, still the exact imitation would not please, because what suits in one person will not suit in another; the figure, or the manner in general, may be so different from the manner imitated as to strike us with the contrast and unfitness. Suppose you put the arms and legs of a clumsy statue to the body of a thin one, or a young and beautiful head upon the body of a statue representing an aged, wrinkled figure, would not the unfitness, and incongruity, and want of agreement in the whole, strike you?"

"Certainly," said Rosamond, laughing.

"And suppose," continued her father, "that if, instead of merely changing arms and legs, the statues were allowed the powers of motion, will, and imitation; do you think that any whole statue could, with any chance of pleasing, assume the attitude and air of another? Suppose the well-clothed statue of Minerva was set in motion, and assumed the air of Canova's Venus or Hebe; or suppose Hebe tried to look like Niobe, or to assume the helmet and the air of Minerva, would not this be monstrous or ridiculous?"

"Yes; but those are such very different figures and characters," said Rosamond. "Surely, some might be better suited, if not among statues, papa, among real people."

"Yet," said her father, "we seldom, if ever, see two persons so much alike in person and mind, that manners which suit the one would become the other; therefore, even exact imitation would appear awkward, unfit, unnatural, or disagreeable, or, in short, what we call affected. But I began by supposing the most favourable case, where the imitation is as perfect as possible; but

this rarely occurs. In most imitations of manner there is some failure, some exaggeration, some awkwardness, or some apparent consciousness of effort, which betrays that the manner is not natural, and this effort it is painful to the spectator to see."

"Very painful!" said Orlando, writhing himself. "I have felt tired as if I had been hard at work, when I have been in company with an affected person; doubly tired—tired for myself, and tired for the person who works so hard to no purpose."

"Besides, there is another disagreeable feeling we have when in company with affected people," said Laura. "I am always afraid that they should perceive that I have found them out, and that I dislike them; they are all the time trying to conceal what I cannot help discovering."

"I confess I have felt this," said Rosamond, "with affected people."

"But then each person hopes they may not be found out, though others are," said Godfrey.

"So far for affectation of mere external manners," said his father, "what we may call bodily affectation; but when we go farther, and consider the imitation of sentiments, feelings, and opinions, what may be called mental affectation, the affectation, for instance, of sensibility or vivacity, then we dislike the imitators still more; we not only despise those who attempt to please us by pretending to sentiments or feelings which are not their own, but we resent the endeavour to impose upon us."

"But, papa," interrupted Rosamond, "now you are speaking of dissimulation and falsehood, not mere affectation."

"And is not all affectation a sort of dissimulation?" said her father: "and is there not some falsehood in all affectation?"

"Surely there is," said Orlando; "that is the reason why I detest and despise it. It is impossible to sympathize with affected people: whether they pretend to feel joy, or grief, or surprise, or delight, it is all overdone; we do not understand their real feelings, and we cannot sympathize with what is not true or natural. I never could love or make a friend of an affected person."

While Orlando, with a vehemence of indignation uncommon in him, uttered these words, Rosamond's col-

our grew deeper and deeper, and there came the choking feeling in her throat: at last she exclaimed, "Now I have lost all! Orlando, too! This was the reason I was at first afraid of his staying—of his hearing. I had a feeling that he hated and despised affectation!"

"And what then, my dear?" said the astonished Orlando.

"His thoughts," cried Godfrey, "were at least four hundred miles off, I'll engage."

"Exactly," said Orlando, "for they were at Edinburgh, with a person I saw there last week."

"I am glad of it," said Rosamond, recovering a little; "I am sure I am glad your thoughts were not with me when you gave that look. One look of contempt from Orlando is worse to me than all your ridicule, Godfrey."

"I do not understand above a third of what is going on here," said Orlando. "You do not mean, Godfrey, that Rosamond, *my* sister Rosamond is affected? When I went to Edinburgh she was the most natural little creature I ever knew; and I see no difference in her now, but that she has grown taller and rather prettier, which is a good thing, as she is to be a woman, and which I am very glad to see. That's all I have to say."

The abrupt and drolly grave manner in which Orlando said this, viewing Rosamond from head to foot as he spoke, and finishing by turning her round and contemplating her back, made Godfrey burst into laughter, and proved a happy relief to Rosamond's embarrassment.

"Bravo! my dear absent brother! Cheer up, Rosamond, my girl! All is safe."

"But," said Rosamond, gaining fresh courage, "mamma has said nothing; I must know what mamma thinks; I must ask her one question: Mamma, did you ever see in me—did you ever think me—you know what I mean?"

"Yes, my dear, I do know what you mean," said her mother, smiling; "and since you ask the question, I must answer and acknowledge, that I have sometimes lately seen some little airs and graces, and have seen many different manners, none of which I liked as well as your own."

"But, my dear mother, why did not you tell me of these things?" said Rosamond.

"Because, my dear, they changed so quickly that there was no danger of their becoming habitual; I left you to try your own little experiments, trusting to your

good sense and good taste to find out and settle at last, that what is natural in manner is best."

"But a word or two, a hint from you, mamma, would have saved me all this! And would not it have been better?"

"No, my dear, I think not; I saw what was going on between you and Godfrey, and I was willing that you should hear his opinion: thus, without my interference, you had the advantage of experience. A little of his raillery, I knew, would be of more service than a great deal of my grave advice. Frequent advice and remonstrance to young people about their manners, are apt to do more harm than good."

"Yes, even I said a little too much, and gave a little too much good advice, you see," said Godfrey; "I made her feel awkward."

"I am glad, Godfrey, that you perceive this," continued his mother. "It is of the greatest consequence to your sister that she should not become constrained in the company of her own family and best friends, not merely because this would make them disagreeable to her, but because it might lessen the candour and openness of her character."

"Very true," said Rosamond.

"Very true, indeed," said Godfrey; "I know I went too far, and I will not do it again. Now, father, shall we go to the riding-house, for it is almost time! I want to show you how well I can sit Curvette to-day."

"Stay, my boy," said his father, "your sister looks as if she had something more to say."

"More!" said Godfrey.

"Only one thing more; I wish, papa, before we go, that you, and mamma, and all of you would fix upon some person whom you would wish that I should be like; though I must not imitate parts of different manners, not suited to me, I may fix upon one model for imitation, surely. You know you hear people say to their daughters, Make such a person your model: now, mamma, give me a model. If Laura was out of the room, I should say—somebody. Who would you say, mamma?"

"I should say nobody, my dear," replied her mother.

"And I should say the same," said her father.

"Indeed! but then how can I *form my manners*?" cried Rosamond. "I hear people continually talking of *form*—"

ing the manners. Now I really do not exactly know what is meant by a *manner*, mamma, nor how to set about to acquire it."

"I might almost venture to assert," said her father, "that those who have the best manners have no *manner* at all. To form your own, my dear, without making any one particular person your model, observe all those who have the most amiable and agreeable manners; try to find out the cause, the principle on which their power of pleasing depends, and this you may apply to your own use. Imperceptibly, involuntarily, without conscious imitation of any particular person, you will acquire that air and manner which is common to well-bred people. It has been said, and truly, that good-breeding is the result of good-nature and good sense. Be attentive to others, and good-natured, and you will not fail to please. When you see more of the world, observe, and you will find that in the best company in the higher, in the highest ranks, those who have the most agreeable manners, and the manners most admired by the best judges, are perfectly free from affectation."

"Quite above it," said Orlando. "In all ranks of life, those who have strong minds, those who depend upon themselves, and who do not want, on every trifling occasion, the applause of others, are never affected. You generally see weakness, vanity, and affectation go all together."

"Generally, but not always," said Laura. "Affectation and humility sometimes go together: those, as you say, who have not sufficient dependance on themselves, are apt to lean on the opinions of others, and to affect any manner which they think more pleasing than their own."

"From this time forward," said Rosamond, "I am determined that neither humility nor vanity shall ever make me affected again as long as I live; and thank you, papa, for staying from your ride, and assisting me to go to the bottom of the business, and for explaining all the reasons."

"My dear Rosamond, you may now depend more securely on your good resolution against affectation, since your understanding is really convinced of its folly, than if you were only afraid of Godfrey's ridicule, or of Orlando's contempt: your brothers will not be always with you, or some other influence may sometimes rival



theirs; but the conviction of your understanding will be always with you, and must ever last the same."

"But Godfrey did me a great deal of good, too," said Rosamond, "though it was a little disagreeable at the time."

"You are the best-tempered, as well as best-natured sister in the world," said Godfrey. "So come all of you and see me sit Curvette. And, Rosamond, I promise you," added he, in a whisper, "there shall be an end with me for ever of 'a shape and a face,' and odious 'beauty's goddess.'"

"And I promise you," said Rosamond, "there shall be an end with me for ever of airs and graces."

## THE NINE DAYS' WONDER.

"LAUGH on! laugh on, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey. "Why not laugh in this world at every thing and everybody that is ridiculous."

"But, oh! my dear Godfrey! I must not laugh at my *friends*," said Rosamond, checking herself, as he was beginning to mimic an elderly lady who had been very kind to her.

Laura, who was present, looked up from her drawing with a countenance which plainly said, "Right, Rosamond!" and which almost as plainly implied, "Wrong, Godfrey."

Godfrey, a little piqued, immediately made a low bow, with mock solemnity, to Laura, and said, "I submit with all due deference to the Lady Laura Graveairs, who is propriety personified, with a camel's hair pencil in her mouth!"

"You shall not make me laugh, Godfrey, I assure you," said Rosamond, "either at Laura or at my friend Mrs. Egerton."

"As you please, my dear; be as grave and as stupid as you please, by way of being *very good*. But pray, Rosamond, now I recollect," continued he, "is not this grand Mrs. Egerton the lady of the black bonnet, the very woman you took such a dislike to, once upon a time, because she had a pinch in her bonnet?"

"That was when I was a child, *quite*," said Rosamond.

"Oh! and now you are a woman, *quite*!" replied Godfrey. "and a lady quite—the Lady Rosamond Graveairs, who is trying to prim up her mouth, and look like that model of perfection, the Lady Laura. Let me try now if I can please you, ladies. I will practise in this glass. Now, Rosamond, is this right?—No; I am afraid it is not quite the thing yet; I cannot keep the corners of my mouth down to the true Graveair point. Stay, now I have Laura's mouth—look!"

"I will not laugh," repeated Rosamond.

"What! not when I choose to make you laugh?" said Godfrey. "I defy you to keep your countenance

—I see it giving way already. I will be bound, that, before I have done. I will make you laugh at old Mrs. Pinch-bonnet, and her wiggy brother."

"Never, never, Godfrey," insisted Rosamond.

"We shall see," continued he, following her up and down the room, making some ridiculous old woman's face, while Rosamond, resolving to avoid looking at him, went in search of her music-books, opened the piano-forte, and began to play the Duke of Wellington's march: the full band prevented her from hearing any thing more that Godfrey was saying; but when she paused for an instant to turn over the leaf, Godfrey coughed so like old Mrs. Egerton, and turned over the leaf for her with a "Very well, indeed, my dear Miss Rosamond," said in a voice so like Dr. Egerton's that Rosamond could scarcely keep to her resolution; feeling this, she suddenly rose and ran out of the room.

"Victory! victory!" cried Godfrey. "I like her daring to tell me that she would not laugh when I chose to make her laugh.—Victory! victory! victory!—Acknowledge that I have won the victory, Laura; acknowledge it."

"No; the victory is Rosamond's, I think," said Laura.

"So it seems, in truth, by her running away," replied Godfrey. "No, no, it is clear that I remain master of the field, so I am satisfied; and I can assure you, Laura, once for all, that I will never give up my power over Rosamond's risible muscles. I know little, and care nothing about these Egertons," continued he; "but I am tired of hearing of their excellencies; and besides, I own, I think Rosamond gives up too much of her time, during my holydays, to them: I think her wrong there; and so, with your leave, my dear, on your own principles, I shall do right to laugh her out of that: I shall do my best, depend upon it, to laugh her out of her love and reverence for their excellencies."

"No, no, you will not do that, I think," said Laura.

"We shall see," said Godfrey. "Do you defy me?"

"I do not defy you," said Laura, "for I know that would be the way to provoke you to make the trial: but, the truth is, my dear Godfrey, that I have too good an opinion of you to believe that you would do this even if you could: and I have too good an opinion of Rosamond to think you could if you would."

"Finely said! only too great a jingle of *goods, could's*, and *would's*—my eloquent sister antithesis," said Godfrey. "And as to the plain matter of fact, my dear, your good opinion of Rosamond and of me is, I have a notion, equally ill-founded, as I shall have the honour of proving to you before a week be at an end.—Pray what is to-day!—Wednesday. Then I have just nine days left of my holydays, and to-morrow I begin my operations. But you will keep my counsel? You will not give her warning?"

"I am not of your counsel; I will certainly give her warning," said Laura.

"That's not fair," said Godfrey; "but do so and welcome; so sure of my game am I, that I will give you up the first move, only let us settle what we shall acknowledge to be *game*. Let me see—Rosamond plagues me by going every morning, at some regular time (which by-the-by I hate), to her dear Mrs. Pinchbonnet's, to do something or other *with* her or *for* her, I don't know what; and when I remonstrated yesterday, Rosamond had the assurance to tell me, with an emphatic nod of her dear little impertinent head, that she would never give up that hour to me—"

"And I do not think she will," said Laura.

"Then this shall be my point," said Godfrey; "if I make her give it up, I have the victory. Oh, rare diversion I shall have, at any rate! A fine trial of skill! A fair trial of my power; and if against yours, my dear Laura, so much the better! so much the more glorious the victory! If you will, I'll give you leave to call it the *nine days' wonder*; so good-morning to you. At Rosamond's appointed hour to-morrow I'll meet you and her, tongue to tongue; and my motto shall be,

"Let those laugh now who never laughed before;  
Let those who always laughed now laugh the more."

At Rosamond's *appointed hour*, as Godfrey called it, she was in the habit of going regularly to read to her old friend, Mrs. Egerton, who was confined to the room by rheumatism; she had so much lost her hearing that she was obliged to use a trumpet in common conversation; but there were some voices to which she had been long accustomed, and some persons who spoke very distinctly, and who had the art of pitching their voice so as to suit her ear so well as to prevent the necessity of using her trumpet. Of this number was Ros-

amond, whose voice was peculiarly pleasing to her, as she could hear it when it was not raised above the usual tone of conversation. Rosamond read aloud very well. Mrs. Egerton, who had a strong and lively taste for the pleasure of reading, and a quick and grateful feeling of any attention and kindness from her friends, especially from Rosamond, of whom she was excessively fond, enjoyed so much that time of the day when Rosamond read to her, that she called it *her happy hour*. She looked forward to it, as she said, when she lay awake in the night; or when she awakened in the morning, it was her first pleasant idea. Rosamond, to whom Mrs. Egerton had shown constant kindness ever since their first acquaintance in the days of the India Cabinet, was delighted to have this opportunity of showing her gratitude, and of contributing to her old friend's daily comfort. Mrs. Egerton had this season taken a house so near to that in which Rosamond lived, and so situated, that she could pass and repass through the Green Park in a few minutes at any time, without the difficulties which in town usually attend the exits and entrances of young ladies. Her mother had given her leave to go to Mrs. Egerton's constantly, provided always that she should be punctual to the hour, when a servant was appointed to attend her: but it was a rule, that if she were not ready at that moment, she was not to go at any other time of the day, and then her old friend missed, for that day, *her happy hour*. Gratitude, and the pleasure of giving pleasure, had been sufficiently powerful to make Rosamond, what all who knew her once despaired of her ever being, very punctual. She was now reading *Waverley* to her friend; and as she had a quick ear, and had caught many varieties of Scotch pronunciation, which she learned during a visit she paid in her childhood to a friend of her father's in Scotland, she could do greater justice to the admirable scenes in that romance than many a more experienced English reader.

It is doing necessary justice to Godfrey to premise, that he, having been at school for some time past, knew little or nothing of the kindness which Rosamond had received from Mrs. Egerton, or of the progress of her friendship. All he knew of Mrs. Egerton was from a schoolfellow, who was connected with her family, and who happened not to like the Egertons; whether from ignorance, levity, or prejudice, remains to be decided.

Though not in general more noted for punctuality than was his sister Rosamond, Godfrey could be exact with extraordinary motive, and the next morning he appeared at the appointed hour.

"So, brother!" Rosamond began, with a face that promised no easy victory, and a tone of voice that expressed as much indignation as the occasion required, "I am to thank you for the good opinion you have of me. I find you think me such a poor, weak, despicable creature, that you can by a little ridicule laugh me out of my friends, and out of my gratitude, and out of my principles, and out of my senses: and this is the way you return all my love and confidence! But do your best, do your worst, I hope, I trust you will find, that well as I love you, brother Godfrey, your power over me does not go quite so far as this comes to. I am not quite such an idiot, nor quite so ungrateful; if I were, I should very ill deserve such friends as I have."

"Meaning their excellencies," said Godfrey, speaking with the most provoking composure.

"Brother, if you mean Mrs. Egerton and Doctor Egerton, you may call them their excellencies, or what you please, as long as you please, you will never make them ridiculous, for they are not ridiculous."

"Certainly, if they are not ridiculous I cannot make them ridiculous," said Godfrey; "that's a truth, or a truism."

"A truth I think you'll find it," said Rosamond. "With all your wit, Godfrey, there is nothing like truth: and as the gentleman who dined here yesterday said, 'Ridicule is the test of truth.'"

"Take it the other way," said Laura, "as my father said to him, 'Truth is, or ought to be, the test of ridicule.'"

"Oh! ladies, one at a time, for pity's sake," cried Godfrey: "between two such sharp choppers of logic, what will become of a poor blockhead like me! Not a chip of me will be left: I must give up the point."

"Give up! not you," cried Rosamond. "Oh! I know you too well. We know him too well; don't we Laura?"

"Though armed in impudence, mankind he braves,  
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves."

"There you do me injustice," said Godfrey; "all that

*I say is at least quite unpremeditated. Observe, I have spoken only in reply : you had the advantage of me; for I gave you four-and-twenty hours, and you came upon me with a set oration ; and a very fine one it was! full of fine sentiments and principles; with only one fault—that it was rather too grand for the occasion."*

"Was it?" said Rosamond; "I did not know it was fine: I spoke just from my heart."

"And you went *just* to my heart," said Godfrey, "by one thing, about love and confidence. Oh, Rosamond! that was too serious, too bitter."

"I did not mean to be bitter," replied Rosamond; "but I own I was a little angry at your thinking me such an idiot, and so changeable."

"And could you imagine that I think you an idiot?" said Godfrey. "There's nobody living has a better opinion of your understanding than I have. Proof positive—Should I argue and reason with you continually if I had not? If I did not think you my equal, would there be any pleasure or any glory in conquering you?"

"To be sure, there is some truth in that," said Rosamond; "but I know, Godfrey, that you think me weak."

"If you call being good-natured being weak," replied Godfrey, "I don't deny that I think you weak; and I should be very sorry to have a sister who had not this sort of feminine weakness. I don't like women who are as strong as Hercules."

"Not as Hercules, to be sure," said Rosamond.

"But strength of mind and of body are different," said Laura; "and surely strength of mind is not unfeminine."

"Unpleasing, which comes to the same thing," said Godfrey.

"Seriously, brother," said Rosamond, "do you think me so easily governed by ridicule?"

"Honestly, sister, I do not think that you are to be 'touched and moved' by ridicule *alone*: nor should I like any girl who pretends to be *ridicule-proof*: I would as soon have her bullet-proof; a woman is never called on to stand to be shot at, or to stand to be laughed at; in either case she makes a wofully awkward figure."

"But Godfrey," said Laura, "might not she be in rather a worse condition, and end by being worse than an awkward figure, if she could never bear to be laughed

at when in the right? Then, indeed, she would be a poor, weak, despicable creature, who could, by a little ridicule, be laughed out of her principles, and her gratitude, and her friends."

"It is time to go to Mrs. Egerton!" cried Rosamond, suddenly starting up. "So good morning to you, brother."

"Gone, I declare! and I am conquered!" said Godfrey, as she left the room; "but it is only the first day. You need not look so proud and delighted, Laura, I don't value losing a day."

"So I see," said Laura.

The second morning, full five minutes before the appointed hour, Godfrey found Rosamond with her bonnet on, and a watch upon the table before her, while she and Laura were sitting drawing.

"Prepared, I see, Rosamond!" said Godfrey. "The combined forces drawn up!" added he, looking at Laura. "Two to one against me, which shows that you are desperately afraid. If I were you, Rosamond, I should be quite ashamed to call in assistance to keep my own wise and good resolutions."

"I did not call in any assistance," said Rosamond.

"Nor need she be ashamed of it if she had," said Laura. "Rosamond is too wise to be ashamed of having the advice and assistance of her friends."

"So I perceive," said Godfrey, looking at Rosamond, who did her very best not to appear out of countenance. "But for my part," continued Godfrey, "I would not give the ninety-ninth part of a straw for man, woman, or child, who cannot keep their own good resolutions, without having a flapper beside them, to put them in mind of what they ought to do."

"Do you remember, brother," said Laura, "your wish, when you were reading that story in the *Adventurer* last week?"

"Not I. What wish?" said Godfrey. "What story?"

"Don't you remember," said Laura, "when you were reading the story of Amurath and his ring, which always pressed his finger when he was going to do any thing wrong?"

"Yes; I wished to have such a ring," said Godfrey.

"Well, a friend is as good as such a ring," said Rosamond; "for a friend is, as somebody observed, a *second conscience*; I may call Laura my *second conscience*."



"Mighty fine! but I don't like secondary conscience; a first conscience is, in my opinion, a better thing," said Godfrey.

"You may have that too," said Rosamond.

"Too; but I'd rather have it alone," said Godfrey. "There is something so cowardly in not daring to stand alone."

"You are a man, and are bound to be courageous," said Rosamond; "I am a woman, and may be allowed not to be so bold."

"Now Laura looks so proud, and so much delighted with that speech, because it is vastly like one of her own proud-humility speeches. But that's not your natural character, Rosamond, my dear, and you will never hold it long; and remember what my father said, that mental affectation is worse than bodily affectation."

"Oh! Godfrey, how unjust!" cried Rosamond, "to call my trying to do right affectation. Now, Laura, is not he wrong?"

"Very wrong, indeed, and he knows it," said Laura. Godfrey made no reply, but began to whistle.

"Reduced to whistling!" cried Rosamond. "I have observed that Godfrey is always in a bad way when he whistles; he whistles for want of something to say."

In her triumph, Rosamond might perhaps have forgotten to look at the watch, which lay on the table, and might not have observed that the hand was within a few seconds of the appointed hour, had not Laura held the watch before her eyes. Immediately Rosamond disappeared, crying, "The second-hand is not yet at the appointed hour."

"It is good to have a *second-hand* conscience, I acknowledge," said Godfrey, as she shut the door.

"And good to be able to pay one's self with a pun for having no conscience at all," said Laura, smiling.

This pun was all Godfrey had to console him for this day's failure. But what were two days to him, who had seven in store! He scorned them, as a first-rate player at draughts throws his men away, or seems to throw them away, carelessly in the onset, trusting that success in the beginning will induce that self-confidence which leads to ultimate defeat.

On the third morning Rosamond was proud to be alone, hoping thus to prove, as she said, to Godfrey, that she needed no *second-hand* conscience.

"And, pray, my dear," said Godfrey, "apropos to second-hand, what is this strange machine that you have on the table?"

"This watch, do you mean?" said Rosamond.

"Ay, this huge, ugly, clumsy, warming-pan of a watch: I never saw such a ridiculous thing in my life."

"You say this, brother, only because you know whose it is: let me tell you, that this watch is a great curiosity. You don't know its value."

"Its value, I presume, depends on its having had the honour to belong to old Mrs. Pinch-bonnet; a frightful pinchbeck thing it is!"

"Gold, not pinchbeck," said Rosamond; "made before pinchbeck existed: it belonged to Charles the Second, and is one of the first watches that ever was made in England, and it goes remarkably well."

"And pray where is it to go in future?" said Godfrey. "Is it to go by your side, Rosamond, or to hang round your neck in this manner? My dear, its weight will strangle you."

"Round my neck! oh no, brother."

"Next your heart, then; this way: an antiquarian keepsake from dearest dear Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

"I am not going to wear it," said Rosamond. "The watch is not mine; I am only making a case to hang it in, to stand upon the chimney-piece in Dr. Egerton's study."

"Clock, and watch, and pendule-case maker to the Reverend Dr. Egerton," cried Godfrey, "that is an honour indeed! I do not wonder you look so cock-a-hoop."

"Cock-a-hoop!" repeated Rosamond, with cool disdain; "such a vulgar expression!"

"Not elegant enough for Mrs. Pinch-bonnet's pet or pettish pupil," said Godfrey.

"Poor wit," said Rosamond.

"But here is something superlatively elegant," cried Godfrey, looking with mock admiration at a pendule-stand which Rosamond was making; "is this a clock-case which I see before me?"

"Brother, it is really ill-natured to laugh at every thing I do," said Rosamond.

"At every thing you do! No, my dear," said Godfrey, "only at every thing you do for Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

"As if there was any wit in eternally repeating Mrs.

*Pinch-bonnet!*" said Rosamond; "and as if that could alter my opinion of her!"

"It seems to alter your opinion of me," said Godfrey; "and if it can produce so great an effect, why not the lesser; for I suppose you don't yet love Mrs., I must not say *Pinch-bonnet*, quite so well as you do poor me, your own flesh and blood, brother, and once your friend, Rosamond. Tell me, do you like these *curmudgeons* as well as you like me?"

"Nonsense! you know very well; but I will not answer that question: I must, however, observe, brother, that you are quite wrong to call such excellent people *curmudgeons*."

"Why so, Rosamond? Excellent people may be *curmudgeons*."

"No, brother; pray look in Johnson's Dictionary, and you will find that *curmudgeon* comes from *cœur-méchant*, a bad heart; now nobody ever had a better heart than Mrs. Egerton."

"Except dear old wiggy, her brother," said Godfrey; "how could you forget him, ungrateful Rosamond! Poor dear old excellentissimo wiggy!"

"How can you make me laugh at such nonsense?" said Rosamond.

"How can I?" said Godfrey; "I really do not know: but I am right glad to see you laugh once more; for, seriously, Rosamond, you are infinitely more agreeable when you are your own merry self, than when you look like old Mrs. Egerton, and set up for a prim pattern-of-perfection miss in her teens."

"I never set up for any pattern of perfection; and I did not mean to be prim; and I don't believe that I look like old Mrs. Egerton," said Rosamond.

"You don't believe you look like her! My dear, you are growing as like her as ever you can stare."

"Stare! but I don't stare, nor Mrs. Egerton neither; and you never used such vulgar expressions till lately."

"Translate it into what elegant terms you will," said Godfrey, "the fact remains the same; you are growing very like your friend Mrs. Egerton."

"Impossible, brother! An old lady of her age! How ridiculous!"

"How ridiculous, indeed!"

"But in what or how can I be like her?"

"In a hundred things; but let me alone now, Rosa-

mond, I have no more time to talk ; I want to read, really ; where is my book ?”

Godfrey sat down to read, and after five minutes' silence, Rosamond could not refrain from saying,

“ Seriously, Godfrey, *do* pray tell me in what I am growing like Mrs. Egerton, and explain what you mean by my prim ways.”

“ My dear, pray let me alone now. I must read,” replied he, shaking off her hand from his shoulder.

Rosamond was silent for some minutes, and then said, “ I will only ask you one question, brother: were you in earnest when you said I was growing disagreeable !”

“ Oh, don't plague me, Rosamond,” said Godfrey, impatiently.

“ Plague you ! Oh brother ! when you plague me for ever. What can I do to please you ?” cried Rosamond.

“ You don't want to please me,” replied Godfrey. “ Go and please Mrs. Egerton.”

“ But cannot I please you both ?” said Rosamond ; “ I am sure I love you both.”

“ Maybe so, but you cannot please us both ; so please yourself, I advise you : go, it's just time ; go and read to your *new* friend, and leave me in peace to read to myself.”

“ Are you really serious, Godfrey ? If I thought you were really serious—” said poor Rosamond.

Fortunately for her, Laura came into the room at this moment, to remind her what o'clock it was.

Rosamond took the bonnet which Laura put into her hand, and moved towards the door, but still looked back anxiously at Godfrey, who, in a mock heroic tone, exclaimed,

“ “ I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay ;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.”

And *such* a hand ! Oh *such* a hand !” added he.

His emphasis recalled the idea of poor Mrs. Egerton's maimed hand. Rosamond put on her bonnet directly, and turned away decidedly.

“ Oh ! brother,” said she, “ now I am certain you are only acting a part to try me ; for you could not, I am sure, be so cruel as to laugh at bodily infirmity ; especially when you know, as well as I do, *how* that hand

was burnt. Thank you, Laura, for coming to warn me; you are my good genius."

"And my evil genius," cried Godfrey, the moment Rosamond had left the room. "I wish, Laura, that you had stayed away: you won this day for her; if you had but stayed away five minutes longer, I should have gained my point; Rosamond was such a fool when you were away, my dear! And she grew so wise the moment you came near her; she found my tricks out directly."

"Yes; and when tricks are found out, you know," said Laura, "the tricker loses his power."

"Not at all: Rosamond will be just such a fool again, you will see—no, you will not see, for it must be when you are not by; she grows in sense so prodigiously whenever you come near. But if that should always be her doom in life it would be inconvenient," said Godfrey, "and very ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! But, Godfrey, is all you think of how ridiculous your friend will look?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear," interrupted Godfrey; "but I have just thought of an excellent allusion. Did you ever know that Venus was frightened when she found Cupid never grew; and she complained to old Jupiter, and asked what she could do to make him grow; and Jupiter, or Minerva, or some of the wise ones, told her that her boy should never grow till he had a brother; so presently he had a brother, and Anteros was his name, as much wiser than Cupid as you are wiser than Rosamond, my dear; and the gods ordained, that whenever Anteros should come near Cupid, Cupid should grow up; but whenever Anteros should go away, Cupid should sink down again; so he ended by being the little fellow he is. Just as Rosamond grows in sense when Laura comes near, and sinks down again when Laura goes away. Oh! a capital allusion! if I could but make it out neatly: Folliott Brown shall do it for me; and it pays me for losing my day. Tremble for to-morrow!—you see I am no fool. Tremble, guardian angels all!"

The morning of the fourth day came, and Godfrey this day began, not with "How ridiculous," but with "How beautiful! My dear Laura! My dear Rosamond! how beautifully you have done this drawing! which of you did it?"

"It is Laura's drawing for my pendule-case," said

Rosamond. "It is to be in a tablet at the bottom: won't it be beautiful! It is Guido's Aurora and the dancing Hours; has not Laura diminished them well from that large engraving?"

"Admirably, indeed! But what are these little winged creatures in the circle above?"

"Those are the Minutes, the little winged minutes flying away, and the motto," continued Rosamond, eagerly, "the motto is mine, Franklin's I mean, but of my choosing for the clock-case: pray listen to the motto, Godfrey: 'Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.'"

Godfrey admired the motto, and went on admiring every thing that was shown to him, till he so far succeeded in gaining the attention of both the pleased artists, that he flattered himself they would take care neither of the minutes nor the hours. But even in the midst of a compliment he was paying to Laura's Apollo, and to the ease with which he held the reins, Laura, faithful to her charge, pointed to the watch, and reminded Rosamond that it was time to depart.

"But surely she is not tied to a minute, more or less," said Godfrey; "don't drive her away yet, time enough yet: stay, Rosamond, don't take your portfolio away, I have not half looked it over."

"There's my portfolio," said Rosamond, "keep it as long as you please; but I must go, my dear Godfrey; I must be punctual; Mrs. Egerton likes it, and, as mamma says, when we do any thing for our friends, we should take care to do it in the way which they like."

"Ay, do it then in the way Mrs. Egerton likes," cried Godfrey, then really vexed. "So tiresome! so ridiculous to hear of nothing but Mrs. Egerton. I begin absolutely to hate the sound of that woman's name."

"Because you know nothing of her but her name," said Rosamond. "Only come with me, Godfrey, and see her; I know that she and Dr. Egerton are just such people as you would like: do come."

"Not I," answered Godfrey. "I know enough of them already."

"You! How!"

"Oh, that's a secret: I know as well as if I had lived with them a hundred years, what they are; just people I would go a hundred miles to avoid. Some of your mighty good, precise, dull folk, who think it a prodigious

virtue to do every thing to a minute by their watches and their clocks—the very reason I can't bear them: people who, as Folliott Brown says,

“‘Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,  
For dulness ever must be regular.’”

“Bad rhyme,” said Rosamond.

“And no reason,” said Laura.

“But are you gone?” said Godfrey, catching Rosamond's arm as she passed.

“Yes, gone; for, as there is neither rhyme nor reason, in what you are saying, brother,” said she, “I had better not stay any longer to hear it, lest you should laugh at me as you did yesterday. You see I am not so very foolish to-day; you see I have not grown down again to-day. I am not ashamed to take the advice of a good friend: if I were, brother, you might with justice laugh at me the moment I shut the door, and you might say, how ridiculous! and make, or get somebody else to make, a fable on me. You need not blush so very much: I am not angry, because I am in the right. Good-by.”

Godfrey stood for a moment silent and ashamed, but recovering himself, he blamed Laura. “This is not fair, Laura,” said he, “to repeat what I said.”

“Perfectly fair,” said Laura. “Recollect, I gave you warning from the beginning that I should do so.”

“Oh, that I had kept my fable and my wit to myself,” cried Godfrey. “But it is good to have such a skilful enemy; many a man, as some great general said, has learned how to conquer by being defeated.”

“You are in a fair way to victory, then,” said Laura. The next morning, the fifth day of trial, Godfrey did not come till Rosamond began to think he would not make his appearance at all. He burst into the room, exclaiming, “The Panorama of Athens! Orlando and I are going to it!”

“Are you indeed?” said Rosamond.

“Yes; and mamma says you may go with us, Rosamond, so come; on with your bonnet.”

“But,” said Rosamond, drawing back, “I cannot go now; cannot you be so kind to go one hour later?”

“No; now or never,” said Godfrey.

“It must be *never* for me, then,” said Rosamond, sorrowfully, “for I cannot break my resolution; in five minutes it will be my hour for Mrs. Egerton.”

"Nonsense, child! would you really give up seeing Athens? Consider what it is to see Athens! Very different from seeing London," continued Godfrey, chucking her under the chin as she stood with a face of deep consideration; "would you give up seeing Athens for the sake of going at an appointed hour to read Scotch, which you can't read, to an old woman who can't hear! How ridiculous! and how people continually mistake their own motives, and sacrifice to vanity when they fancy they are sacrificing to friendship, and virtue, and generosity, and *all that*. How very ridiculous!"

Rosamond coloured; but, after a look at Laura, answered with composure, "Laugh on, laugh on, brother; I can bear to be laughed at. When I know I am right, Godfrey, even your ridicule can do me no harm; can it, Laura?"

"Then," said Godfrey, "I may laugh on with a safe conscience: thank you, Rosamond, but I have no time for it now. Hark! Orlando calls: decide, Egerton or Athens."

"I cannot go with you, Godfrey," said Rosamond, "if you must go now."

"I must: good-by," said he, going to the door.

"Good-by," said Rosamond.

He went out of the room, but, holding the door half open, put his head back again, looking at her for her last words.

"Good-by," said Rosamond, steadily.

"How ridiculous!" cried he; and clapping the door, he ran down stairs.

"Victory over myself!" cried Rosamond; "and the hardest fought battle I have had yet," added she, turning to Laura, who congratulated her with looks of affectionate approbation; and, suppressing a sigh for Athens, she went to her old friend. So ended her fifth day's trial.

At dinner, when they next met, Godfrey was loud in the praises of the panorama; and Orlando, and his father and mother, expressed surprise that Rosamond did not accept of the invitation to go with her brothers. Rosamond, when her mother questioned her, said, "I will tell you all, mamma, at the end of four days more; don't ask me till then. Trust me, mamma; trust me, papa; trust me, Orlando, I have a good reason. It is a trial of power between Godfrey and me."



"Very well, my dear, I will ask no more," said her mother, "till you choose to tell me more; only remember, trials of power are dangerous things between friends."

"The very words that Laura said when I was going to sleep last night," cried Rosamond.

"But it is no wager, mother," said Godfrey.

"And since we have begun, do pray let us go through with it, mamma, if you please," said Rosamond; "because, my dear mamma, you must know that I have won five days, that is, I have stood steady five days, and I have only four days more of trial, and it will be a victory over myself; and *that*, you know, both papa and you like."

"Divert yourselves your own way, my dear children," said her father. "I trust to you, and do not want to know your little secrets, or to meddle with all your little affairs."

Godfrey, perceiving that it had cost Rosamond much to give up the panorama of Athens, and that she had particularly felt the ridicule he had thrown upon this sacrifice, judged it best to pursue the same mode of attack on the morning of the sixth day's trial. In one half of this judgment he was right, the other half was wrong. The giving Rosamond an opportunity of making a sacrifice for a friend was the way to attach, instead of detaching her from that friend. But, on the other hand, there was the chance that the ridicule thrown on the sacrifice might make her give it up as worthless.

"Well, Rosamond," cried he, "I hope you will accompany us to-day; we are going to a better thing than the Panorama of Athens."

"Better! what can that be? Better," said Rosamond, "than the Panorama of Athens!"

"Athens itself," replied Godfrey. "What do you think of the Elgin marbles? We are going to the British Museum, and you may come with us if you will give up your *nonsense*."

"I cannot, Godfrey, give up going to Mrs. Egerton, yet, perhaps, I can change the hour, and go to her before we set out, or after we return."

Godfrey, seeing her ready to give up so much, thought he could now gain his whole point.

"No, no," said he, "changing the hour will not do,

Rosamond; all or nothing; we must have the whole day for the Museum, we must go as early as possible: so take your choice, Elgin marbles or Pinch-bonnet! Come, don't be ridiculous!"

"Nothing very ridiculous in keeping my resolution," said Rosamond.

"Very ridiculous, if it be a ridiculous resolution," said Godfrey.

"But there's the point to be decided," said Laura.

"Ay, there is the point," said Godfrey. "Well, I acknowledge, Rosamond is quite sublime in giving up the Elgin marbles: superior in friendship to Achilles himself; for he sacrificed only a hundred oxen or a hundred swine to his beloved Patroclus; but Rosamond sacrifices a hecatomb of gods and demi-gods to her dearly beloved Mrs. Pinch-bonnet. I must tell this to Folliott Brown."

Rosamond laughed, but, with a little mixture of shame in her laughter, she asked, "Pray who is Folliott Brown?"

"The cleverest young man I know," replied Godfrey; "the best of classical scholars, the best quizzer, and the greatest lover of fun."

"Fun! quizzer! I hate those schoolboy words," said Rosamond.

"You mean that you hate to be quizzed," said Godfrey. "Then take care if ever you see Folliott Brown, and don't let him get to your ridiculous side, my dear, for no mortal can seize it better. Quizzing is his delight."

"You know papa hates quizzing," said Rosamond, "and it is very vulgar."

"Very likely," said Godfrey; "but Folliott Brown is very fashionable; and I know if he were to get hold of it he would enjoy your classical sacrifice to friendship most amazingly; just the thing for him! So if you don't go with us to the Elgin marbles, he shall have it, my dear sister."

"Very kind, indeed, to your dear sister, to make her your sport and your butt with your friends," said Rosamond, evidently much disturbed.

"But did not my dear sister tell me to laugh on, and that she could bear to be laughed at?"

"And so I can, and so I will," cried Rosamond; "but all I say is, that it is not very kind, Godfrey."

"Come, come, my dear little Rosamond," said he, in a coaxing tone, "don't let that old witch of Egerton, worse than the witch of Endor, make us quarrel about nothing. Give up the point in a gracious, graceful, feminine way, and be my own dear Rosamond. You'll come with me then to the Elgin marbles? Yes; and write an apology to Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

Rosamond shook her head.

"But consider, these are my holydays," continued Godfrey; "and surely, Rosamond, you ought to indulge me with your company."

"Oh, Godfrey, how you try persuasion, when you see that ridicule will not do," said Rosamond.

Godfrey could not refrain from smiling.

"But, after all," said he, "what an abominably selfish creature this precious old Pinch-bonnet must be, not to give up her little amusement to your great pleasure."

"There you are quite mistaken," said Rosamond; "for when Laura told her that I had given up the Panorama of Athens, she was exceedingly sorry, and she begged me not to come to her again during your holydays: she said she could not bear to take me from you. But I told her that it was easy to arrange matters so that I should lose none of your company, because I could always go to her at the time when you are busy at your Latin and Greek. You know that you must be at least an hour a day at your studies; and if you will tell me your hour, Godfrey, we can settle it so, and all will be right, and I can go to the Elgin marbles, if you please."

"That will never do," said Godfrey; "for I like to have my Latin hour at night, when I go up to bed, and then I lose nothing by day."

"But I cannot go to Mrs. Egerton at night," said Rosamond.

"So I say: therefore you must give it up," said Godfrey.

"Who is selfish now, Godfrey?" said Laura. "You fix your hour at night, that you may lose nothing; yet you will not give up any thing for Rosamond or for Mrs. Egerton's pleasure."

"Why should I give up any thing to Mrs. Egerton? She is not my friend, I am sure," replied Godfrey.

"But I am your friend, I hope," said Rosamond; "and yet you will not do this for me. But you are

only trying your power over me, brother; and all you want is to gain your point."

"Rosamond," cried Godfrey, "you really are growing too cunning, too suspicious."

"If I am growing a little suspicious, I know who has made me so," replied Rosamond. "Deceiving even in play, or trying to deceive, makes one suspicious: you know, Godfrey, the speech of your own favourite Achilles,

"For once deceived was his, but twice were mine."

Godfrey felt the force of these words, and stood for a minute silent; then, turning upon his heel, said, "I've begun with it, and I'll go through with it; I will not give up."

During the remainder of this day, and of the next, Godfrey never recurred to the subject, never mentioned the name of Mrs. Egerton, or made the slightest attempt to prevent Rosamond, either by ridicule or persuasions, from adhering to her resolution. But whether this proceeded from forgetfulness or design, from his wish to lull Rosamond's caution to sleep, or from repenting of his having engaged in a trial unworthy of him—whether, in fact, his thoughts were taken up with his friend Folliott Brown, with whom he spent the morning of the seventh day, are historic doubts not easy to solve.

Laura could not believe that Godfrey had given up his point, and this was very provoking to Rosamond.

"Consider," said Rosamond, "there are but two days more to come of my trial; I may surely look back on the hardest part, and laugh. Besides, you see, Laura, that Godfrey's head has turned quite to other things; he can think of nothing now but his friend Folliott Brown, and those lines he has written, 'The Parguinote's Farewell to his Country,' which, by-the-by, are beautiful. Folliott Brown must be a young man of great genius and feeling; and, besides, he says the Folliott Browns are all very fashionable. I am so glad we shall meet all the Browns at Monsieur Deschamps's ball to-morrow. Godfrey," continued Rosamond, "really thinks that nothing is right or fashionable but what they say or do; and that every thing is wrong and ridiculous that they laugh at. How very full poor Godfrey's head is of these Folliott Browns!"

"And I think he has filled your head with them too, has not he, Rosamond?" said his mother, who came into the room while Rosamond was finishing this speech.

"No, mamma, not at all," said Rosamond: "You don't know *all* I am thinking of; I am only curious to know whether Godfrey has really given up a certain trial of power."

The next time she saw him she said, in a secure tone, "Godfrey, do you recollect? There are only two days more to come!"

He was silent, but he had not his triumphant look.

Godfrey's father remarked that his son had of late constantly used the words *fashionable* and *right*, as if they meant always one and the same thing; and observed, that Godfrey continually spoke of his friend Folliott Brown as if he were the supreme judge of taste, and manners, and morals, and literature. It happened that, just after his father had been rallying him on this subject, and before he had well recovered from the surprise he felt at hearing Folliott Brown's infallibility questioned, Rosamond came into the room, and, not knowing what had passed, increased his vexation, by whispering, "Remember, brother, this is the last day but one."

"The ides of March are come, but not past, Rosamond!" said Godfrey.

Alarmed by this speech, she prepared for some new attack; but nothing was said till, just as she was setting out for Mrs. Egerton's, Godfrey exclaimed, "Surely, Rosamond, on such a day as this, on the day of the dancing-master's ball, when you must have so much to do and to think of for yourself, you cannot be so very kind to your old friend Mrs. Egerton as to give up an hour, a whole hour, to her!"

"Yes, but I can, and I shall, as you will see," said Rosamond, leaving the room with dignity.

"Magnanimously said! Magnanimously looked! Magnanimously done," cried Godfrey, turning to Laura. "But, as we have been told, you know, there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

"And as we may know, without being told," answered Laura, "it depends upon everybody's own sense whether they will take that one step or not."

"What steps people take do not always depend upon their own sense, nor upon the sense of their friends,"

retorted Godfrey. "We shall see, we shall see: I don't ask you now, my dear, not to put Rosamond on her guard, because I see you can't do it. You have done your best—you have done your very best: but your mistake was, my dear, you trusted to reason instead of wit. How ridiculous! To a woman, and from a woman! How ridiculous!"

Monsieur Deschamps' ball was delightful, we will not say beyond all power, but certainly beyond any need of description. Many of the relations of the young ladies, his pupils, were there; and Godfrey accompanied his sisters. Rosamond was amazingly charmed with the beauty, elegance, and fashion which then, for the first time, struck her eyes, and perhaps her imagination, in the persons, dress, and air of the Miss Folliott Browns, and of the Lady Frances Folliott Brown, their mother.

Godfrey's friend appeared also an object of universal admiration; not among the younger part of the little assembly, for these Folliott Brown scarcely condescended to notice; and therefore, resenting his disdain, they confessed that they could not like or did not understand him; but the mothers and matrons, who presided as judges and spectators of the ball; and the elder sisters, and the grown-up young ladies, those enviable, envied beings, who *go out* or who have *come out*, who are *in the world*; in short, who know all that is right, and all that is wrong, as to dress, fashion, men, and manners, each in their *coteries* apart, allowed Folliott Brown to be quite charming! Some praised his poetry, and others admired the tying of his neckcloth.

In the intervals between the quadrilles, Rosamond, when she sat down beside different parties of young ladies, heard much that was said to this purpose; and the high opinion with which Godfrey had prepossessed her in favour of his friend, was thus increased by the voice of numbers, and still more by their looks.

Mr. Folliott Brown was some years older than her brother; there was between him and Godfrey all the difference of pretensions which usually appear between a schoolboy of the higher forms and a young man at the university. But former friendship attached him to his schoolfellow; and Godfrey, feeling pride in his notice, increased Rosamond's high opinion of his talents. They were indeed considerable. Nothing he said, however, this night, justified his reputation, in Laura's opin-

ion : but Rosamond, overawed and dazzled, thought she was in the wrong when she did not admire, and listened still in expectation of something more. Rosamond was just of that age when girls do not join in conversation, but when they sit modestly silent, and have leisure, if they have sense, to judge of what others say, and to form by choice, and not by chance, their opinions of what goes on in that great world into which they have not yet entered.

Mr. Folliott Brown was much too grand a person to dance at such a ball as this ; and Godfrey, also, this night seemed to prefer talking to dancing. At supper, Rosamond, separated from Godfrey, from Laura, and from her mother, was seated at a small table with the young people of her quadrille. Godfrey, who had his own object in view, contrived to persuade one of the young ladies near him to be afraid of catching cold from the wind of some terrible window or door, and he made Rosamond change places with her, declaring, at the same time, that Rosamond never in her life had been known to catch cold. She saw that her brother did this on purpose to get her near him and his friend, and among the Folliott Browns, at whose table he was sitting. She felt obliged to him for his good-nature, smiled at the manœuvre in her own favour, and enjoyed her situation. She found Folliott Brown very entertaining, and she thought his sisters *charming*, though, in truth, they and their partners talked only of a number of fine people whom Rosamond had never seen or heard of ; so that beforehand it might have been imagined that the conversation could not in any way have interested her. How it happened that she was so much pleased, we know not : but so it was. Godfrey's "How ridiculous !" perpetually recurred. From any of the Folliott Browns the expression was decisive, against any thing or person on whom this sentence was thus pronounced. At length, when all had supped, and all had talked, in one of those intervals of silence which occur even among the wittiest, the wisest, and the most indefatigable talkers, Godfrey took his opportunity to ask his friend whether he was not related to the Egertons, to Dr. and Mrs. Egerton.

"Distantly. Thank Heaven ! *only* distantly," was Folliott Brown's answer.

"But are they not delightful people !" said Godfrey.

Folliott and his sisters interchanged looks, which sufficiently expressed their opinions.

"Delightful people! How ridiculous! Who could have put that into your head?" said Folliott.

"A friend of mine," replied Godfrey.

Rosamond blushed, she did not well know why, and wished not to be named.

"A judicious friend, no doubt," said Folliott Brown.

"But I admire his judgment more than his taste.—Your old tutor, maybe?"

"No, no," said Godfrey, laughing. "Very far from the mark; neither a tutor, nor old."

"Then one who has a gray head upon green shoulders, it seems," said Folliott; "and that, to my fancy, is an unbecoming mixture."

"So ridiculous!" said one of the Miss Browns.

"So unnatural!" said the other.

"I like for young people to be young; I hate what you call a wise young person, don't you?" said another young lady to her partner, who perfectly agreed with her, but was more intent upon a glass of champaign.

"But do you know," continued Miss Brown, "I have a little cousin (Helen Egerton, you know, Folliott), who, by living so much with old people, poor little thing, has really got that sort of gray head upon green shoulders look, which, as you say, is so unnatural, so affected, so ridiculous!"

Rosamond, sitting in all the agony of consciousness, felt as if she really had a gray head on green shoulders, and as if everybody was looking at it. But nobody was looking at her; and though what was said seemed, she thought, as if aimed at her, it was, in fact, mere random nonsense.

"Affected!" said Miss Annetta Folliott Brown. "No; now really I acquit poor Helen Egerton of affectation: but some people have the misfortune to have that formal, wizzen old look and way, and really like to be with old people. Now, for my part, I think young people should always be with young people."

"Always! always! always!" was echoed round the table by all but Rosamond.

"Nemine contradicente! we have it," cried Folliott Brown, for Rosamond's silence was perceived only by Godfrey. In this company she was of too little consequence to have a voice. When Folliott, looking round,



again repeated, "Nemine contradicente! I should like to hear from ruby lips a dissentient voice." She longed to speak, but dared not. "Shakspeare," continued Folliott Brown, "and who understood the human heart and life in all its ages better than Shakspeare? tells us, that

" 'Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together,  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care.' "

"Oh, go on, delightful!" said one of the young ladies. "Such a charming old word, pleasance! Oh, go on; I do so dote on Shakspeare."

"I forget the rest; I have the worst memory in the world," said Folliott; "but I know it ends with

" 'Age, I do abhor thee;  
Youth, I do adore thee.' "

"Miss Rosamond, let me help you to some grapes; won't you take an orange?" said Miss Folliott Brown, observing Rosamond's uneasy look, and attributing it to displeasure at not having been sufficiently attended to.

This was vexatious; but Rosamond accepted of the orange, and began to peel it, that she might have some employment for her hands and eyes. Godfrey was sorry for her; but as he thought this his last, best chance of gaining his point, he was anxious that the conversation should go on. "But pray, after all, what sort of people are Mrs. Egerton and Dr. Egerton?"

"Oh! I don't know," answered Miss Folliott Brown. "Mighty good people, you know; but people one never meets, one never hears of anywhere but in the country."

"Vastly too good," said Miss Annetta; "very good family, to be sure, mamma's relations: but oldfashioned, old people, old Manor House, old mannered people. Stupid: just what you call quizzes!"

"Ay, quizzes!" cried Folliott. "Quizzes, bores; and bores, you know, should be hunted out of society."

"Very good!" said a young lady.

"Oh! the Egertons, though they are connexions of ours, *are* very stupid, shockingly good, quite quizzes!" These sentences were repeated by the Miss Browns and their brother all together, in chorus; Godfrey, declaring that he had heard quite a different description of the Egertons, urged on the conversation, till all grew eager in support of their opinions, and each told some

anecdote that placed Mrs. Egerton or her brother in a ridiculous point of view. Rosamond was convinced, that of these anecdotes many were absolutely false, others exaggerated, and others nowise disgraceful to any human creature; as they proved only that Dr. and Mrs. Egerton were careful to do what they thought right, and that they did not approve of folly and extravagance. Yet no one circumstance was mentioned which she could absolutely say she knew to be false; and to contradict the opinions of those who were more nearly connected with the Egertons, and who pretended to know them all so perfectly well, required some courage. Rosamond had coloured and coloured more deeply, and had become so very uneasy, that her embarrassment was now visible to one of the Miss Browns, who sat opposite to her, and in an instant afterward to all the company. Godfrey suddenly arose, and went round to her to pick up her gloves, for which she stooped, and, in a whisper, as he returned them to her, said, "Give up *the point*, and I'll bring you off."

"Never," replied a look from Rosamond, which made Godfrey not a little ashamed.

"Suppose we were to look for my mother and Laura, they are at the other end of the room," said he; "I've a notion it is late, and time to go."

"Ay! time to go!" cried Folliott Brown. "You have used us abominably; I have a notion you have exposed us all to your judicious friend."

Rosamond rose hastily, and Godfrey picked up her dropped fan.

"A very judicious friend, I grant," pursued Folliott Brown, as Godfrey drew her arm within his: "most judiciously silent."

Rosamond resolutely stopped as Godfrey was leading her away. "Silent only because I had not the courage to speak," said she. "How I wish," added she, commanding her trembling voice, "that I could be a judicious friend! Such a one as Mrs. Egerton has been to me!"

All were silent for an instant: Rosamond then went away with Godfrey as fast as he pleased. She thought she heard from behind her the sound of "*How ridiculous!*"

"I know they think me very ridiculous, but I don't mind that," said she.

Godfrey made no answer.

"Oh, there is Laura! And mamma, I see, is ready to go! I am so glad!" cried Rosamond. "Godfrey, will you come with us, or will you walk home with Mr. Brown?"

Godfrey, without making any answer, ran to order the carriage to draw up, handed his mother and sisters into it, and then asked, "Can you make room for me?"

"I thought, Godfrey," said his mother, "that you were to walk home with your friend, Mr. Folliott Brown?"

Still he made no answer, but, keeping his foot on the step, seemed anxious to get into the carriage: immediately Rosamond squeezed herself into the smallest compass possible, and made room for him between her and Laura. The carriage-door shut, and they drove off. After some minutes, during which Laura and her mother supported the conversation, her mother observed that they had not allowed Rosamond and Godfrey time to say a word: time was now given, but no words were heard from either.

"Who did you dance with, Godfrey?" asked his mother.

"I don't recollect, ma'am: with two or three," said Godfrey.

"Miss Annetta Brown," said Laura, "was one of your partners, was not she?"

"Yes, I believe so. But don't talk to me of any thing but what I am thinking of," said Godfrey.

"And how are we to find out that, my dear son?" said his mother.

"Oh, mother! I don't deserve to be your dear son to-night. But here is one who does deserve to be your dear daughter," said Godfrey, putting Rosamond's hand into his mother's. "Yes, do love and esteem her, mother and Laura; she deserves it well."

"But how is this? Tears, Rosamond, I can feel, though I don't see," said her mother, as she felt them drop on her hand.

"Tears of my causing," said Godfrey.

"Caused by these kind words, then," said Rosamond; "for they never came till this moment."

"Laura," continued Godfrey, "she has quite conquered me. I give up the point: I only wish I had given it up sooner, for I have been wrong, very wrong; but

then she has been right, very right, and that is a comfort."

"You are always generous and candid, Godfrey," said Rosamond, "except—you understand me," added she, "when you—when you want to try your power. But now that is over—"

"Over, yes; over for ever," said Godfrey. "This was much worse than beauty's goddess, and the airs and graces; there I was right in the main, though wrong in going a little too far; but here I was, as Laura said, from the first wrong in the principle, and I felt it all the time. I knew you had the best of the argument; but my desire to show my power over you, and to gain my point, my foolish point, made me go on, from one step to another. I really did not mean to be so ill-natured and wrong in every way as I have been. But you have stood steady, and *therefore* I have done you no harm: but I might have done you real harm, confusing all right and wrong as I did, and only to gain my paltry point. But you have the victory, and the best victory, as Laura would say, over yourself; and I am sure, let all those people say *how ridiculous!* a million of times over, they must have admired and respected you at *that* moment in their hearts; not one of them could have done it, or said it; especially at your age! and when all mouths were open, all their foolish mouths, and mine, the most foolish, the most unpardonably wrong of the whole party, were against you. She has stood this trial steadily indeed, Laura, and your opinion of her was right, I acknowledge, and I am glad of it. I was quite wrong."

"I shall be very glad, my dear Godfrey, when I can understand the wrongs and the rights clearly," said his mother.

Godfrey related all that had passed during the whole of this nine days' trial; and he spared himself so little, and did such justice to both his sisters, that his mother found it impossible to be as angry with him as she acknowledged that he deserved that she should be.

"There is one favour that I wish to ask from you, Godfrey," said Rosamond.

"Do not *ask* it, my dear," said Godfrey; "let me have the pleasure of doing it without your asking it: I will do it to-morrow morning."

"Then I perceive you guess what it is," said Rosamond, smiling.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, when Rosamond was going to Mrs. Egerton's, Godfrey begged to accompany her.

"Thank you; the very thing I wished," said Rosamond; "I ask you only to see, hear, and judge for yourself."

Just as they were setting out, however, they were stopped by a servant, who put a note into Rosamond's hand from Mrs. Egerton. This note requested that Rosamond would not come to her this day, as some unhappy circumstances had happened, which must prevent her enjoying the pleasure of seeing her young friend.

What these *unhappy circumstances* were, Rosamond did not hear till long afterward. They related to the affairs of the Folliott Browns, which, by the extravagance of that family, began at this time to be much deranged. The young people, who had been so thoughtlessly talking the preceding night, little knew that they would so soon need the assistance of the excellent persons whom they were endeavouring to turn into ridicule. In the absolute ruin of Mr. Folliott Brown's fortune, which some months afterward ensued, when they were obliged to sell their house in town, their carriages, and all that could be sold of their property; when all their fine friends only said, "The poor Folliott Browns, I hear, are quite ruined! quite gone!" Mrs. Egerton and her brother received them kindly, and assisted them generously.

As Godfrey observed, they had reason to be glad that Rosamond was both a judicious and a *silent* friend.

## EGERTON ABBEY.

A YEAR and some months had passed since "Rosamond's nine days' trial," which was now counted among childish occurrences, or, if referred to, prefaced with, "Do you remember the time, Rosamond, of that foolish trial?" or, "Do you recollect, Godfrey, that time of the nine days' wonder, when you did not like the Egertons; I mean when you did not know the Egertons!"

That time had long been in the preterpluperfect tense with Godfrey. It was so completely past that it was with difficulty that he could remember it; and it was not only with difficulty, but with some sense of shame or self-reproach, that he called it to mind. Rosamond, observing this, had kindly consigned the subject to oblivion.

Godfrey had never been at Egerton Abbey, which belonged to Dr. Egerton, brother-in-law to Rosamond's excellent old friend. Rosamond, who had often been there with her mother during the time that her brother had been at school, was delighted with the prospect of his accompanying them on a visit which they were now going to pay there. She was eager to introduce him to a place she particularly loved, and to see him enjoy the company of those whom she was proud of having made his friends. Godfrey, perceiving this, gave her the greatest pleasure, by being as gay as possible on their happy journey to the Abbey.

It was a delightful day in autumn. They travelled in an open carriage, and through a beautiful country. If the carriage had stopped as often as Rosamond wished that it should, for Laura to sketch every "charming picturesque view!" her drawing-book would have been filled in the course of this day, and they would not have arrived at the end of their journey before midnight. But, fortunately, Laura's wish to reach Egerton Abbey before it grew dusk was gratified, as the red setting sun was still shining on the top of the great oak wood, and gleaming on the windows in the western front of the Abbey, as they drove up the avenue.

Godfrey was quite as much pleased with the first view as Rosamond had expected, and his delight increased, even beyond her hopes, when he entered the Gothic hall, and followed her as she hurried him along the matted cloisters, dimly lighted through painted glass, to the "happy library," opening to a conservatory, rich, as Rosamond had described it, "in bloom and perfume, and on which the sun always shone." The library, with books and prints scattered on various tables, gave evidence that people had been happily employed. No one was in the room when they first entered; the family were out on the terrace, watching for the arrival of their friends. A pleasing young girl soon came running in eagerly to welcome Rosamond; this was Helen, Mrs. Egerton's grand-daughter. While Mrs. Egerton, who could not walk fast, was returning from the farthest end of the terrace, Helen had time to tell them the names of all the people who were at the Abbey. Rosamond enjoyed Godfrey's look of surprise and satisfaction when he heard that among the guests were two persons whom he had particularly wished to see, or rather to hear; one was a celebrated traveller, the other a distinguished orator and patriot.

The first evening at Egerton Abbey was spent so happily, that when it was time to go to rest, Godfrey lingered so long in his mother's apartment, talking over with Rosamond the pleasures they had enjoyed since their arrival, and the still greater pleasures they anticipated for the morrow, that his father was at last obliged to take him by the shoulders, put him out of the room, and lodge him in the turret assigned him. Even then, unless his father had prudently bolted his own door, Godfrey would have returned, yea, even at midnight, to have made him come to look at something he had discovered in his turret. It was Rosamond's pendule-case, with the flying minutes and dancing hours, which he saw placed on his chimney-piece.

From the turret in which Godfrey slept, a back staircase led down to Dr. Egerton's study; and one from Rosamond's turret led to Mrs. Egerton's dressing-room. They had each leave to go to their friends, and of this happy privilege they availed themselves as soon as possible. The first morning, before breakfast, they were made acquainted with the characters, and with all that could be entertaining or instructive in the histories of the

various guests then at Egerton Abbey. These judicious friends were anxious to introduce them early in life to persons distinguished for their knowledge, talents, or virtues; to all who could best, by precept and example, excite generous emulation, and direct useful energy.

It is certain that much of what was said and done during this visit made an indelible impression both on Godfrey and Rosamond; but it will not be possible for their historian to do more than touch upon the principal points.

The first day, at dinner, the conversation turned upon Athens and the Elgin marbles, and then diverged to Greece, and Turkey, and Ali Pacha. Godfrey and Rosamond had read and remembered enough of the Travels of Holland and Clark to excite their interest in all that was said, and to enable them to follow the conversation with the double satisfaction arising from the consciousness of knowing a little, and the sense of learning more. Though neither of them joined in the conversation, their interest and attention were constantly kept up: when this agreeable traveller said he had seen the yanar, or perpetual fire, of which they had read an account in "Karamania;" that he had walked on the banks of the Scamander, and clambered into the pyramids; when he asserted that he had remained long enough at Tripoli to confirm the truth of the picture of that country, so well given in the narrative of Mr. Tully's residence there—great was their pleasure in listening; and they almost felt as if they themselves had travelled over these regions.

The conversation afterward turned upon the female character and manners, and their influence on the fate and happiness of nations in the Oriental and the European world; and many curious facts were mentioned, and many allusions made, both to history and to works of fiction, which kept up the lively attention of the young audience.

It was particularly agreeable to Rosamond, who was the youngest of the party, to feel that she could take a real interest in such conversation, and that the books which she had read, or that she had heard read at home, now came into use. Well-educated, well-informed young people, will here recollect and recognise their own feeling of delight in similar circumstances. As Dr. Egerton pointed out, her pleasure arose, not only from the taste she had acquired for knowledge and literature,



but from the feelings of sympathy and domestic affection, which made every subject that was interesting to her father and brothers, doubly interesting to herself.

The day after the conversation about the Elgin marbles, Tweddell's *Life* having been referred to by some of the company, his *Memoirs* were left open on the library table, as it chanced, at a part which caught Rosamond's attention. It was the letter which gives an account of the country-seat and princely establishment of a certain Polish countess. It was not the charming country-seat, or the princely establishment, that excited Rosamond's admiration, but the generosity of this noble lady to a family of French emigrants, who had in their prosperity shown her kindness at Paris, and whom in their adversity she received with splendid hospitality and magnificent gratitude. Rosamond, delighted with this account, carried it directly to Mrs. Egerton, and resting the quarto on the elbow of her arm-chair, read the whole passage. When she had finished reading, she exclaimed, "How I wish I had been that Polish countess! I wish I had such an immense fortune, and such vast power; because, without great riches or great power, whatever one may feel, it is impossible to show such generosity, such gratitude!"

"I allow, my dear," replied Mrs. Egerton, "without such a fortune, and power, it is impossible to show what you call magnificent gratitude; but, consider, that such is rarely called for in the common course of life; while in every condition in yours, in mine, in every class, in those far below us in fortune and power, even in the very poorest, generosity or gratitude, equal to that of your noble countess, may be shown, if not as magnificently or as usefully, at least as essentially to the happiness of those for whom it is exercised."

"Perhaps so," said Rosamond; "but still one cannot do so much good—such grand things."

"Not such grand things, certainly, but as much good," said Mrs. Egerton, "on a small scale. If each person in their own little way does something, and if all do the best they can, the numbers will in time work out as much good for their fellow-creatures, more, perhaps, than any individual can perform by the greatest exertions. The effect will not, I grant, be so immediately striking to the young imagination, or so flattering to the feelings of vanity."

"To the young imagination! that means to *me*," said Rosamond, smiling. "But now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, even with your sober judgment, you would not—would you? you could not—could you? love and value that small-scale gratitude so much as the magnificent generosity we were talking of?"

"I think I value it more, and love it more," said Mrs. Egerton. "I value it more, because it is more useful; I love it more, because it affects the happiness of the human creatures for whom I am immediately interested; and I both love and value what you call the small-scale generosity and gratitude, because it is generally the effect of more real feeling; and it requires, in its exercise and in its continuance, more self-denial and self-control."

The conversation was here interrupted by a summons to Rosamond to join her mamma, and Laura, and Godfrey, and the rest of the company, who were ready to go and take a long walk to the oak wood. Mrs. Egerton was not able to accompany the young party on these long walks; but while they rambled to their hearts' content through every alley, green, dingle, and bushy dell, and while they, still more to their hearts' content, took always the most difficult path, and that which promised the greatest number of stiles to scramble over, she was satisfied to drive on the beaten road, in her low garden-chair, to meet the party at some favourite spot, where she joined with her young friends in as much of their walk as her advanced years and declining strength permitted her to attempt. This morning she told Helen she would meet them at a certain gate leading from the high road into the forest opposite to the great scathed oak. She met them there; and while Laura, after sketching the great oak, was busy drawing a group of peasants with their children, who were pulling acorns from the boughs, Mrs. Egerton took Rosamond with her down a path which led to the thickest part of the glen.

"Let me lean on you, my love, and you will take care of me down this steep path," said she. "And now, without going so far as to the Ukraine, and without the power or fortune of the Polish countess, I think I can show you an example of what we may class among the *small-scale* instances of gratitude."

"What a delightful path! What a romantic scene!"

What a picturesque situation for a cottage!" cried Rosamond. "I think I shall finish by wishing to live in that little cottage."

"Stay till you see the inside of it, my dear; and, believe me, you will not wish to call that little hut your home; and though it is summer now, and that this glen looks cheerful in the sunshine, do not forget that winter will come. You will find in the inside of that hut nothing but poverty, plain, sordid poverty, without any thing for picturesque effect. I found out these poor people the other day by chance, when I went to a straw chairmaker's in the village, to bespeak for the grotto what you call my beehive chair. While I was there a poor girl came in with some bosses, for which she waited to be paid. The moment the money was put into her hand she asked for fresh work, received it with thankfulness, and ran off. The chairmaker then told me that she was one of the most hardworking and best girls he ever knew, and the most grateful creature; that, besides her day's business as servant-girl to a hard mistress, in the spare time she secured by sitting up late and getting up early, she made enough by her work to pay her mistress for the lodging and food of a poor, bedridden, paralytic woman, who had formerly nursed her when in distress; or, as the man expressed it, 'had brought her through the smallpox when every one else fled from her.'"

As Mrs. Egerton finished this account they reached the cottage, from whence the first sound they heard was the shrill voice of a woman scolding. This woman, just returned from market, with her cloak thrown back, her flat black silk hat on her head, high, stiff-peaked stays, white cuffs, and black mittens, was standing, with arms a-kimbo, in all the authority of her market-day attire, scolding a slight-formed, thin girl, seemingly about thirteen or fourteen, who was standing before her in a submissive posture, her whole figure and face quite motionless. The moment the girl saw Mrs. Egerton appear at the door behind her mistress, with a start of joy she clasped her hands, and came forward several steps, so that Rosamond then saw her face more distinctly. It was not handsome; it was marked, nay seamed, by the smallpox, emaciated and deadly pale, except while a hectic flush crossed it at the instant she first came forward. Her mistress, turning abruptly

as they entered, began, in a softened tone, with "Servant, Madam Egerton." But as soon as she saw Madam Egerton look kindly towards the girl, her countenance again clouded over; and when madam went to feel Mary's pulse, and asked her how she did, the mistress, in a low murmur, speaking to herself as she swung aside the chair she had set for Mrs. Egerton, said, "She's well enough, if *Quality* would not be coming to put notions into her head; strong enough, too, of all conscience, for all my work, and her *own* too, when she pleases, as she used fast enough afore she was half her height, until of late days, since ever that vagary of pretending to be weak, like a lady, was put into her silly brain."

Gaining courage from her rekindling anger, and observing that the ladies heard her, and that their eyes were fixed upon her, the woman let loose her temper, and poured forth, in her natural shrill objurgatory voice, a torrent of reproaches against this Mary, this object of her hourly wrath. While the storm raged, Mary stood as before, quite still, without ever raising her eyes, resolutely patient. But Rosamond observed that one spot of colour, which appeared high upon each thin cheek bone, gradually became of a deep fixed red.

"Oh! ma'am," cried Rosamond, "pray don't scold her any more!"

Loud squalls of children interrupted Rosamond. The girl quickly turning to open the back door, a tribe of crying children rushed in, stretching out their dirty hands, and screaming "Mary! Mary!" Suddenly silenced by the sight of the strangers, they clung round Mary, who wiped their eyes, and set their rags to rights. But fresh subjects for abuse now occurred to the mistress, who railed anew against Mary for standing there, as she did always, while her children were breaking their necks. "No care from her of any thing within or without: so you see how it is with your own eyes at last, Madam Egerton! And I am glad on it."

"And I am glad of it, too," said Mrs. Egerton. "But pray how is the poor paralytic woman to-day?"

"What, old Sarah! Why, madam, the same as usual, I do suppose. No great chance, I guess, of her being better or worse. And I've reason, I'm sure, to rue the day she ever darkened my doors, and did not go on the parish as she ought: for since the day Mary

took to tending her, and that's four years come Michaelmas, I have had no service out of her, to say proper service ; and she, my 'prentice, regular bound, as I can show you, madam," added she, going to an old dark press in the wall to rummage for papers—

"I do not doubt it," said Mrs. Egerton, "and we will look to that by-and-by ; but first can we see old Sarah?"

"Yes, sure, madam!" cried Mary, a ray of joy darting from her eyes, "if you could but cross the yard:" and disengaging herself at one motion from all the children, she threw open the hatch-door and disappeared.

Rosamond and Mrs. Egerton followed through the litter and dirt to what was called the old cow-house, a low hovel, of which the roof was strangely propped, and the thatch, black and overgrown with grass, was in places curiously patched with new straw. One of the children was watching for them at the hovel door: there was so little light within, that at first entering Rosamond could scarcely see any thing, or discern the figure of Mary standing by some sort of bed on the ground in one corner of the place.

"Be kind enough to come closer, madam, miss," said Mary, "*she* won't be startled ; I come first to warn her."

*She*, as Rosamond saw, when she came closer to the bed, was the paralytic woman who was sitting propped up with a bundle of straw against the wall behind her; the remains of a patchwork quilt covering her lower limbs, of which she had entirely lost the use.

"But see, madam, she can move her hands and arms now as well as ever, thanks be to God!"

"Thanks be to God! and you, dear Mary!" said the palsied woman, joining her hands in prayer. "Madam Egerton, there's no tongue on earth can tell what that girl does, and has done, these four long years for me, little worth that I am!"

"Little I can do," said Mary, wiping her eyes and forehead with one quick motion. "And too happy I should be could I be allowed to do that little."

"Oh, Madam Egerton!" continued the sick woman, "if I had words! if you could but know all!"

"If you did know all, madam," said the girl, "then you'd know how grateful I ought for to be to her who is lying there ; and so I would be if I could, but I cannot!"

Throwing the apron over her face, Mary ran out into the yard, and Sarah was silent for some moments, hearing her sobbing.

"The most gratefulest girl!" said the palsied woman; "the most hardworkingest grateful soul of a poor body God ever made! Oh, the happy day for me, when I once nursed her in sickness! That was all, madam, I ever did for her; and see what she has been to me ever since! me, a cripple, such as you see, and she scarce more than a child, and slight of body as that young lady there! and as tender of heart," added she, seeing Rosamond's tears.

Mrs. Egerton then went away, notwithstanding Rosamond's earnest wishes to see and hear more: and though she begged most anxiously to be permitted to do *something*, and expressed the most eager desire to do a great deal as soon as possible, Mrs. Egerton gently, but steadily resisted. "No, my love, no, leave it to me; I hope I shall do all that can, that ought to be done for both. But we must not take from this grateful girl the merit and the pleasure, which, be assured, she has, in the depth of poverty, and in the midst of her hard struggles, in bearing and forbearing, in feeling that she is all in all to that poor cripple, and that her grateful heart gives what neither our money nor any money can purchase."

"True, indeed; I do believe it; I am convinced of it," said Rosamond, reluctantly; and, as she returned with Mrs. Egerton, walking slowly up the steep path, she reflected in silence till Mrs. Egerton, pausing to rest, Rosamond repeated, "I am convinced you are right, ma'am. That poor girl had literally nothing of her own to give; yet her gratitude was most touching, and more truly generous than that of my magnificent countess, and far more meritorious, because, as you say, here is such constant self-denial, such wonderful power over herself!" continued Rosamond. "Oh, think of what it must be to bear that scolding woman, added to all her own misery, day and night, for four years! half-starved, and sick, and working so hard!"

That which words could not fully express, Rosamond finished by shedding a few uncontrollable tears, and by several deep sighs, which relieved her, as they walked slowly up the glen to rejoin the party, whom they had left in the forest.

Laura had not only finished sketching the group of children gathering acorns, and the scathed oak, but she had taken a view of a beautiful glade in the forest be-

fore Rosamond's return. Godfrey, the moment he saw her, ran to meet her, calling to beg she would help them to recollect the description of the scathed oak in Mundy's Needwood Forest. This turned Rosamond's attention from the miseries she had just witnessed, and, after a little recollection, she repeated the whole passage. Mrs. Egerton said she often thought of those lines when she looked at that favourite old tree ; but that she loved better still the verses to his "Arm-chair," and those to his "little grandson of seven years old," and asked Godfrey to repeat them for her.

During the latter part of the walk home, the conversation took a different turn. A country gentleman, who was one of the party, was well acquainted with Mr. Mundy, having been once his schoolfellow, and always his friend. He was pleased to find that his verses had been selected and liked by these young people. Though Mr. Mundy had been dead some time, his memory was still fresh in the minds of all who had known him. "By some," said his friend, "perhaps he was liked only for his convivial qualities, or as a good companion in the fox-chase : but he was better appreciated by others, who admired his cultivated taste, agreeable conversation, and polite manners. By all he was loved for his amiable temper and his benevolent habits : and in every rank his loss was felt, as a kind neighbour, a good landlord, an excellent magistrate, and a useful country gentleman." To this eulogium Godfrey and Rosamond listened with an interest excited by their previous acquaintance with his poetry. Rosamond was much gratified by perceiving that rational conversation was addressed to her ; that she was herself considered neither as an ignorant child, nor yet as a mere young lady, thinking only of dress and nonsense.

It was observed that she and her brother always attended to good conversation, instead of carrying on, as many young persons do, all the time any rational subject is discussed, some tittering, trifling, ill-bred whispering apart among themselves, or else sitting or standing in all the constraint of uninterested, stupidified silence.

To tell things just as they were, however, it should be here confessed, that Rosamond, proud of some particular notice that had been taken of her brother, continued, in complaisance to Godfrey, to listen a little longer than she really wished to do, to a conversation

which began among the gentlemen, on the advantages and disadvantages of the game-laws. She made several attempts to draw Godfrey off, that she might tell him what she had seen of the grateful girl, and of the paralytic woman, but his attention was too much engaged. At length Rosamond, hearing some words of a more entertaining subject from another division of the walkers, withdrew her arm gently from her brother's.

"So! Rosamond," exclaimed he, "you don't like to hear all this of the game-laws?"

"No, thank you," said she; "I want to hear something that Laura is listening to; some account of a fire in London: will you come?"

"Oh no," said Godfrey; "I must hear what these gentlemen are saying about the game-laws; but you are a woman, and you are quite right not to meddle with politics; go, go, Rosamond, you are quite right," added he, with a little nod of manly superiority.

On nearer approach, Rosamond found that the fire in London of which Laura was speaking was no new accident, but one which had happened one hundred and fifty years ago, the old fire of 1666, which nearly destroyed the city, in the time of Charles the Second.

"But how came you to talk of this, my dear Laura?" said Rosamond. "When I left you, you were talking of Mr. Mundy and country gentlemen. How did you get to the fire of London?"

"Very easily," said Laura. "From country gentlemen to planting, and Evelyn's Sylva; then to his diary, which brought to our minds the recollection of his interesting account of that dreadful fire in London."

Rosamond was well acquainted with this passage, and had heard so many others read aloud by her father, and had learned so much of Evelyn in the course of conversation, that she knew his history and his character, and felt interested about Wotton, the house and place he so often mentions, and to which he was so much attached. So that it was with the greatest pleasure that she heard arrangements made for going to see that place the next day, and listened with eagerness to the detail of open carriages, side-saddles, and ponies.

The moment they arrived at the Abbey, Godfrey and Rosamond hurried to Dr. Egerton's study, and with their customary preface of "I hope we don't disturb you, sir," they began to tell him all that they had seen,



heard, felt, and understood since they had left him. As soon as they came into his study, Dr. Egerton put away his papers, dismissed his man of business, seated himself in what he called his idle arm-chair, and listened to his young friends with that polite, benevolent, encouraging look, which assured them, even more than his words could do, "that they were never troublesome."

Laura's sketches were put into his hands; but, before he could well have time to begin his praises or his criticisms, Godfrey had begun his report of the debate on the game-laws, and Rosamond was imploring leave to tell her history of the walk with Mrs. Egerton. But Dr. Egerton, as soon as he heard Rosamond mention the poor girl and the paralytic woman, told her that Mrs. Egerton had just been speaking to him on this subject, and that they had been contriving together some means of bettering their condition; and that Mrs. Egerton was already occupied in preparing to carry their plan into execution.

"So soon! Oh, delightful!" said Rosamond. "You and Mrs. Egerton are not what my father calls *sayers*, but *doers*. You know, Godfrey, what my father was saying the other day, that there are two sets of people in this world; one, the very large class of the *sayers*; the other the very, *very* small one of the *doers*."

But Godfrey did not listen to Rosamond, for at this moment he wanted to be one of the *sayers*; and having at length caught Dr. Egerton's eye, he went on with the speech on the game-laws which Rosamond had interrupted; and, to do him justice, he summed up the argument he had heard from his able and honourable friends very fairly; and, quoting the orator's words, he declared, that well as he loved riding, leaping, and hunting, he hoped he should never be one of those who think it the best birthright of a freeborn Briton, and the first privilege of a gentleman, to gallop after foxes, hunt hares, or shoot small birds; in short, if his vote were to decide the matter, it should be for the total abolition of the game-laws.

Dr. Egerton smiled at the young orator's warmth, and commending his humanity, seemed, nevertheless, to doubt whether he might continue to be of his present opinion some years hence, when he should become one of the privileged tribe of Nimrod himself, and when he would probably see things in quite another light, and,

like others, leave the hare to her many friends, and the fox to his many enemies. No; Godfrey, with eager benevolence, protested against this, and pledged himself to support his present opinion when he should be twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred years old. "Meantime," said Dr. Egerton, "take my advice; hear much, and say as little as possible upon this or any other question which requires extensive and accurate knowledge before any safe judgment can be formed of the bearings of the different points, and of the consequences of abolishing old, or making new regulations. But pray, my young politician," continued Dr. Egerton, "understand that I do not wish to repress your spirit of inquiry, or your wish to exercise your reasoning powers, as you do, upon every subject that you hear discussed. But till you are sure of your ground, tell your opinions on such subjects only to your private friends, such as myself, for instance, or your father or mother."

Godfrey, in whom the spirit, not only of a young politician, but of a parliamentary debater, was just rising, looked much disappointed by this speech of Dr. Egerton's, and not relishing this advice, he said, he confessed that he was afraid he should not have liked to have been one of the disciples of Pythagoras during that terrible year of silence that was required from them.

But that was *absolute* silence, Dr. Egerton observed, which he by no means advised to his young friends, especially, as he should be a great sufferer by it, as there was no one enjoyed more than he did their free, natural first thoughts; but he only recommended their refraining from giving to strangers decisive opinions on subjects where they had not means of judging.

Godfrey thanked Dr. Egerton for the kindness of this advice, but could not refrain from proceeding to farther lengths against the principle, policy, and wisdom of the measure, when Helen burst in eagerly to announce the joyful news that all was settled for their next day's expedition to Wotton, and that she was to go, and Rosamond was to go, and Laura, and Godfrey, and everybody, provided the day should be fine enough for riding.

## THE BLACK LANE.

At the first dawn of light Rosamond was at her turret window, looking out to see what kind of day it would be; and, putting her head far out to the east, she saw the casement window of the eastern turret thrown open, and Godfrey's head popped out for the same purpose. Head nodded to head and withdrew, both satisfied, from the promise of the sunrise, that it would be as fine a day as heart could wish. And happily for those who were to ride, and those who were to go in open carriages, the weather was quite decided in its promise and in its performance. They had not to trust to

"The uncertain glories of an April day."

It was September; there was neither too much heat, nor too much cold, nor too much wind, nor too much dust, nor too much nor too little of any thing, of which the most fastidious *felicity-hunters* could complain.

*Felicity-hunters*, if any young or old reader should chance to be unacquainted with the term, is (as the traveller told Rosamond) the name given in the Isle of Wight to those who go there, and make parties of pleasure, to see the beauties of the island. Our party were not *felicity-hunters*, but *felicity-finders*, for they were disposed to find pleasure in every thing they saw, and that is a great step towards success in finding it, as Rosamond, from her own experience of the party of pain and the party of pleasure, in the days of her childhood, well remembered. Rosamond was to go in the carriage when they set out, and to ride in returning. She was soon happily seated in the landau, wedged in between Laura and the red-cushioned elbow.

To all who have ever been in the lovely valley of Dorking, the very sound of its name will call forth instant exclamations of delight; and such continually burst from our young travellers when they saw this happy valley. The riders called to those in the carriage, and those in the carriage called to those who were riding. "Oh, look there, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey, pointing to the right with his whip. "Oh, look here!

Godfrey! Laura! Mamma! Papa!" cried Rosamond, as the views passed too quickly before her; views of cultivated hills and dales, covered with a vast extent of wood in rich foliage, and autumnal tints, to which the bright September sun gave constant variety of light and shade. Every landscape, as it passed, Laura longed to put into her sketch-book, but at every trial she failed in the hope of representing what she saw, and at last gave herself up, as Rosamond advised, to the full enjoyment of the present.

The traveller pointed out, as they passed on, all the places famed for beauty which could be seen from that road, telling them their names, and those of their present and former possessors; relating anecdotes of past and present times, which gave a character to almost every part of the country through which they passed. As they came within view of a very picturesque demesne, Godfrey and his father rode up to the side of the carriage to point out to Laura and Rosamond the beautiful grounds of Chert Park, which join the Deep Dene. "Those two charming places," said their father, "are now united. Chert Park has lately been purchased, and given to the possessor of the Deep Dene by his brother, who declared that the day on which he saw the boundaries between the two estates levelled was the happiest of his life."

"How noble! How kind! How generous!" exclaimed the party in the carriage.

"It is a good thing, indeed," said Godfrey's father, turning to him, "to have such a brother; but I question much whether the being such a one is not still better."

"The affection of these brothers reminds me," said the traveller, "of the attachment to each other shown by two young Frenchmen, brothers of that family who were so nobly received by the Polish countess, of whom you were reading yesterday, Miss Rosamond."

"Oh! pray tell it to us," exclaimed Rosamond.

"They were concerned in a conspiracy against Bonaparte," continued the traveller, "during his prosperity in France. Their plans were discovered; they were seized and imprisoned. I forget by what means they escaped being shot. The only favour they obtained for some years, during a most rigorous confinement, was that of being permitted to be together. They had happy tempers, and contrived to keep up each other's spir-

its. At last the severity of their confinement was relaxed in some degree, and they were removed on their parole to the Castle of Vincennes. They both possessed many accomplishments, and spent their time in drawing, music, and in many innocent amusements. However, when the Allies were approaching France, it was thought dangerous to allow them so much liberty. They one day received a visit from an officer, of whose hostile designs they could have no doubt, though he appeared to have nothing but friendly intentions towards them. He invited himself to dine with them, and at last recommended their accompanying him from the prison: they of course made no resistance. Dinner came: conversation continued, during which the two brothers contrived to make themselves understood by each other, in a manner which they had before practised. In every sentence they addressed to the officer they introduced particular words, which, after a certain time, formed a sentence, which conveyed their intentions to each other: in this manner they concerted between them their plan. Upon some pretext, one brother went down stairs, and after some minutes the other went to his apartment above stairs, saying that he would prepare himself for his departure. They had purposely lingered over their dinner till it was quite dark. The brother who had been above stairs came down, rushed into the room where he had left the officer, blew out the candle, fastened the door on him, ran down stairs, and joined the younger brother, who was waiting for him below. They had often marked the place in the wall, where they could, if necessary, clear it: dark as it was, they knew it, and got safe to the outside of the walls of Paris. If they escaped from thence, they feared being immediately traced: they therefore got to the other extremity of Paris, and there concealed themselves, while all France was searched for them in vain."

Just as the traveller had finished this history they arrived at Wotton. The first sight of this house, built in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time, round a hollow square, with small windows, pointed eyebrows, and many-peaked roof, disappointed Rosamond and Godfrey. It was old enough, but not venerable enough to strike Rosamond's fancy; and every room they entered she found too low, too small, and too dark: the library especially, of which they had formed magnificent expecta-

tions, disappointed Godfrey so much, that twice he repeated, "And is this really the library? Is this Evelyn's library?"

But Evelyn's portrait, with his Sylva in his hand, and the sight and smell of the original manuscript of his journal, proved quite satisfactory; and the old portfolios, with all the odd prints and drawings which Evelyn collected when he was a young man on the Continent, and sent home to his father at Wotton, delighted Godfrey; and not only him, but his friend the traveller, who had seen most of what is best worth seeing in the four quarters of the globe, examined, with minute curiosity and interest, every tattered remnant of the yellow paper notes in Evelyn's handwriting.

"Such is the power of a celebrated name, known all over Europe," said the traveller.

"Such, my dear son," said Godfrey's father, "is the interest inspired by those who, during their lives, distinguish themselves among their fellow-creatures by knowledge, talents, and virtue; and who, after their death, leave in their works records of their not having lived in vain."

All the company now set out upon their walk. The woods of Wotton surpassed the expectations of old and young. As to the country gentleman, he was in a state of continual enthusiasm; the more remarkable, as till now he had shown no symptoms of warmth on any other subject. He stopped frequently to exclaim, at the sight of the magnificent extent of the woods, "Ha! These forest-trees do honour, indeed, to Evelyn's Sylva, or Sylva's father! He planted Wotton. What one man can do when he sets about it! All that you see planted by one man! As far as the eye can reach, and farther! Well! if any thing could teach men to be wise, and plant in time, certainly such a sight as this would do it!"

"*Do it*," said the orator to himself, "is but a flat ending."

Godfrey's father sighed, and observed, that all he now saw, and all he now heard, made him regret that he had not early in life planted more: "My son will, I hope, be wiser than I have been."

"Orlando, my father means," said Godfrey to Rosamond, whose eyes immediately turned upon him.

"But, father, by-the-by," continued Godfrey, "I want to ask you a question; I have something to say."

"*By-the-by, and I want to ask you a question, I have*

*something to say*, might be omitted," whispered the orator to Laura. "Pardon me; but your brother, I see, intends to be an orator; and, as I am sure he will always have something to say, he will do well to avoid any of these *by-words* and useless prefaces."

Godfrey, without having the benefit of this counsel at the moment, went on with his speech to his father, entirely to the country gentleman's satisfaction; for the purport of it was to declare his intentions, as soon as he should arrive at years of discretion, to plant a small portion of land, which his grandfather had left to him, and of which, as it was mountain and moorland, he could make no better use. His father promised to assist him in carrying this laudable resolution into effect, even before Godfrey should arrive at legal years of discretion. From this moment it was observed that Godfrey, and with him Rosamond, who sympathized in all her brother's concerns and projects, listened with much increased interest to all that was said upon the subject of planting and fencing, and on the growth, cutting, pruning, and profit of trees. She and Godfrey often assisted the country gentleman in measuring, with hatband and handkerchief, the girth of many prodigious trees, and, in return, received from him much useful information for the management of the future woods on the *Moorland estate*. Laura, meantime, was equally happy in making some rapid sketches of the picturesque groups of trees present to her eye, and was kindly assisted by the traveller, who was master of the art of drawing, and who knew, as well as Kennion himself, how, by skilful touches, to give to each different tree or grove the peculiar character of its respective growth and foliage. In one lesson, given in this manner, by a person who began by insisting that she should not draw a line without knowing with what intent, and for what purpose, Laura said she learned more of the art than she had acquired in previous months and years from common masters. She was so eager at her work that she could hardly leave it, even when most peremptorily summoned by Godfrey and Rosamond, to all the joys of dining in a tent! a marquee! with its red streamer flying!

There is an age, and Laura, Godfrey, and Rosamond were of that age, when it is one of the great pleasures of life to dine in a tent; and the more inconvenient the place, and the fewer the customary luxuries of life, the

better, because the greater must be the occasion for making every thing answer some purpose for which it was never originally intended, and consequently the more laughter, the more enjoyment, the more delight. On the present occasion, perhaps, the tent and the arrangements were rather too convenient for Godfrey and Rosamond, but they better suited the more mature taste of their father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Egerton, and even of the traveller, who loved his ease, he owned, when he could have it; and of the country gentleman, who loved always to have every thing *comfortable*, even at a *fête champêtre*.

After dinner, while the company were walking from the tent to the avenue, where they were to meet the carriages, Godfrey and Rosamond went to the gardens to see the fountain; and, while they were looking at it, Helen came running to them. "The horses are all ready! Oh! I have run so fast!" cried she. "Rosamond, I am glad I am in time to ask you if you are going to ride all the way back!"

"Yes, that I am," said Rosamond, "if you please."

"I do please: but, my dear Rosamond, I came to beg you will take care when you come to the black lane."

"The black lane!" repeated Rosamond, with a look of alarm.

"Yes," said Helen: "the pony, though the gentlest creature, and the quietest at all other times, is always restive when she comes to that lane."

"What a horrid place it must be!" said Rosamond.

"But why?" said Godfrey.

"Because," answered Helen, "the pony once ran away down that lane with our servant Richard's son, and threw him."

"A child, I suppose, that did not know how to sit a horse," said Godfrey.

"But is that the reason it is called the black lane? Why is it called by that terrific name?" said Rosamond, on whose imagination the name made more impression than the reality of the danger. But to her question she could obtain no satisfactory answer: Helen did not know, or did not hear what she said, for Godfrey was proving to her, that it must have been the boy's fault that the pony threw him. Then, anxious to quiet Rosamond's apprehensions, who, as she ob-



served, looked excessively alarmed, Helen began to soften her first hasty representation.

"My dear Rosamond," said she, "you need not be the least afraid of my pony; she is the gentlest creature in the world, except just when she comes to the turn to the black lane."

"Oh, that horrible lane! Do tell me all about it!" said Rosamond.

"I have nothing to tell, but that the pony formerly lived there."

"Lived in the black lane!" said Rosamond.

"Yes; she was bought from the farmer who lives at the end of the lane, and she always wants to turn down there, because she has an affection for the place, that's all."

"That's all," said Godfrey; "she is the quietest creature in the world; I could ride her with a rein of worsted: but Helen is a little bit of a coward, and is frightened if a horse moves its ears."

"Well, I know I am a coward," said Helen; "and I only tell you, Rosamond, there's no danger, I know, if you let Richard lead her past the lane, or just let him ride between you and the turn."

"But why Richard?" said Godfrey; "I can take care of her as well as Richard."

"Oh, certainly; but I would rather have Richard, too, when we come to the dangerous place," said Rosamond.

"To the black lane!" said Godfrey. "That name has run away with Rosamond's imagination. See how frightened she looks!"

"Not at all, brother," said Rosamond, "only I think—"

"I think," interrupted Godfrey, "to settle the matter at once, if you are a coward, you had better not ride at all, my dear."

While Rosamond stood doubtful between the fear of the black lane and the fear that her brother should think her a coward, they came up to the place where the horses were standing, and Richard, the servant who usually rode with Helen, called "Careful Richard," led the pony up to his mistress. In reply to Godfrey and Rosamond's instant questions concerning the habits and disposition of the pony, Richard patted her fondly, declaring there was not a quieter creature upon earth;

she never ran away but once, and that was the boy's fault who was riding her.

"So I told you, Rosamond," cried Godfrey.

"But I don't care whose fault it was," said Rosamond. "Helen says the pony always wants to run off down the lane."

That she might have a liking to turn down the lane where she had formerly lived, Richard would not take upon him to deny; "but, sir," added he, turning to Godfrey, "she never attempts such a thing, or thinks of it, except when Miss Helen is riding her, who is so very *timoursome*, and the pony knows she can do as she pleases."

Godfrey laughed at Helen's cowardice; and Rosamond's fear of being laughed at conquered her fear of the lane; so, patting the pretty bright bay pony, which stood as quiet as a lamb, she declared she was not the least afraid now, and that she would not upon any account give up her ride with Godfrey: so Godfrey, praising her spirit, she sprang up on the pony, proud to show that she was not *timoursome*. Her father, who had not heard what had passed, joined them just as she had mounted, and they set out all together. Rosamond, afraid to show Godfrey some fears that still lurked in her secret soul, did not mention it to her father. Once she was going to say something of it, but Godfrey praised her way of holding her bridle, and that put it out of her head. The traveller and his sister were of the riding party this evening. The traveller's sister was a remarkably good horsewoman, and the conversation turned upon cowards, "who die many times before their death; and the valiant, who never taste of death but once." It was observed by the traveller and his sister that Rosamond would ride very well; that she had a very good seat; that she had a much better seat than Helen; that she was not a coward, &c. All these observations flattered Rosamond not a little; she found the pony go remarkably well, and her spirits rose: she got from a canter into a gallop, and went on so fast, that her father several times called to her to desire her not to ride so fast, and to keep near him: but she, proud to show her horsemanship, went on with Godfrey, who admired, and was proud of his sister's *spirit*, as he called it. The evening was fine, and the road good, and all went on charmingly; Rosamond pretending to be quite

at ease, and Godfrey so completely deceived by her seeming bravery, that he got deep into a calculation concerning his future plantation, and into the plan of the house which he was to build, with the profits of the trees he was reckoning before they were planted.

"You shall draw the plan of my house, Rosamond," said he.

"I will, certainly," said Rosamond. "But, brother, will you get me a bough for this pony, the flies are teasing her sadly, I think."

"Not at all, my dear. My library shall be a great deal larger, I promise you, than the library at Wotton: do you recollect how many feet long the library at Egerton Abbey is, Rosamond?"

"I don't recollect, indeed," said Rosamond: "twenty, thirty—the pony certainly is growing uneasy;" thought she, "I believe we are coming to the black lane."

"Twenty, thirty! my dear, what can you be thinking of?—nearly forty! I believe, after all, you are afraid of the horse-flies."

"Not the least," said Rosamond, struggling to conceal her fears; "forty, nearer forty, as you say, I believe it is."

"Well, my library shall be full forty feet long; and what breadth, Rosamond?"

"Breadth! oh, very broad: any breadth," said Rosamond. "But what place is this we are coming to, Godfrey?" said she, looking at some trees and a house at a little distance. "Now we are coming to the black lane," thought she, but she did not dare to tell her fears, or to pronounce the name.

"I see nothing but a farmhouse; I don't know whose it is, and what does it signify," said Godfrey. "My library shall have Gothic windows, which you like, don't you, Rosamond?"

"Oh yes, Gothic; yes, certainly. But do call Richard, brother, for the saddle is turning, or going to turn, I believe; the girth is too tight, or too loose, or something."

"No such thing," said Godfrey, "the saddle is not turning, or going to turn."

"Richard! Richard! get down and look at the girths," said Rosamond.

Richard alighted, and examined the girths.

"Pray what place is that to the right?" said she.

"The black lane, miss," said Richard. "The girths are tight enough, sir."

"Pray, Richard, why is this lane called *black*?" asked Rosamond.

"On account, miss, of the hedges being all of black thorn. In former times it used to be called blackthorn lane, so then came to be, for shortness, black lane."

On hearing this explanation, all the sublime and mysterious ideas Rosamond had formed of the black lane were instantly dispelled, and she was now only apprehensive that her brother should find them out, and laugh at her. Therefore, going to the contrary extreme, she in a moment went from cowardice to rashness; she would neither allow the servant to ride on, as he proposed, that he might keep between her and the turn to the lane, nor would she let Godfrey take her bridle, nor yet would she wait till her father should come up. On she went, cantering, to prove that she was not *timoursome*, and to raise Godfrey's admiration of her courage: but at the moment when her courage was most wanting, unfortunately it suddenly failed; just as she came to the turn she lost her presence of mind, and, looking down the lane, checked the bridle, turning the pony's head the wrong way: Godfrey snatched at her bridle, missed it, and off the pony went down the lane full gallop, Rosamond screaming, Godfrey and the groom after her. There was a gate at the end of the lane, leading into the farmyard: the pony stopped suddenly at the gate, and Rosamond was thrown over its head, and over the gate into the yard: Godfrey was so much terrified that he saw no more; the groom rode on; and when he came to the gate he saw Rosamond lying on a heap of straw, which had been left in the farmyard, and on which most happily she had been thrown. She was stunned, however, by the fall, and lay motionless. Godfrey raised her up a little, and the moment she recovered her recollection she exclaimed, "I am not hurt, my dear Godfrey; don't be frightened, I am not the least hurt."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" cried Godfrey.

"Thank God!" repeated Rosamond: and starting up to convince her brother that she was not hurt, she attempted to walk; but the instant she put her left foot to the ground, she felt that her ankle was strained.

"Never mind it," said she, sitting down again; "the

pain is not great, Godfrey ; if you can put me on the pony again, I think I can ride home ; it is only three miles : that will be best : then I shall not alarm my father and mother : so say nothing about it. I dare say the pain will go off, and I shall be well to-morrow. Besides, you know, Mrs. *What's-her-name* says that nobody will ever be a good horsewoman who does not get upon her horse again directly after having had a first fall. I am determined I will not give it up ; I will go through it with spirit."

Godfrey admired her courage, though he insisted upon telling all that had happened when they should arrive at home : he did not object to her remounting the pony. Rosamond had secretly hoped that he would have objected to it ; and now, between her pretended courage and her real cowardice, she was in a great difficulty. The groom, standing with the stirrup in hand, was anxious that she should remount and ride home, and that nothing more should be said ; while the prudent farmer and his wife, who had come out into the yard to quiet their dogs, and to offer assistance, dissuaded Rosamond from the attempt ; and the farmer giving the nod of authority to one of his sons, the boy ran off, quick as an arrow from a bow ; he ran till he met the riding-party, and told what had happened. In a few minutes, and before the groom could settle the girths and curb to Rosamond's satisfaction, she saw her father galloping down the lane. This lane was so narrow that the carriage could not come along it to the farmyard. Her father forbade the attempt to remount the pony ; and Rosamond was carried to the landau, and laid on the front seat. Her mother and Laura had suffered much from anxiety during the time that necessarily passed till the arrival of Rosamond, who, much more than the pain of her ankle, felt sorrow for having alarmed all her friends so much ; and she regretted, but regretted in vain, being the cause of ending, in such a vexatious manner, this happy day.

It was difficult to be angry with Rosamond, however well inclined to it her friends might feel : her contrition turned away their anger. Her chief concern was to prevent any share of the blame from falling on her brother. Godfrey all the time reproached himself for not having taken better care of her. How they at last divided the shares of blame among them we never could

accurately learn; but we know that, contrary to the usual practice on such occasions, all were ready to take to themselves a just portion; and a due, but not more than a due share, we believe, was thrown upon the pony. To the honour of Helen we must record, that she did not above three times repeat that she had warned Godfrey of the danger; and that she had from the first advised Rosamond to be careful at that turn to the black lane.

Upon examination it was found that Rosamond's ankle was very much bruised and swelled. The pain increased during the night, so that her hopes of being almost well next morning vanished when the day arrived; and even to her sanguine imagination it appeared a little doubtful whether she should be quite well before the important evening fixed for a dance to be given at Egerton Abbey the ensuing week. Meantime, during her confinement to the house and to the sofa, she had leisure for some salutary reflections.

"After all, mamma," said she, "I was blamed for being too courageous; but the fact was that I was too cowardly. I was afraid to let Godfrey see that I was afraid; I deceived him by my pretended bravery, and that was the reason he did not take care of me at the right time: all this arose from my wanting to show that I could ride better than Helen. In short, I was thinking more of what people would say of me than of what was prudent. However, I have had a good lesson now, mamma; no danger of my forgetting it as long as I live! You need not smile, Laura: depend upon it, that as long as ever I live, if I live a hundred years, I never will again be so foolish as to hazard my life and to alarm all my friends, merely for the sake of being praised for not being *timoursome*."

Her mother much approved of this resolution. "And depend upon it, Laura," repeated Rosamond, "it is a resolution I shall keep, though I know you are sure that I shall not."

"Sure! Oh, no," said Laura; "but I only fear a little that Godfrey—"

"Never fear," interrupted Rosamond, "I am too wise now."

During the remainder of this day, and for two or three succeeding days, Rosamond continued in the same prudent and cautious mood; and this lasted till the swel-

ling of the ankle abated, the inflammation ceased, the bruises faded in due course from black to blue, and from blue to yellow. Then Rosamond, soon forgetting the taste of pain, began again to entertain high thoughts of future rides, especially when she saw Godfrey with his boots on, his whip in his hand, and his horse—his bright black horse, led round within view of the windows.

"What a delightful day! I am glad you are going to ride, brother," said she.

"And I am sorry you cannot ride with me, poor dear Rosamond," said he. "Your ankle is getting well, is not it?"

"Yes, quite well—almost," said Rosamond. "Very soon I shall be able to walk again; and I think I might ride before I walk, might not I? What do you think, Godfrey?"

"Certainly, I dare say," said Godfrey.

"What do you think, Laura?"

"I think the stirrup would hurt you very much," said Laura; "and that you had better wait, at least till your foot is quite well, before you attempt to ride again. But here comes mamma, ask her."

"No, no," said Rosamond, "I was only asking you; I will not ask her yet. Good-by, brother."

The next day Rosamond found that she could walk a little with a stick, and it was with some difficulty she submitted to be kept prisoner on the sofa. However, in the hope that she should the sooner be able to ride, she lay still.

The morning shone, and again the riding-party appeared; and Godfrey, beside her sofa, again wished her good-by, and hoped she would be able to ride again very soon.

"Very soon," said Rosamond; "I long to ride again."

"I quite admire her spirit," cried the traveller's sister, drawing on her gloves, and walking out of the room as fast as the long swathings of her riding-habit would permit. "I quite admire her spirit! and I prophesy that she will make a capital horsewoman!"

"I always said so!" cried Godfrey, following her, but paused at the door to hear what Rosamond was saying.

"How soon do you think, mamma," said Rosamond, "that I shall be able to ride again?"

"I do not know, my dear," said her mother; "but

whenever you do ride again, I hope you will remember your prudent resolutions."

"Oh, yes," said Rosamond; "I shall never forget the black lane."

"But you ought to forget it," cried Godfrey, "or you will never be a good horsewoman as long as you live, Rosamond, and you will be a coward at last."

With this denunciation, pronounced with alarming emphasis, he shut the door, ran to mount his horse, and an instant afterward Rosamond saw him galloping past the windows.

"I hope I shall be able to ride to-morrow," said she to Laura; "and I hope I shall not be a coward at last; for after all, mamma, Godfrey would despise me if I were a coward; so we must not think about the black lane too much, mamma."

"Not *too much*, my dear: I would not make you a coward; I would only make you prudent, if I could."

"Prudent! Oh, yes. But, mamma, did you hear Godfrey's last words, that I ought quite to forget the black lane, or I *never shall be a good horsewoman as long as I live?*"

"Well, my dear," said her mother, smiling at the earnest look of alarm with which Rosamond repeated these words: "and even suppose that terrible prophecy were to be accomplished, it is not the most dreadful thing that could happen to you; nor would it even be the most glorious, if you accomplished the lady's flattering prediction, and were to become a *most capital* horsewoman."

Rosamond, blushing a little, answered, that indeed she had no ambition to be a *capital* horsewoman, but she really thought a woman ought not to be a coward.

In this last assertion she was uncontradicted by her mother.

Nothing more was said upon the subject at this time; but when the surgeon who attended Rosamond came, she asked very anxiously whether she might ride the next day; the surgeon advised against it, and gave her several good reasons, to which, in her disappointment, she did not much listen. The only words she retained were these: "Whenever you can walk without pain, then you may safely venture to ride."

No sooner was the surgeon gone than Rosamond began trying "how well" she could walk; and the



occasional remonstrances of Laura, Mrs. Egerton, and her mother, were constantly answered with "Indeed it does not hurt me."

The next morning, when she got up, she assured Laura that she could walk without pain—almost without pain. This, however, did not appear so clearly in her countenance as in her words; there was a wincing every now and then, which betrayed that she suffered.

"This is quite foolish, very imprudent, Rosamond," said her mother. "You may, perhaps, lame yourself for life, if you attempt in this manner to walk before your ankle is strong."

"My dear, be prudent," said Mrs. Egerton, "and submit to lie still on the sofa a few days longer."

Rosamond, sighing, let herself be led back to the sofa after breakfast, and there, perhaps, she might quietly have remained all the morning; but it happened that at a time when none of her guardians were beside her, Godfrey came in and whispered, that in consequence of what she had told him yesterday, that she could walk without pain, and that she might ride whenever she could walk without pain, he had ordered the pony to be brought to the door, that she might try. Rosamond shook her head, and answered, that she was afraid her mother would not be pleased; and that she was afraid Mrs. Egerton would not be pleased; and that, in short, she believed it would not be prudent.

"In short," said Godfrey, laughing, "you are afraid; that's the plain fact."

The lady who had prophesied that Rosamond would be a capital rider, heard the words, and smiled a little, as in scorn: and after some more persuasion, Rosamond consented "just to try" whether it would hurt her to put her foot in the stirrup. She went to put on her habit, and not finding either her mother or Laura, who had gone out to walk, she excused herself to herself for doing what she knew was imprudent, and what they would not approve, by thinking "They are too timid, too much afraid for me. I will only take one turn round the little back lawn; and the surgeon said that when I could walk without pain I might ride; and now it gives me very little pain to walk."

Thus cheating her conscience, and forgetting her prudent resolutions, Rosamond went down stairs, crossing the hall quickly, lest she should be stopped by Mrs.

Egerton, whose step she heard in a distant passage. Godfrey put her on the pony, and the lady whose praise and prophecy had excited her so much, looked out of the window, and admired her *spirit*.

"I am afraid it is imprudent," thought Rosamond, "but I cannot draw back now, it would seem so cowardly. I will only go once round this little lawn," said she, "and I shall be home again in five minutes."

As she went round the lawn, her ankle, she said, did not hurt her much—"that is, not very much."

As she came back she was sorry, and a little alarmed, when she saw her father and mother standing at the hall door, waiting for her. Godfrey called out triumphantly, "You see I have brought her home quite safe."

Rosamond would have added something, but observing that both her father and mother looked very grave, she forgot the sentence about the surgeon, which she had prepared in her own defence, and could only say, "I hope you are not displeased with me, mamma? I am afraid, father, you are not pleased?"

Godfrey jumped from his horse, and ran to take her down from the pony.

"My ankle," said Rosamond, "does not give me any—*pain*," she would have said, had not her feelings at the moment, and the manner in which she walked, or attempted to walk, so contradicted the assertion, that she stopped short, and indeed was forced to catch hold of Godfrey's arm. Her father put him aside, saying, "Leave your sister to me, young man," in a tone which implied, "you are not fit to be trusted with her." Then taking her up in his arms, her father carried her to the library, and to the sofa; she, all the time, going on with such apologies as she could make, more for Godfrey than for herself.

"It is not Godfrey's fault; it was all my fault, indeed it was; he held my bridle all the time; I told him it did not hurt me at all."

"It is very little satisfaction to me that you told him what was false," said her father.

"But I did not know it, papa, till afterward, till I took my foot out of the stirrup." Then she got out her favourite sentence about the surgeon, ending with an appeal to her mother. "You know, mamma, he said I might ride whenever I could walk without pain."

"But you *know*, Rosamond," said her mother, in a tone which reappeared to her conscience, and required in answer the exactness of truth, "you know, Rosamond, that you could *not* walk without pain."

"Not without a little pain," said Rosamond.

"And you recollect, Rosamond, that I had advised you not to attempt it, and you made a great many wise reflections and resolutions; and yet you did directly contrary to that which you were convinced was best, the moment we left you."

"Oh, Laura, my dear, I wish you had been in our room when I went up to put on my habit," said Rosamond.

"How I wish I had not gone out," said Laura.

"But, my dear Laura, that was not your fault. I only mean to say, mamma, that if either of you had been there I would not have gone without asking your advice and consent: and one thing more I may say in my own defence—"

"No, no, Rosamond," interrupted her father, "let me hear no more childish defences and excuses; do not let me see you go back to all the faults of your childhood."

"Say no more, say no more, my dear Rosamond," whispered Godfrey, who stood in great anxiety at the back of the sofa, as close to her and as quiet as possible.

"You are no longer a child, Rosamond," continued her father; "and therefore I am seriously concerned to find that you have so little prudence and steadiness."

"I assure you, my dear father," said Rosamond, "I never will be so foolish, so imprudent again."

"What satisfaction, or what security, my dear, can such assurances give me of your future conduct?" said her father. "I judge by actions, not by words."

"But such a trifling action!" said Rosamond. "Surely you would not seriously judge of me, and be alarmed for my future conduct, by such a trifling imprudence: especially when—"

She stopped; for something in her father's countenance warned her that he knew what she was going to add, and that it would not avail.

"Especially when it has done no harm, you were going to say."

"Yes, papa, that *was* what I was going to say."

And that was what Godfrey's looks had been saying all the time.

"Your having escaped, if you have escaped hurting your ankle, or doing yourself any serious mischief, rather increases than lessens my alarm," said her father; "because this would encourage you to venture to be again imprudent another time. You say that I need not be alarmed, and that I should not judge of you by such a trifle: nothing is a trifle that marks an imprudent disposition in a woman: and by what can I judge of you but by such things? You are not called upon yet to make decisions for your own conduct in matters of consequence."

"I am sure I am glad of it," said Rosamond.

"But soon you will," said her mother: "and consider, Rosamond, that then every trifling imprudence may be of serious consequence, irreparable consequence. If you are to be so easily swayed from your better judgment, so easily persuaded by any one who comes near you, so easily excited by any foolish praise or idle vanity to act contrary to your own resolutions, contrary to your conviction of what is best, of what use will be all your good sense, all your good dispositions, all your good principles?"

"All my good education! All you have done for me!" said Rosamond. "Oh, mamma!"

Tears now flowed so fast that she could say no more.

Godfrey then burst forth and said,

"Father, I own I thought you were wrong at first, and too angry about a trifle; but now I understand your reason and my mother's, and I think you are quite right and I was quite wrong; and I am sorry for it: but you shall see that now and for evermore I am fit to be trusted with the care of my sister."

"I shall be glad of it: and still more glad to see that she can be trusted with the care of herself," said her father.

"And I prophesy," said Mrs. Egerton, who had not till now spoken one word, "I venture to prophesy that Rosamond, with so much candour, and so true a desire to improve, will become a most prudent woman."

"Rather a better prophecy for me," said Rosamond, wiping away her tears, and smiling. "than that I shall, with so much spirit, become a *most capital* rider. But my dear, kind Mrs. Egerton, you are too good to me:

the worst, the most foolish thing I did in this whole business you do not yet know: when I heard your voice at a distance I ran away, lest you should see me, and advise me not to go."

"That certainly was foolish, Rosamond; but now you have told me the worst thing you did, I must say that the best thing you have done is to confess it candidly," said Mrs. Egerton, kissing her.

"Don't flatter, don't spoil my daughter," said her father. "Let me see that her candour is not of a useless sort. Let me see that she is not one of those who own their faults, but never mend."

## THE PALANQUIN.

**EITHER** from the pressure on Rosamond's foot in riding, or from her precipitation in dismounting, a fresh twist had been given to her ankle. We pretend not to decide among disputed causes; the consequence was indisputable, that Rosamond was not able to walk again for a fortnight. But from almost all the unfortunate circumstances of life, and even from those evils which we have brought upon ourselves, by our own fault or folly, some consoling, if not counterbalancing good, often arises, or may be drawn by those who know how to make use of the lessons of experience. So it was with Rosamond. The amiable temper she showed, the patience with which she bore pain, disappointment, and confinement, increased the affection of all her friends, and especially of her brother Godfrey. He, considering himself as in part the cause of the blame and suffering she had incurred, was peculiarly sensible of her good temper and generosity, in never, directly or indirectly, reproaching and throwing on him any part of the blame. Innumerable little trials of temper, and some trials of prudence, occurred. Mrs. Egerton put off her ball, on Rosamond's account, for a week; but when the adjourned day arrived, Rosamond's ankle was still weak; she *could* stand indeed, she *could* walk; and she believed she could dance, yet she had the prudence to forbear the attempt. She lay quietly all night on her sofa, a passive spectator of that ball in which she had once hoped to have been a most active, perhaps a most admired, performer; for, having had the best of dancing-masters, having practised quadrilles the last season in London, with great diligence and success, with some of the most promising rising geniuses of the age, and of the most fashionable names, Rosamond could not but be aware that she had great chance of excelling any country competitors; and of being, perhaps, envied as well as admired for her superior skill. But even here there were counterbalancing advantages. While she was a passive spectator, a sitter-by at this ball, she had

opportunity of seeing, hearing, observing, and feeling much, for which otherwise she would have had no leisure. At this ball, which Mrs. Egerton intended for her young friends, there was assembled a great number of young ladies; and among these were two of Rosamond's London acquaintance, who danced for fame, and danced exceedingly well. There were others, who danced less well, but with more ease and gayety of heart, and who were obviously free from anxiety, jealousy, or envy. Rosamond observed how much happier these were than *the exhibitors*; and further, she heard the opinions of all the spectators near her, especially of her favourite traveller, who had seen so much of the world. Whenever the exhibitors were dancing, the spectators pressed forward to see them; and after admiring and criticising, with a freedom which astonished Rosamond, they always ended by declaring that they preferred dancing which was quiet and gentlewomanlike, to that which was in itself superior, but which was evidently performed to produce effect and to excite admiration.

Rosamond attended anxiously when her sister was spoken of; and she had the pleasure of hearing several, who did not know how much she was interested in what they were saying, bestow approbation of the most gratifying sort upon "that graceful, modest young person." Rosamond had, more than once, the satisfaction of answering, when asked, "Do you know that young lady?"—"Yes sir, she is my sister."

A lady who was sitting near the sofa on which Rosamond lay, seemed to be attracted by something in her countenance, and drew nearer and nearer, till at last, by seizing the vacated places of those who stood up to dance or to talk, she obtained the seat next to the arm of the sofa.

This lady was not young, nor very handsome, nor was she a person of fortune and rank; but she seemed one of the happiest persons in the room. She had a most benevolent, cheerful countenance, and took particular and delighted interest in attending to some of the dancers. She was a Mrs. Harte. In times long past she had been governess to a sister of Helen's, who died; and Mrs. Egerton, sensible of her merit, had assisted in establishing her in a school in the neighbourhood. Many of the young people who were at this ball

had been her pupils; and Mrs. Egerton had invited her, on purpose that she might have the satisfaction of seeing them and their parents. The parents and the young people all loved and respected her. When Rosamond saw the affectionate manner in which they all came and spoke to Mrs. Harte, she could not help being interested for her, though she was a stranger to this lady.

Rosamond's pleasure this evening arose chiefly from her sympathy in these benevolent feelings. She was very happy, though her ankle at times gave her pain, and though she was prevented from dancing, of which, independently of all vanity, she was naturally and heartily fond. As she observed to Laura when they went to rest, she was much happier than she had been at the ball at the Folliott Browns, or on any occasion where she had only enjoyed the triumphs or mixed in the petty competitions of vanity.

Mrs. Harte's young friends, in talking over old times with her this night, recurred to many "*very happy days*" of their childhood; and, among others, they mentioned that time when they acted a certain *tiny* play, which a friend wrote on purpose for them, and which they performed merely among themselves, and for Mrs. Harte's amusement. Rosamond wished to know the name of this *tiny* play. The name did not promise much—"The Dame-school Holyday." However, Rosamond's eyes still expressing some wish to know more, Mrs. Harte obligingly offered to have it looked for, promising that, if the prompter's mutilated copy could be found, it should be sent to her in the course of a week; or that, if she could wait so long as a fortnight, a *perfect* copy should be made, which she might keep for ever. Of course, she chose that which might be kept for ever.

Next day, Rosamond told Godfrey of this promise, and asked him whether he did not think that a certain waste room in Egerton Abbey would make a charming theatre: but Godfrey augured ill from the title; observed that a *tiny* play must be stupid; and as to a theatre, he had not time to think of it. Godfrey was then quite intent upon making a palanquin, on which he and Laura might carry Rosamond round the grounds, without injury to her sprained ankle.

Rosamond would much rather have had the play than the palanquin, she said; but Godfrey held to his purpose, and insisted upon it that he would finish the pal-



anquin; and she saw that she must be delighted with it, though she confessed to Laura she was more afraid of being carried on it than of mounting the pony. As she justly observed, "It is really provoking to be forced to be obliged to a person for something which you would rather he should not do; especially when there is something else that you wish very much to have done."

"It is a little trial of temper, certainly," said her mother; "but such continually occur, even between the best friends; and there is no possibility of making or keeping good friends, my dear, without such little sacrifices of the fancies and humours. Either you or your brother, you see, must give up to the other the fancy of the moment."

"Then I will give it up!" cried Rosamond. "I will say no more to him about acting the play, and I will be pleased with the palanquin he is making for me, if I can. If I can, mamma," repeated she. "You know, if I really cannot like it I must say so; but I will say it as kindly to Godfrey as I can."

Rosamond refrained, though not without some difficulty, from saying any thing more to Godfrey about the play; and he went on working indefatigably at his own favourite project; till at length, with the assistance of his father and of a carpenter, and with an old chair-bottom and two poles, Godfrey did contrive to make a solid, safe, commodious palanquin. Rosamond acknowledged it was very well made; and, without trembling much, she suffered herself to be placed upon it; and when she made this conquest of herself she was soon delighted, even to Godfrey's complete satisfaction, with the palanquin and with the palanquin bearers. Of these she had many relays, for her patience and good-humour, during her long confinement, had so much interested everybody at Egerton Abbey in her favour, that all were eager to assist Godfrey in his schemes for her amusement. When her brother, or her father, or Laura was tired of carrying her palanquin, the traveler and the country gentleman were eager to offer their services: and the orator once stopped half way in a fine simile, and ran to put his shoulder under her palanquin. In this manner Rosamond was carried in triumph, as Godfrey called it; but, what was much better, carried in kindness; she enjoyed many a fine day, and many a

pleasant expedition. The palanquin became her greatest delight ; and Godfrey's satisfaction in his success, and in his sister's obliging manner of accepting his kindness, was at least equal to her pleasure.

"How glad I am, mamma, that I really and truly do like the palanquin !" whispered she to her mother one evening. "I am glad that I tried it fairly, instead of telling my brother that I was sure I should never like it."

"But," said the travelled lady, "I have seen such handsome palanquins ! I wish you had seen such palanquins as I have seen !"

"I wish I had," said Rosamond. "I mean, I am glad I have not ; for then, perhaps, I should not like mine so well."

"It would be well enough if it had but something like curtains ; but, really, a palanquin without curtains is little better than a hand-barrow."

Rosamond looked at Godfrey, and Godfrey looked at Rosamond, and they both grew rather melancholy.

The next day, Rosamond found the flies, and the sun, and the dust, and the wind, very troublesome ; and Godfrey, after having in vain contended that there was no wind, no dust, no sun, and very few flies, grew angry, and said something about the unreasonableness of women, who were never satisfied ; and made some allusion to a foolish princess in the Arabian Tales, who grew dissatisfied with her delightful palace from the moment that an old woman told her it wanted a roc's egg.

Rosamond, vexed by the mixture of truth and falsehood, justice and injustice, in her brother's observations, declared that she could no longer bear "the sun shining full in her eyes."

Laura took off her green veil at this moment, and threw it over Rosamond's head, whispering, as she tied it on, "The sun was as hot, and hotter than it is now, when I one day saw Godfrey hard at work, for hours, at this palanquin, for you, Rosamond ; so I am sure you will bear the sun in your eyes for five minutes rather than vex him."

Rosamond immediately recollected herself, and begging her palanquin bearers to stop for one minute, placed herself with her back to the sun, and assured Godfrey that she was now quite comfortable ; and no further complaints were heard of sun, wind, dust, or flies.

Godfrey, as soon as they reached the house, began to consult in secret with Laura upon the possibility and the best means of making curtains to the palanquin. Now it happened that Laura had bought some pretty green silk, with which she had intended to make bags for two chiffonieres; but when she saw how much Godfrey and Rosamond wished for the palanquin curtains, she determined that she would give up her chiffonieres. Accordingly, she rose an hour and a half earlier than usual the next morning, and the curtains were made, and the rings sewed on, and the strings too, before she was called to breakfast. Godfrey was much delighted, for though he had contrived how the curtains could very easily be put up, and though he had provided himself with four brass rods belonging to some old window blinds which Dr. Egerton had been so good as to say were at his service, yet he had been quite at a loss for something of which to make the curtains. Mrs. Egerton's stores, and the housekeeper's chests, had all been rummaged in vain. He never knew, however, the extent of Laura's kindness, till Rosamond saw the palanquin with its curtains, when she immediately exclaimed, "Oh Laura, this is your doing! You have given me the silk which you intended for your chiffonieres; but I cannot bear to rob you of it."

Laura, who knew how to do kindness so as to prevent her friends from ever feeling uneasy in the thought that they deprived her of any pleasure, assured Rosamond that these curtains might do just as well for her chiffonieres after they had been used for the palanquin; and that therefore she had more pleasure from her green silk than she had ever expected that this or any other green silk could give her.

Rosamond, Godfrey, and Laura were now pleased with themselves, and with each other, as friends always are, when they feel that they have each, even in trifles, borne and forborne from mutual kindness.

The travelled lady found many faults with the manner in which the curtains were made; and suggested several things which would be necessary to make Rosamond's palanquin like those which she had seen. In particular, a tassel in the middle was indispensable. But Rosamond smiled at Godfrey, and said, that she was quite satisfied without the roc's egg.

## THE FOREST DRIVE.

"THE time will soon come when you will be able to ride again, Miss Rosamond," said the traveller's sister. But Rosamond never attempted to ride till she could *honestly* walk without pain; and when she rode, it was in a manner which convinced her father that she was not one of those who own their faults, but never mend.

The next time she came within sight of the black lane, she permitted—no, let us do her justice, she requested Careful Richard to lead her horse past the dangerous turn, even in the face and front of all the remonstrances and ridicule which the traveller's sister threw, or might have thrown, upon her want of *spirit*; even while a denunciation sounded on her ear that now she would "never be a capital horsewoman."

Her father was satisfied in the main point which he had in view, and which he knew to be of so much consequence to his daughter's future character and happiness; quite satisfied, since she showed herself able to do steadily what she believed to be best, without being influenced to the contrary by praise, blame, persuasion, or example.

After the traveller's sister had left Egerton Abbey, and when there could be no longer any doubt of the motive, when Rosamond had proved that she had conquered her foolish ambition to be a distinguished and a desperate rider, her father took her with him to the black lane, and taught her to manage her horse so as to pass and repass in perfect safety.

Though the traveller's sister had left Egerton Abbey, the traveller himself still remained there, much to the satisfaction of all the young people, as his varied conversation, full of interesting information, made him a most agreeable companion; and he was so good-natured as to bestow much of his time and attention upon Laura, Rosamond, and Godfrey.

Rosamond, though now able to walk without pain, was advised to avoid fatiguing her ankle, which was not yet quite strong; therefore she did not venture upon any long expedition. One day, some walk too

distant for her had been proposed ; Helen, Laura, and Godfrey, jointly and severally, offered to give it up, and to take some shorter walk, which Rosamond knew was not half so pretty ; and a generous debate on the subject was warmly commencing, when Mrs. Egerton moved that Rosamond should accompany her in the garden chair, as she said she particularly wished for her company for one hour ; but that she would let her walk back with her younger friends.

The place of reunion was settled to be at the old white gate into the forest ; and whichever of the parties should arrive first was to wait for the other. This point was carefully agreed upon ; and very necessary it is, for all who would avoid disappointments and dissensions, to be accurate in such agreements. The parties set out on their different roads.

As Mrs. Egerton took the same way which she had formerly gone when they went to see the paralytic woman, Rosamond said, " I know now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, where we are going ; and I am glad of it, for I long to see that poor creature and that grateful girl again. Why would you never answer any of my questions about them ? "

" You shall have all your questions satisfactorily answered presently, my dear," said Mrs. Egerton. " You know you are lately grown remarkable for patience ; and since you will not have your curiosity satisfied perhaps this half hour, think of something else."

" How difficult it is to think of something else when one is bid to do it," said Rosamond. " The other day, when Godfrey insisted upon my never thinking of what colour Dr. Egerton's new horse was to be, I found that black, gray, and brown *would* flit before my eyes, till I drove them away by an excellent expedient ; by trying to recollect, and repeat to myself, some lines which Laura and I had just been learning."

" Try the experiment again now," said Mrs. Egerton, " and let me be the better for it."

" But you know the poem, I am sure, ma'am," said Rosamond. " It was one of those translations from the Arabic which Dr. Egerton read to us ; the lines, you know, by the generous Hatem."

" I have not the honour or pleasure of being acquainted with the generous Hatem," said Mrs. Egerton.

" Is it possible, ma'am, you can have forgotten him ! "

"I never heard any lines about him, my dear."

"True; I remember, now, that you were out of the room when they were read. Now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, if you do not like them as well as Laura and I do, I shall be *so* sorry."

"Well, my love, let me hear them, and then I can judge."

"But, as you were not in the room when the poem was read, perhaps you did not hear the anecdotes of Hatem, which are given in the preface to the poem, by the translator; I forget his name, but I know he was a professor of Arabic, and from Cambridge."

"Well, my love, never mind his name, but let me hear what he says of Hatem," said Mrs. Egerton.

"He says, ma'am, that 'his poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from his heart.'"

"That was well said for him and his poems; but does he give any instance of his generosity?"

"He was," continued Rosamond, "in his time, as famous for beneficence as the far-famed Aboulcasem. It was common in the East, when any person did a generous action, to say 'that he was as generous as Hatem.' One of the anecdotes he tells in proof of his generosity is this:—

"The Emperor of Constantinople, having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it: for this purpose he despatched a person from his court to request a particular horse, which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark, tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the emperor. Hatem seemed concerned. "If," said he, "you had yesterday apprized me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor's request; but the horse he asks is now no more; being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper." Hatem immediately ordered that the finest horses he had yet remaining should be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to

his master. The prince, as the history says; could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity; and owned, that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men."

Notwithstanding her wish to agree with Rosamond in admiring Hatem's generosity, Mrs. Egerton could not help regretting the killing and eating of the fine horse.

Rosamond was averse to the eating, but thought the killing grand. In favour of the eating, too, it was to be observed, that the Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food. But even so, why should the ambassador be regaled with this most valuable of horses, which was so desired, too, by the emperor? Could not this ambassador have waited for his supper while some of the other horses were brought in from the meadows? It is not fair, Mrs. Egerton allowed, to try Arabic actions by English laws; and she was willing to allow that this instance of Hatem's liberality is curious, as a picture of Arabian manners; but as to the positive merit of the generosity, she thought that was questionable. This involved discussions on many other points; for instance, whether the merit of generosity depends on the pain it costs, or the pleasure it bestows: whether its merit depends on the greatness of the sacrifice, or on its utility: whether it be true that our virtues all depend on sacrifices of some of our selfish feelings; or whether it be true only that some of our virtues cannot be practised without requiring some such sacrifices. Wide and deep subjects of thought were displayed to Rosamond's inquiring mind; her friend just opened them, and left them there.

Meanwhile they had gone three miles on the beaten road, and then had turned into the forest; and Rosamond, wakening to external objects, found that she was in a pleasant glade in the wood, within view of a cottage; not that cottage in which she had formerly seen the paralytic woman. This was in another part of the forest, and in a less picturesque situation, perhaps; but it was a more comfortable looking dwelling, well thatched, well glazed, and in neat repair. They got out of their carriage, and walked to the cottage. A man, who was at work in the garden, threw down his spade, and came to meet them. Mrs. Egerton asked this man, an honest-faced, good-natured looking farmer, whether all was going on well, and whether he and his wife were

satisfied with their bargain, and their new lodgers? "Quite satisfied," the man answered; and that all was "going on, and likely to go on, well."

It was here that Mrs. Egerton had settled the paralytic woman and the grateful girl. The mistress of this house, who next appeared at the door, was, as her countenance bespoke her, and as her husband called her, as good-tempered, kind-hearted a soul as ever breathed; as active and notable a dame, moreover, as the scolding hostess. This farmer and his wife were tenants of Dr. Egerton's, so that Mrs. Egerton was well acquainted with their conduct and with all their affairs. They had, she knew, been kind to a servant-girl, who had lived with them several years, and who was just married, and had left them with their good-will, though much to their inconvenience. From this experience of their kind conduct (the only safe test), Mrs. Egerton formed her expectations, that they would behave well to those whom she placed under their protection. And she took great care, in making the agreement and arrangements, that all should be for the reciprocal advantage of the parties concerned; and that all should be perfectly well understood.

The farmer's wife was often obliged to be absent from home, at market, and wanted a servant she could trust with her children; the grateful girl was just such a one as she needed. The paralytic woman, having still the use of her hands and her head, could be useful also to the children, because she had a little learning; just as much as was not a dangerous thing for poor children. She could teach them to read and write, and a little arithmetic; and she could teach the girls to sew and to knit; and, as she said, even the very thought that she could do something still, and that she could be in any way useful to those that took charge of her, was a great ease to her mind, in her state; *sad* state she no longer called it. Rosamond now saw her in a light, neat, comfortable room, on a bed with sheets as white as snow; and there she was sitting, with the children round her; one knitting or learning to knit, and another reading to her.

The grateful girl, though she still looked as if her health required care, had no longer that hectic flush and overworked appearance, nor the expression of anxiety on her countenance, which had marked the depression



on her mind. She looked the picture, the reality of happiness.

"And oh, Madam Egerton! best of all! thanks to you," said she, "for settling that I was to pay for the room for *her*. Little as it is, what a pleasure it is to me to be still earning it for her."

Mrs. Egerton had taken particular care that this girl should still enjoy the satisfaction of providing for the paralytic woman, for whom she had so long worked with such grateful perseverance. It would have been easy to have paid for the lodging, but this would have been less real kindness than permitting her still to feel that she exercised to good purpose her kind affections: on which kind affections, whether in health or sickness, riches or poverty, whether in the highest or lowest stations of life, so large a portion of the happiness of human creatures depends.

Rosamond observed, that by judicious arrangements much had been done for these poor people, without Mrs. Egerton's having given them or having laid out much money; and she began to think that it would be possible for her to do good without possessing the wealth of Hatem, of Aboulcasem, or of the Polish countess.

The walking-party stayed for Mrs. Egerton at the white gate, as appointed; a degree of punctuality worth recording, because it is of rare occurrence. Rosamond, however, instead of walking, as had been proposed, chose to go home in the garden-chair with Mrs. Egerton, that she might talk to her, her thoughts being still intent upon all they had seen in the cottage, and especially on the happiness of the grateful girl.

"She is much happier than if she was rich," said Rosamond. "I think the poor have infinitely greater opportunity of showing one another affection, and kindness, and gratitude, than the rich can ever have. Consider what sacrifices they make every day to one another, even of the necessities of life. Our sacrifices are nothing to these: when we leave the finest peach for our neighbour, as you did yesterday," said Rosamond, smiling, "that may be very polite, but there is no great generosity in such things."

"Very true," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Then, as to gratitude," continued Rosamond, "it often happens, that the persons to whom one feels the

most obliged are in a situation of life where one can do nothing for them."

"There I differ from you, my dear," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Why, my dear ma'am, for instance, what can I do for you?"

"Have you forgotten (I can never forget) all the kindness you showed me when I was ill in London?" replied Mrs. Egerton; "and I know the whole of '*The nine days' trial*.'"

"How could you know about that? Godfrey must have told it to you," said Rosamond. "That is just like him, and I love him the better for it: I don't mean for telling it to praise me, but—"

"I understand you perfectly," said Mrs. Egerton.

"But to return to what we were talking of," said Rosamond. "These are such little proofs of affection, such insignificant proofs of gratitude, compared with what the poor can and do show each other."

"My dear Rosamond," said Mrs. Egerton, "though, in our rank of life we are not often called upon to sacrifice the necessities, or even the luxuries of life, to prove our gratitude, yet we are often called upon for sacrifices of our humours, our time, our pleasures, our selfish interests, in many ways; so that altogether, though the trials may be very different, yet they are full as constant and as great. For instance: I know in this neighbourhood a young lady of about Laura's age, who—"

Mrs. Egerton stopped, and seemed considering.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Egerton, pray go on: you know a young lady in this neighbourhood about Laura's age. What is her name? Did I ever see her? Shall I ever see her?"

"Her name is Louisa Dudley. You have never seen her: but I think perhaps you may see her; and I was considering how we could manage it."

"Thank you, thank you, ma'am. I recollect hearing the name before. Miss Dudley! Louisa Dudley! I remember now, that was the name I heard you and Mrs. Harte, and all those young ladies, repeat so often the night of the ball—Louisa Dudley, whom they all wished so much had been there: and something was said about the reason why she could not come; something about

the odd tempers of the people she is with. Will you tell me all about it, my dear ma'am?"

Mrs. Egerton smiled, and answered that now she had excited her curiosity, she would not tell her more; but that she should either hear or see more in a few days. "And now," added Mrs. Egerton, "to prevent your curiosity from preying upon you, amuse yourself and me, my dear, by repeating those lines of Hatem's."

## MORNING VISITS.

"Morning visits! This whole morning to be sacrificed to the returning of those visits!" said Rosamond. "This finest of days, which I had laid out for finishing my view of the Abbey! How I hate morning visiting!"

"I do not love it more than you do, my dear," said her mother; "and I wish that the custom were laid aside; but in living in society, there are many little sacrifices we must make to civility."

"Yes, I know that you, mamma, must return the visits of all those people who called upon you; but why must I go?"

"Don't you recollect, my dear, that Mrs. Egerton said she particularly wished you should go?"

"Has she any particular reason, I wonder?" said Rosamond.

"Is not her wish reason sufficient, my dear, without further question?"

"Certainly," said Rosamond; "I am willing to do any thing she wishes; only—"

"Only—you are not willing; is that what you mean to say, my dear?"

"No, no, mamma, I was only thinking that I could go out first, and just finish my view of the cloisters, while the lights and shades are on them so beautifully."

"But if you go out now, Rosamond, you will not be ready when the carriage comes to the door; and, you know, Mrs. Egerton requested that we should set out early."

Rosamond cast a lingering look out of the window, and still adhering to her portfolio, and walking very slowly towards the door, said, "Must I then give up the whole morning?"

"I have heard a proverb," said her father, looking up from the paper he was reading, "a Latin proverb, which says, that 'Who gives promptly gives twice.' This applies to the gift of time as well as to all other gifts. And I should add, 'Who complies readily, complies in the only manner in which I would accept of their compliance, either in a matter of consequence or a trifle.'"

Rosamond stood abashed. All thoughts of the cloisters were promptly given up. She vanished, and reappeared in a few minutes, ready to set out, even before the carriage came to the door.

The round of necessary but tiresome visits was duly paid, according to the list which Rosamond's mother held in her hand; and when they came to the last on the list, and when the joyful words, "*Not at home*," had been heard, and the tickets, with corners duly *dog-s-eared*, had been delivered, Rosamond exclaimed, "*Home*; is not it, Mrs. Egerton?"

"No; there is one other visit to be paid, and six miles off," said Mrs. Egerton.

Rosamond's face lengthened; but shortened again the next instant, when Mrs. Egerton added, "to Dudley Manor."

"Dudley Manor!" exclaimed Rosamond. "Now I know why you wished me to accompany you, dear Mrs. Egerton. I may always trust to your intending some kindness, even when you ask me to do what I don't like. Now I shall see that Louisa Dudley, whom everybody wished for so much at the ball. And now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, will you go on with what you were going to tell me of her the other day. You stopped short, if you recollect, just after you told me that she is about Laura's age. Is she like Laura? Pray describe her."

"You will see her so soon, my dear," answered Mrs. Egerton, "that I may spare the description of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; especially as all these, when most minutely described, seldom give any idea of a countenance."

"But," said Rosamond, "is she like Laura in disposition—character—manners—temper?"

"As to temper, to answer one question at a time," said Mrs. Egerton, "I cannot tell whether your sister's temper is as good as hers. True, my dear, notwithstanding your look of incredulity. I do not know, I assure you, because I never have seen Laura's temper put to such trials as I have seen Miss Dudley's; and I hope I never may."

"What sort of trials?" said Rosamond; "pray tell us some of them."

"Impossible to tell them to you, they are such petty things; they must be seen and felt to be understood."

"But if they are such little things, surely they might be easily borne," said Rosamond.

"No ; little torments, continually reiterated, are, it is found, the most difficult of all others to endure."

"Are the people she lives with fond of her," said Rosamond.

"Yes ; very fond of her," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Then I do not pity her," said Rosamond. "I could bear any thing from people who are fond of me."

"Stay till you try, my dear Rosamond," said her mother.

"Stay till you see Mr. and Mrs. Dudley," said Mrs. Egerton.

"What sort of persons are they," said Rosamond.

"Excellent people, with good hearts, good heads, good name, good fortune."

"Oh, I don't pity her!" cried Rosamond.

"Good fortune did I say? I should have said more than good—great fortune ; they have, in short, every thing this world can afford to make them happy ; steeped up to the lips in luxury."

"They are what is called hypochondriacal then, I suppose," said Rosamond.

"Mental hypochondriacism, perhaps, it may be called," said Mrs. Egerton : "they do not imagine themselves ill, but they imagine themselves unhappy. The fact is, they want nothing in this world but temper."

"That is a sad want, indeed," said Rosamond ; "but still—"

"But still," repeated Mrs. Egerton, smiling, "as you have never felt it, you cannot conceive the misery."

"Yes, I can conceive it," said Rosamond ; "but still, if they are fond of one another—"

"They married for love," said Mrs. Egerton ; "and, for aught I know, they may be, as many people say, very fond of one another in the main to this day ; but their love has all the effects of hate, for they make one another as unhappy as the bitterest enemies chained together could do. Their lives are every day, and all day long, one scene of petty contradiction, opposition, dispute, taunt, and reply. They were originally high-bred persons ; but their tempers have so far got the better or the worse of them, that they quite forget domestic politeness ; and though they are well-bred to all the world beside, are really ill-bred to one another."

"And does this appear before company, too?" said Rosamond. "But cannot Louisa Dudley, if they are so fond of her, do any thing to make affairs go on better?"

"She does every thing that is possible, but all in vain. She cannot please one, without displeasing the other; and their very fondness for her proves a new source of jealousy, and, if not of open altercation, of secret taunt. She gives up her amusements, her occupations, her will, her whole time, her liberty to them, and yet she can never succeed in making them satisfied with her, or happy themselves, for one day, one hour."

"What a misfortune to have such a father and mother!" said Rosamond.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dudley are not her father and mother," replied Mrs. Egerton: "they are only distant relations to her."

"Then why," said Rosamond, "does she live with them, if she is not bound by duty?"

"She is bound to them, or she thinks herself bound to them by gratitude," said Mrs. Egerton. "They conferred some important obligation, of what nature I do not know, upon Louisa Dudley, when she was a child, or upon her parents. As to the rest, she is quite independent; she will have a very considerable fortune; her guardians are people of fashion, who live in what are called the first circles, and with whom she might reside if she pleased; but Mr. and Mrs. Dudley are anxious to have her with them, and to them she devotes herself in the manner you will see. And after all Louisa does to prove her gratitude and affection, there is always some further petty proof required, 'a cruel something.' For instance, they are jealous of her regard for the good Mrs. Harte, by whom she was educated. It was this jealousy, and some affront about Mrs. Harte's visiting, or being visited, which put them out of temper, and which at last prevented poor Louisa from coming to our ball. I am now going to make a propitiatory visit, in hopes of prevailing upon Mrs. Dudley to come, or to let Louisa come to Egerton Abbey for a few days, while you are with us; I know that this would be a great pleasure to her. And now that I have told you this much, it is but fair to my friend Louisa to assure you, that not the slightest word of complaint ever came to me from her. On the contrary, she is continually and

zealously intent upon veiling all defects, and turning every thing Mr. and Mrs. Dudley say and do to the best advantage. She treats them with such respect, and her attachment to them is so sincere and determined, that I am convinced not one of her most intimate friends, young or old, has ever ventured to speak to her, or before her, of any of Mr. or Mrs. Dudley's disagreements, or of her own suffering from their faults."

"That is right, that's excellent," said Rosamond.

When they drove up to the house at Dudley Manor, Rosamond exclaimed, "A beautiful place! An admirable house! Italian front! conservatory! trellis! how happy people might be here!"

If the length, breadth, or height of a room could secure happiness, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley's felicity would have been perfect; but all thoughts of their being happy were given up, when their discontented faces and careworn figures appeared entering at opposite doors. Their manners to their guests, to the strangers particularly, were so polite, their conversation so pleasing, that for the first quarter of an hour Rosamond, deceived by the charm of good breeding, disbelieved or forgot all that she had heard of their discontented dispositions. It was plain that some grief sat heavy at heart: but that their unhappiness could arise from faults of temper, the sweet smiles of the lady, and the softened voice of the gentleman, forbade her to think. When Miss Dudley was asked for, a cloud over the lady's brow, however, appeared, and a coldness and constraint towards Mrs. Egerton, but to everybody else in the room she was more particularly charming than before. Louisa came in fresh from a walk, with heightened colour, and with a countenance of cheerfulness and affection, which Rosamond thought must set all to rights. For some little time longer the conversation kept on smoothly skating over the ice of ceremony, which had not yet been broken. It is happy, in these cases, when strangers know nothing of the dangers beneath.

Presently the conversation turned upon the dance at Egerton Abbey. Mrs. Dudley pitied Rosamond very much, as she said, for having been confined to a sofa all night.

Rosamond was going to answer that she had been that evening happier than if she had been dancing; but, afraid to mention Mrs. Harte, whose conversation had



so much interested her, she gave but a bungling account of her happiness, and left it to her mother and Mrs. Egerton to finish her sentences. But even Mrs. Egerton could not give satisfaction in speaking of Mrs. Harte and the ball.

Much, indeed, was said by Mrs. Dudley in praise of Mrs. Harte, and much was said of Mrs. Dudley's concern, that Louisa had missed the opportunity of seeing a person to whom she was so warmly attached; but her altered and constrained voice and manner betrayed her dissatisfaction. Even poor Louisa, who had given up the ball and the company of her friend Mrs. Harte, did not seem to have succeeded in pleasing.

While all this was going on Mr. Dudley uttered (*sotto voce*), as Rosamond, who sat near him, heard, many sighs and pshaw! But he was evidently in cordial good-humour with Louisa. He observed to Rosamond that his Louisa had the sweetest temper in the world; that the celebrated Serena was nothing to her; but he rejoiced, he significantly said, that he was not the old father in the gout, whose humours always crossed the heroine's pleasures. The compressed lips and cleared throat of Mrs. Dudley were now signs that all was going wrong with her.

Rosamond made an attempt to turn the conversation to a harmless course, by asking some questions about the manner in which the windows were fastened.

"They are French windows, with *Espagnolettes*," said Mrs. Dudley.

Immediately stepping forward with a delighted and delightful smile, she opened and shut the window to show Rosamond how easily these long bolts fastened both sides of the window at once. Rosamond was delighted with them, and with herself, for having given this happy turn to the conversation; for now, and for the first time for many minutes, the lady looked really pleased; but, turning her eyes upon Mr. Dudley, who stood silent, Rosamond saw that he was quite discomfited, and in Louisa's face there was a look of repressed apprehension. There is no knowing, thought Rosamond, what may prove dangerous subjects with people who disagree.

The manner of shutting and opening these windows happened to have been a subject of daily altercation between Mr. and Mrs. Dudley. She had always patro-

nised, he had always detested them; and every stranger was subject to being asked their opinion, and could never escape giving offence one way or the other. Mr. Dudley began by observing, in a disdainful manner, that such things were vastly well in summer and in a warm climate, but that he owned he did not like mere summer friends; he was "too English, he confessed, for *that*;" he liked well-fitted, well-pullied English windows. Now Mrs. Dudley liked every thing that was French. Here opened a wide field of battle, each party bringing all the forces of their understanding and knowledge of all sorts (and very considerable forces they were), in support, not of reason, but of opposite prejudices, and in the spirit of contradiction. Mrs. Egerton endeavoured to commence, and Rosamond's mother supported, the praises of an excellent Edinburgh Review, which had then just appeared, on the comparative merits of French and English inventions and industry. The new and curious facts mentioned delighted Louisa; and, for a time, the new interest excited by the question of who the author of that review might be, suspended the window debate. But the truce was of short continuance, and hostilities recommenced with renewed vigour. New materials supplied fresh fuel to the flame. From industry, arts, and sciences, they soon proceeded to manners, morals, politics—French and English. The gentleman and lady, to be sure, dealt only in general assertions, but the particular applications were too obvious. The implications and innuendoes became shockingly clear and frequent, till the husband and wife no longer talked *to*, but *at* each other, and soon it came to "all the cruel language of the eye."

Rosamond, quite abashed, scarcely dared to look at anybody. From time to time, however, she saw Louisa's varying colour, which betrayed how much she felt while this sort of conversation went on, and when frequent appeals, in the course of it, were made to her testimony, her taste, or opinion. She, however, preserved her presence of mind, and answering always only as much as truth, and as little as kindness required, her respect for both recalling each to respect for the other, her genuine affection conciliated both, and continually softened and covered all that was wrong; so that, as Rosamond described it afterward, the company felt themselves bound, under pain of hurting her feel-

ings, not to see, hear, or understand that any thing unbecoming or disagreeable had passed.

A collation, well deserving the epithet which the newspaper writers so often bestow—an *elegant* collation now appeared, and, gathering round the table, all clouds seemed to have cleared up and passed off in a wonderful way; and Rosamond could scarcely believe that her host and hostess, now most politely doing the honours to their guests in the most perfect unison, and in good-humour or semblance of good-humour, were the persons between whom, but a few minutes before, she had heard such "bitter taunt and keen reply."

"Well," thought Rosamond, "perhaps, as Mrs. Egerton said, for aught I know, these people love one another after all."

Disenchanted from the constraint which had seized upon her, Rosamond became quite at ease and happy, especially when Mrs. Egerton, seizing the propitious moment, apologized, successfully, to Mrs. Dudley, for some affront about a visit; and she and Mr. Dudley joined in polite expressions of regard for the Egerton family, regrets that their intercourse was not more frequent, and ended with a most cordial and pressing entreaty that they would fix a day for doing them the pleasure and honour of dining at Dudley Manor. As this was almost the only point on which the husband and wife had agreed, and as they evidently did coalesce in this wish, good Mrs. Egerton was tempted to comply the more readily, because her compliance would give Louisa satisfaction. All was now upon velvet; and even the ball and Mrs. Harte were mentioned by Mrs. Dudley with complacency.

Encouraged by Mrs. Dudley's smiles and readiness to enter into the subject, Mrs. Egerton now ventured to make her petition, "that she might have the pleasure of Louisa's company for one day, during the time which Rosamond and all her friends were to stay at Egerton Abbey."

Mr. Dudley instantly acceded. "By all means—by all means, since you are so good as to give us a day, especially; and I know it is the thing of all others that Louisa wishes."

Louisa did not deny it, but, colouring, looked timidly towards Mrs. Dudley.

"Pray, Louisa—pray, Miss Dudley, do whatever you

wish; do not, I beg, let me be any restraint upon you," said Mrs. Dudley. "If your look means to look to me for consent, do me the justice to believe that you are quite at liberty. What objection can I possibly make?"

Truly Louisa did not know; but though the words were added, "I am sure I make no objection," yet the words, and the tone, and the eyes, did not accord. Even Rosamond, who had scarcely learned the language of Mrs. Dudley's countenance, could read this much: and Louisa knew that she must give up her own wishes, or that all would be wrong again. She therefore declined Mrs. Egerton's invitation without saying any thing that was untrue, and without appearing to make any sacrifice. In fact she did, as she said, what upon the whole was most agreeable to her: for it was most agreeable to her to give up any gratification of her own to satisfy friends to whom she felt herself obliged.

But after all they were not satisfied, for she heard Mr. Dudley, in his soliloquy voice, saying to himself, "In my opinion, Louisa had much better go. No use in these sacrifices; nonsensical—nonsensical. For my part, I own, I like courage and sincerity."

Louisa's hand trembled as she was dividing a bunch of grapes with Rosamond, and she could not cut them asunder. She did not, however, quarrel even with the bluntness of the grape scissors, she blamed only her own awkwardness. The grapes were some of the finest that ever were seen; but Rosamond ate them without knowing how they tasted; and a melting peach of the finest flavour, which Mr. Dudley put on her plate, might have been, what he scornfully called, "a mere turnip," for any thing she knew to the contrary. The carriage was ordered, and Rosamond rejoiced when it came to the door. A few minutes before their departure, as she was standing opposite to the chimney-piece with Louisa, looking at a beautiful china cup which she had pointed out to her as Mrs. Dudley's painting, Mr. Dudley came between them and said, "Do you go to Egerton Abbey?"

"No, sir," answered Louisa.

"Pshaw! How can you be so foolish? quite obstinate!"

Mrs. Dudley glided near Louisa on the other side, and observing her colour, and hearing no answer to what—ever Mr. Dudley had suggested, she said—

"Why will not you go, Louisa? If you wish to oblige

me, pray go. Miss Rosamond wishes it so much, you see, and Mrs. Egerton. Pray go."

As she took the cup from Louisa's hand, and replaced it on the mantel-piece, she added, "Sacrifices are my detestation; the feelings of the mind are what I look to." These were Mrs. Dudley's last words; and her last look a look of dissatisfaction.

Rosamond was the first to break the silence that prevailed, as they drove from the door. "Good-by Dudley Manor!" said she. "I did not think it possible to be so unhappy in so beautiful a place. What a difficult, what a terrible thing it must be, mamma, to live with two such people! to live with any people who cannot agree! It is absolutely impossible, as you said, Mrs. Egerton, to please them both at the same time. But what an angelic temper Miss Dudley shows!"

Almost all the way home Rosamond passed in exhaling her indignation against Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, and in expressing her pity, admiration, and love for Louisa. Yet she would not be Louisa for any thing upon earth. She would rather, she declared, be the poor girl in the cottage, serving the paralytic woman, and having her services received and paid by kind acceptance, good-humour, and affection; above all, by seeing that she really made the happiness of the person for whom she exerted herself. But to be obliged to such a discontented person as Mrs. Dudley, and to live with people who disagree eternally, how few could stand it!

"Not but I think Laura could," added Rosamond. "But I am sure I could not; I would much rather endure any great trials, the greatest that could be invented; there would be some motive, some glory, some self-complacency to support one; but these constant little torments!—"

"But these constant little torments," said Mrs. Egerton, "are those to which we, in our station of life, are most likely to be exposed; and I am very sure you would learn to bear them, my dear Rosamond, if it were necessary; and though I hope you may never be in such a situation as Louisa Dudley, yet you may be pretty sure that, in the course of your life, you will be obliged to submit to many little sacrifices of your tastes and wishes; and the temper which will make you support such trials is more to be desired than even the wealth and power of your favourite Polish countess."

## THE BRACELET OF MEMORY.

"Come down! come down to the breakfast-room, my dear Rosamond, this instant," cried Godfrey. "Make haste; but make no noise as you come into the room."

"Why? what can be the matter, brother?" said Rosamond, following him down stairs as fast as she could.

"Nothing is the matter," replied Godfrey. "Did I say any thing was the matter? Don't let your imagination run away with you, as usual: if you do you will be disappointed, and find your mountain produce nothing but a mouse. Take care you do not tumble down stairs; that is all you need be afraid of at present."

"But pray, Godfrey," said Rosamond, overtaking him just as he reached the breakfast-room door, "do tell me, before I go in, why I should make no noise."

"Hush! hush! follow me on tiptoe, and you shall see what you shall see."

Rosamond followed him, as softly as she could. She heard the word "hush!" repeated as she entered the room, and saw that everybody was standing round the breakfast-table, looking at something attentively. Joining them, she found that they were looking at a little mouse, which stood quite still before some crumbs of bread on the table-cloth, seeming to be so much terrified as to be incapable of stirring.

"Poor thing! how frightened it is!" whispered Rosamond. "Let me take it up in my hands."

The traveller drew her back as she was going to take it up. Godfrey bid her take care, lest it should bite her; and Laura begged her to stand still, and watch what the mouse would do. Presently it turned its little head from side to side, as mice, when in dangers great, are wont to do; its bright, round, and not unthinking eyes, seemed to watch for an opportunity to escape. Hearing no noise, it appeared to take courage, began to nibble at the crumbs of bread on the table-cloth, then setting up its tail, ran on a few steps to the right, then to

the left, then very quickly all round the table, regardless of the spectators, and even of the officious Godfrey, who moved every thing out of the way before it.

But just as it was running past Rosamond, Mrs. Egerton's cat, which had followed her into the room, and unperceived had jumped up on the chair behind her, darted forward, sprang upon the mouse, and caught it in her mouth. A general cry was heard, loudest from the traveller, who seized the cat by the back of the neck, and, forcing her to drop the mouse into his hand, swung her out of the room, and shut the door.

"Is the mouse hurt! Is it dead?" cried Rosamond, pressing forward to look at it.

"No, it is safe! it is safe!" said the traveller; "but this is the second time a cat has nearly destroyed it. Look where its side was bitten before."

"But it looks as if it were dead," said Rosamond, going closer to look at it, as the traveller held it out, stretched on the palm of his hand.

"It is not alive, certainly," said Godfrey. "Touch it: take it in your own hand, Rosamond."

She touched it, and exclaimed, "It is not alive! it is cold! it is stiff! it is hard! it is not a real mouse!"

"Oh! have you found that out at last!" said Godfrey, laughing. "You have been finely taken in!"

"She need not be ashamed of that," said Laura, "since even the best judge of mice, the cat, was deceived."

Rosamond begged to see it move again. The traveller took a key out of his pocket, wound up some machinery concealed withinside of the mouse, and, setting it upon its legs on the table, it again moved its apprehensive head from side to side, nibbled, and ran its course, to Rosamond's delight.

"It is the most perfect imitation of a living animal I ever saw," said she.

"Since you are so much pleased with my mouse," said the traveller, "you shall see the whole contents of my box of curiosities; provided that, if I unpack them, some one will undertake to pack them up again carefully."

Laura undertook to do this; and after breakfast, which was soon eaten, all gathered round the traveller's box. And first he pulled out abundance of wool and paper; and fold within fold of silver paper was opened, till upon a bed of cotton wool appeared a large caterpil-

lar, with gold and crimson rings. After some magical operation had been performed upon it by its master, it was placed upon a large leaf, and it raised its head and its tail, after the manner of caterpillars, and showed its many feet; then walked deliberately on, drawing ring within ring as it moved forward, the circulation of its blood through each transparent circle seeming to appear so plainly that it was scarcely possible to doubt its life. Its master took it up, and stuck a pin under the middle of its body; it writhed and struggled, moving its head and tail up and down in such apparent agony that it was painful to look at it; and it seemed cruel, as Rosamond said, to keep it in such torture. Relieved from its empalement, the beautiful creature walked again uninjured; and Rosamond acknowledged that the mouse was far surpassed by the caterpillar.

"You think nothing can exceed the caterpillar, and perhaps you are right," said the traveller; "but look at this box," added he, putting into her hand a gold snuff-box, curiously wrought. "The chasing is rich, and this enamelled picture in the lid is pretty."

"It is a view of Mont Blanc and the Lake of Geneva, is not it?" said Rosamond. "The box is very pretty; but—"

As she pronounced the word *but*, the lid flew open, and up sprang a bird, a tiny bird, not half the size of the smallest of the feathered tribe, in comparison with which the humming-bird and the bee-bird would seem gross and vulgar. Its body of the brightest blue, its wings canary colour, streaked and variegated. It might be of the jay species; but never jay in all its glory, never jay in all its borrowed feathers, ever shone with plumage so gay, so brilliant; each feather so perfect in itself; the whole in such shining order. Rosamond could have looked at it for an hour: but, in an instant, it moves—it breathes—it spreads its wings bedropped with gold—it raises its head—it opens its beak—it stretches its neck—it warbles, and you see the liquid motion in the throat at every note it sings! and with a sound so clear, so strong, so sweet! but abrupt, its song is ended: sudden it sinks down: the prison lid of itself closes over it!—to the regret of all the spectators, all the audience, and most to the regret of Rosamond.

"Beautiful bird! How far, far superior to the caterpillar!" cried Rosamond. "There never was any thing



equal to this since the time of the talking-bird and the singing-tree in the Arabian Nights, or since the days of Aboulcasem and his never-to-be-forgotten peacock. But how far superior this delicate creature to that peacock! How wonderful, that human ingenuity and perseverance can realize, and more than realize, surpass, the feats of genii and the imagination of fairy land!"

Rosamond thought this, but could not find words to express her admiration. Again and again she begged to see and hear the bird; and repeatedly it rose, and sung unwearied, and sunk, obedient, into its prison-house: till at last, ashamed of troubling it or its master more, Rosamond refrained from asking for "one other song."

"You think that nothing can surpass the singing-bird!" said the traveller.

"Nothing! nothing!" replied Rosamond.

"We shall see," said the traveller, searching at the bottom of his box of wonders; and as he drew out a common pasteboard trinket box, she said to herself, "Whatever this may be, he should certainly have produced it before the bird. It is impossible we can like it half as well. I really have no curiosity to see it; but it would not be civil to tell him so."

The traveller, with a provoking look of security and deliberation, shook from its cotton and papers a golden bracelet, which Rosamond received, as he put it into her hands, with a look in which disappointment sadly contended with civility—sadly and vainly! As the gold chains hung from her hand, she observed that it was pretty; but that was all.

"I see," said the traveller, "that you have not the taste which some young ladies have for mere pretty, useless ornaments."

"There was a time," said her mother, "when Rosamond liked pretty useless things, but that is completely past."

"I hope so," said Rosamond.

"Perhaps you may think differently of this bracelet when you have worn it," said the traveller. "Give me leave to clasp it on your arm; you must wear it a few moments before you can judge."

He put it on, while Rosamond looked superior down, and smiled.

"Wait till the charm operates," said he, "and you will prefer the bracelet to the bird."

"What charm?" said Rosamond, looking at Godfrey; "the charm of vanity? I hope you have not so mean an opinion of me. I assure you, that I infinitely prefer the bird to all the bracelets—"

She stopped, and started. "It pricks me! I felt it prick. Indeed, Godfrey, it did prick me."

"Imagination!" said Godfrey.

"No imagination, brother. I wish you had felt it. Look here," said she, unclasping the bracelet; "the red mark, do you see it on my wrist? Will you believe it now?"

"I see it really," said Godfrey. "Then if it was not imagination, it must be conscience; the prick of conscience."

"As if it *could* be conscience! But it almost drew blood. Let me try it once more; there again I felt it."

"It is the bracelet of conscience," cried Godfrey. "Look how she blushes."

"I blushed only from surprise, as anybody might. But of what use—"

"It is! It is the bracelet of conscience," repeated Godfrey, laughing.

"Only the bracelet of memory," said the traveller. "Tell me, is there any thing you wish to remember at a particular hour or minute this day, and I will engage that the prick of this talismanic bracelet shall remind you of it, true to the second."

"Is it possible?" cried Rosamond. "Let us see. Yes, there is something I wish to remember to-day. You know, Laura, at twelve o'clock—no, at half after twelve, we are to go to see that poor blind woman."

The traveller took the bracelet into his own hands: what conjuration he performed was not seen or heard; but he clasped it again on Rosamond's arm, and bid her wait the result patiently.

Patience was too much to expect: with her wrist stiffened, and her eyes fixed alternately upon the bracelet and upon the minute-hand of the traveller's watch, which he had placed before her, she sat till the minute-hand pointed to half past twelve; and at that moment Rosamond, starting up, exclaimed,

"It is so! I felt it! It is like the ring of Prince Chery in the Fairy Tales! It is like the ring of Amurath in the Adventurer! Oh how often, when I was a

child, I have wished for such a ring! But is it possible? How can it be?"

The traveller touched a spring, and the lid of the medallion of the bracelet opening, discovered within the dial-plate of a very small watch.

"It is an alarum," said the traveller, "which can be set to the hour and minute required; so that at a certain moment, the point which you felt pricking you is pushed through this scarcely visible hole withinside of the bracelet, where it touches the arm. The artist who made it told me that it cost him infinite pains to bring the mechanism within to the requisite degree of precision. But at last, you see, it perfectly succeeds, and I hope the lady for whom it is intended will be pleased with this ingenious trinket."

"To be sure she must be pleased, and excessively pleased with it, or nothing in the world could ever please her," said Rosamond.

"Nothing in the world!" repeated Godfrey.

"Of this sort she meant," added Laura.

Rosamond asked the traveller who it was that had invented all these beautiful and ingenious things, and where they were made. He answered that they were all invented and executed at Geneva, by a clockmaker and jeweller, who lived in a little dark shop, up seven flights of stairs, in a house difficult to find, and to be found only after groping through an obscure, long, covered, noisome passage. Yet through this passage, and up these stairs, every traveller, male or female, of any distinction or of any curiosity, who has ever passed through Geneva, has been drawn by the fame of M. Bautte!

Rosamond did not wonder at it. The traveller declared that his knees had often ached in the service of his fair countrywomen, in going up and down, seven times a day, these seven flights of steep stone stairs. He said that he had been in his last visit to Geneva overwhelmed with commissions, so that he had been obliged absolutely to refuse to bring over dozens of watches and necklaces, and rings innumerable; he had not, however, been able to resist the solicitations of a dear friend's sister, who had begged him to take charge of this little box of wonders.

Rosamond was right glad that he had been so good-natured.

"And pray, now, sir," said the country gentleman, who had been all this time standing apart, engaged with the newspaper, "may I, without indiscretion, ask the price of these wonders?"

The traveller answered that the caterpillar, as well as he recollected, was thirty or forty guineas; the bird, a hundred; and the bracelet, sixty guineas.

"Only sixty for the bracelet!" cried Rosamond.

"Only!" repeated the country gentleman. "Only think of sixty guineas for a bracelet!"

"It is a great deal, to be sure," said Rosamond; "but I was surprised that it was so much less than the price of the bird."

"The bird a cool hundred; the caterpillar, say forty; the bracelet, a great bargain, sixty guineas; so there goes two hundred good guineas, of English money, to foreign parts, for these gimcracks," said the country gentleman; "and how many hundreds more will go, think you, in the same way, out of England, before the end of the year?"

"Thousands, not hundreds," answered the traveller, "and before the end of the month. Don't sigh, man! All the better for trade."

"Foreign trade, sir," said the country gentleman.

"True," said the traveller, "but are not we liberal citizens of the world?"

"No, sir, I am not what you call liberal," replied the country gentleman; "and I do not pique myself upon being a citizen of the world; I look at home first."

"And last?" said the traveller.

"First and last, sir, I look, as it is my duty to do, to my own concerns, to my own snug little cell in the great beehive; and if every one would do the same, I have a notion the beehive would prosper. In short, without tropes or figures, which after all are mostly nonsense, I will confess to you that I am heartily glad that none of my girls, nor my wife, happened to be at the unpacking of your box; if they had I should have been cursed with an importation of these wriggling caterpillars, and snuff-box singing-birds, and pricking bracelets, and no rational man alive can guess how many more ingenious absurdities."

Rosamond thought the word *absurdities* was too strong—too hard. But the indignant gentleman went on.

"It may be too severe, but I make it a principle to

discourage the taste for bawbles in my family, ingenious or not ingenious; yet, after all, it is astonishing what sums of money my girls waste upon trinkets."

The country gentleman here inveighed against the general taste for luxuries, and told anecdotes of several of his neighbours or acquaintance, who had been ruined by the expensive habits of their wives and daughters. He mentioned in particular one lady, whom he had seen at a ball, covered with diamonds, at a time when her husband was in jail for her debts. "Yes, young lady, I remember years before thinking what it would come to, when I saw her buy one morning half a shopful of your mighty ingenious bawbles!" added he, laying his hand on Rosamond's shoulder, who was at this moment contemplating the caterpillar walking on the back of an opened packet of letters which the traveller was holding.

Rosamond, colouring, turned away to look for Godfrey, who was standing behind her.

"I know what you are thinking of, brother," whispered she, "you are thinking of the purple jar. But there is a great deal of difference between admiring what is ingenious and beautiful, and having a taste for useless bawbles, or having habits of extravagance, I hope!"

"I *hope*!" echoed Godfrey, with a provoking smile.

"You hope, but I am sure of it," said Rosamond.

"Do you think I forget my father's refusing himself that fine picture the other day, and all he said about the difference between the taste for the pleasure of seeing pictures, for instance, and a taste for the mere possession of them? This may be applied to other things."

"It *may* be applied, no doubt," replied Godfrey.

"May! but do not you see that it is applied by me in my own case?"

"What's your own case?" said Godfrey. "I did not know you were in any case."

"Well; but supposing I was in a case where I was to judge and to act."

"Why then we should see how you would judge and act, my dear."

"Very well; I, who know what passes within of my own mind better than you can do with all your penetration, I know that I have not the least wish, at this instant, to possess or purchase the caterpillar, bird, or—"

"*Bracelet*, she would have said, but conscience pricked her in time," cried Godfrey.

"I confess I should wish to have the bracelet," said Rosamond; "but I think I could resist the temptation, and that is all that is necessary."

"Stay till you are tried," said Godfrey, "and, luckily for you, that is not very likely at present."

This by-battle was interrupted by an exclamation from the traveller, who, starting up, and throwing down one of the letters he had just opened, cried, "The most provoking woman in the world! After all the trouble I have taken, she writes me word she has changed her mind, and hopes I have not *quite* bought the bracelet. Quite bought! what a lady-like expression! Because she has fallen in love with a hundred guinea Cachmere, and she really must be economic and give up the bracelet. How can any man, any reasonable creature, be prepared for these alternate hot and cold fits of extravagance and economy! But no matter. She very obligingly tells me that I must get it off her hands as well as I can, and as soon as possible, if unluckily I have quite bought it; and her ladyship is my affectionately obliged, &c. But stay, here is a postscript:

"If you cannot get it off your hands, the best way will be to return it to M. Bautte, who will, I am sure, take it back to oblige me; and, upon the whole, I must beg that you would send it back, because, as I have not it myself, I had much rather nobody should have it in England, because—"

"The rest is illegible; no, stay, here is a scribble under the seal.

"Mr. Somebody, of Geneva, who is now in town, and who has just been with me for my lord's pupils, sets off for Geneva on Tuesday, and will take charge of the bracelet, and of the whole business."

"*For her lord's pupils!* What can that mean? I did not know her lord had any pupils. Mrs. Egerton—Dr. Egerton, can you guess what her ladyship means? No, nobody can guess, for she never knows herself above half her own meaning, and *that* half she changes while her humble servants are puzzling about the other. But seriously, here I am with the bracelet of memory on my rash hands. I cannot think of sending it back again to Geneva, for it is bought—*quite* bought. But as there is not another in England—not another in the world—and," added he, ironically, smiling at Rosamond, "as it is only sixty guineas, I think I am safe enough. It will

be off my hands before I have been twenty-four hours in town; it will be snatched out of my hands by rival beauties."

Rosamond put on the bracelet, and looked fondly at it, saying to herself, "It is fortunate for me that I have not sixty guineas, or Godfrey might be right after all. It would be such a delightful thing to buy it to give to Laura, who I know likes it full as much as I do. She said it was the prettiest and most ingenious invention she ever saw, and the most useful, certainly; but I have no money."

With a sigh she resigned the bracelet into the hands of Laura, who, according to her promise, was carefully packing up the box of wonders. At the close of her soliloquy, Rosamond looked up to see what Godfrey was thinking of, but Godfrey had left the room. She heard his voice in the lawn, speaking in a tone of joy, and she ran to the window to see who or what was arrived.

She saw on the lawn, before the hall door, a beautiful little bright bay mare, at which Godfrey and her father were looking, while a rider by turns walked, trotted, and cantered the mare, showing her gentleness, spirit, and fine paces. Soon Godfrey, sent by his father, came in to Rosamond, and seizing her arm, carried her out along with him so rapidly that she could hardly keep up with him. "Fly! fly! my father wants to speak to you directly, and I know what he is going to say to you; but I am not to tell you. Indeed he did not tell me, but I know, and I give you joy, Rosamond."

Godfrey would have waited to see her joy, but his father sent him back, and desired that Rosamond should come alone.

"Very extraordinary!" thought Godfrey, "when I know the secret very well—that this mare is intended for Rosamond."

Rosamond had no idea that the horse was for her, till she saw a servant coming out of the stableyard carrying a side-saddle.

"Is it possible, my dear father!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is possible, my dear," replied her father, smiling; "it is possible, but it is not certain; indeed, I scarcely think it is probable."

Rosamond, afraid that she had taken too much for granted, felt ashamed of having imagined that the horse

was for her. Yet, when the groom was ordered to draw the stirrup up to the hole in which it was usually put for Miss Rosamond, she was confirmed in her first thought.

"Go and put on your habit, my dear, and you shall try this horse."

No sooner said than done. Never was habit more quickly put on. But before she was "in her saddle set," she had fifty alternations of hope and fear.

"Pretty creature! pretty creature!" said she, patting its neck. "What a beautiful bright bay, and how delightfully she canters!"

"All that a woman ever thinks of about a horse is, whether it is a pretty colour, and whether it canters well," said her father.

"But look how well it walks, papa; and it has such an easy trot, I could trot for ever upon it; and it has such a fine mouth, that, as Godfrey said of Helen's pony, it could be ridden with a rein of worsted; and it is such a difficult thing, as Godfrey says, to find a lady's horse."

*Lady's horse!* Rosamond was a little ashamed when the words sounded on her ear, and she endeavoured to mend the matter. "I mean a good horse, whether it is for a lady or not."

Her father smiled and was silent. What could he be thinking of?

"Rosamond," said he, "this good horse was intended for a lady's horse, and you are the lady for whom it was intended."

"Was!"

"Was," repeated her father. "Whether it shall be yours or not depends upon your own choice."

"My choice! Oh, if it depends on my choice, thank you, thank you, papa; I choose it, certainly."

"Stay, my dear; choice implies the power of judging between two things, and you must hear to the end of my sentence before you can decide: you must know what the two things are between which you are to decide. The price of this horse is sixty guineas; here is the money; you may lay it out as you please, either in purchasing this horse, or in buying the bracelet you saw this morning. Now take your choice, my dear, and judge for yourself."

Rosamond was quite silenced by surprise, joy, gratitude, and by the sense of the importance of the decision



she had to make. "It is no child's play," thought she. "Sixty guineas! how very kind of my father to think of buying a horse for me, and such a horse!"

While she was on this horse, and riding with her father, she felt little doubt of what her choice would be. "The horse! the horse! certainly the horse!" It would be such a pleasure to ride with her father and with Godfrey; and she should also be able to lend it to Laura, who would like it exceedingly. In short, she was determined—quite determined, in favour of the horse; but when her ride was finished, when she went into the library and saw the box of wonders, packed, but not yet locked, she wished to look at the bracelet once more—she stood pondering.

Godfrey, coming close to her, took hold of the whip which she held in her hand. "Well! Rosamond, how do you like your new horse?"

"Very much, brother; but—"

"But what? I suppose it put up its ears, and that you were afraid, and now ashamed to tell us so; hey?"

"No such thing."

"What then? What can make you look so careful, so wondrous careful?"

"I have reason to look careful," said Rosamond, turning to Laura, "for I have a great judgment to make."

Then she told them what had passed, and asked their advice, adding, that she was *almost* determined to choose the horse, but that she should like to look once more at the bracelet, as the box was not locked, if it would not be too much trouble to Laura to unpack it again.

"Not the least trouble," said Laura, yet she made no advance towards the box. "No trouble to me to unpack it; but I do not perceive what advantage it can be to you to see the bracelet again; you know as much now as you can know about it. How can seeing it again assist your judgment?"

"Fair play! fair play! Laura," cried Godfrey. "If people do not see, how can they judge?"

And so saying, with the traveller's leave, he unpacked the box, reproduced the bracelet, spread it before Rosamond's eyes, and finished by again clasping it on her wrist.

"Now come away and leave her to judge for herself," said Laura, drawing Godfrey away.

"No, no," said Godfrey, resisting; "what a pretty

sort of judgment a person must have who cannot decide when others are standing by ; very useful it would be to them in the course of their life. But," whispered he, "I think that it is not quite fair that my mother should stand there, as she does, looking so anxious ; that must disturb Rosamond's reflections ; and if she decides only to please my mother, or because she is afraid to give my mother pain, there will be no trial or no proof of prudence."

His mother went to the other end of the room, and waited for Rosamond's decision, without influencing her by word or look.

"Remember, Rosamond," said Godfrey, "that there are many horses in the world, many such horses as that," pointing to the horse, which the groom was leading past the window ; "many hundred, thousand perhaps, such horses as that, and only one such bracelet as this. Only one in the world !—The bracelet of memory.—'Le bracelet de souvenir,' if you like it better in French. And how you will show it in London to Miss This and Lady T'other ! and how Miss This and Lady T'other will admire it ; and how they will wish that Heaven had blessed them with such a bracelet ; and how they will envy you ! and how often they will ask if it is not possible that they could get such a one ! And you will answer, that 'if they were to give the world for it they could not get such another, for it was made on purpose for you.'"

These last words, which Godfrey pronounced in a marked tone of irony, recalled the recollection of one of the adventures of Rosamond's childhood.

She smiled and said, "Brother, I am not such a child, such a fool, as you think me."

"But seriously, Rosamond," said he, "consider, as you said this morning, what a very ingenious thing this bracelet is, like Prince Chery's ring, and Amurath's ring. And it is not a bawble, but a talisman—a fairy talisman ; and I could make verses upon it, lines addressed to a lady—

"Fairy treasure ! Fairest fair—"

Godfrey was silent for a few moments as he walked up and down the room, searching perhaps for a rhyme to *fair*, but returning to Rosamond, he went on.

"It is such a very *useful* bracelet, Rosamond. With the bracelet of memory you can never fail to do all

your duties in this world, and you will always remember every thing you have to do punctually to an instant; a single prick will do the business."

"By-the-by," said Laura, "did you go to the blind woman this morning, Rosamond?"

"I did not, indeed," said Rosamond, colouring, "though the bracelet pricked me exactly at the right moment."

"But this was only the first time—the first prick," said Godfrey. "Very likely you will mind it better the next time."

"That is not likely," said Rosamond; "it is more likely that I should grow quite used to it, and indifferent to the prick. And after all, a watch tells me just as well the right time for every thing I have to do. I flattered the bracelet, or flattered myself, when I said it was so very useful. The horse no doubt is far the most useful. But there is one really good argument in favour of the bracelet," said she, "that it will last longer than the horse; the horse may die, may be lamed, may go blind, and there will be an end of it."

"And you forget that you may break or lose the bracelet," said Laura.

"True," said Rosamond. "There is not one really good argument in favour of the bracelet. I have considered them all. Pack it up again, Laura; I have done with it. Thank you, my dear father, I decide for the horse."

Her decision was approved by all present, by Godfrey especially.

"I really did not think you were so sensible, Rosamond," said he. "Confess that my ironical arguments helped you a little. As fast as I put weights into the wrong scale of your mind, you were forced to find others to balance them in the right scale. Confess that though I plagued you, I was of some little use to you at last."

"Of some little use," said Rosamond, smiling. "You see, my dear mother, at last, that with Godfrey's and Laura's assistance, I am not quite a fool."

## BLIND KATE.

WHILE Rosamond was thus congratulating her mother and herself upon her not being quite a fool, Laura was repacking the box of wonders.

In the haste in which Godfrey had unpacked it, some brown paper at the bottom of the bird-box had been rumpled; she took it up to smooth it, and found underneath it a small pamphlet, which, having been also much disturbed, she took that out to set it to rights. As soon as the traveller saw it, he exclaimed,

"The very pamphlet I have been looking for among all my packages, and could never find! I knew I had put it up remarkably carefully, but I could not recollect where; and now I remember I put it into this box, that I might get at it readily. It is the pamphlet you desired me to bring to you, Dr. Egerton—by Maunoir, the celebrated Genevese oculist—'*Memoires sur l'organisation de l'iris et l'operation de la pupille artificielle.*' And now," continued the traveller, "I recollect what Lady Scribble, as I may well call her, meant by her lord's pupils, and the name we could not decipher must be Maunoir."

The traveller and Dr. Egerton began to look over the pamphlet together, and Rosamond approaching them listened anxiously. She heard the traveller give an account of a French emigrant officer, who had been banished by mistake to Siberia, where, in consequence of the glare of the snows, he lost his sight, continued fifteen years blind, and after he recovered his liberty went from oculist to oculist in vain, till at last Scarpa, the famous Italian surgeon, sent him to Geneva, telling him that if anybody in the world could serve him it must be Maunoir of Geneva. To Maunoir he went. After undergoing the double operation of being couched for the cataract, and of having new pupils made in his eyes, he completely recovered his sight, and in the course of two years sent to his benefactor views he had drawn for him of the countries through which he had passed. The traveller then gave a detailed account of the improved operation of forming the new pupils, an opera-

tion which was first invented by Cheselden, and has since been successfully practised and improved by modern surgeons. Surprised at the profound attention with which Rosamond listened to the account of a surgical operation, the traveller inquired why it interested her so much.

"Because," answered Rosamond, "I am in hopes of hearing something that may be useful to a poor woman in this neighbourhood—Blind Kate. You may remember seeing her one evening, when we were returning from a walk, sitting on the stone before her door, and a number of children round her, listening to a story she was telling them. I recollect your stopping to listen too, and your saying, 'How beautiful that woman would be if she had eyes! What a pity that she is blind!'"

"I recollect her perfectly well," said the traveller. "She had a very interesting countenance."

"Yes, she interests everybody who sees her," continued Rosamond; "and much more those who know her, and who know what a sweet-tempered, cheerful, kind-hearted creature she is. All the little children of the neighbourhood are so fond of her, and all the old people too. If any of them are in sorrow they always go to tell it to her, and she pities them; and if any good fortune befalls any one in the neighbourhood, they go directly to tell it to Blind Kate. This was the way we first got acquainted with her."

"Which was the way?" interrupted Godfrey.

"Oh, never mind; you know what I mean," said Rosamond. "You remember, Laura, when the paralytic woman was settled in her new comfortable house, that good Mary went for Blind Kate and brought her in, that she might *feel* how comfortable it was. Such pleasure appeared in her poor blind countenance!—she seemed quite to forget her own misfortunes. I remember her saying repeatedly, 'I am very glad to *see* you so comfortable; it is the happiest day I have seen this many a year.' Her only painful thought, she says, is, that she can do nothing for anybody. Oh, how I wish I could do something for her!" concluded Rosamond, "particularly as I forgot to go to see her this morning. I should be so glad to carry her now some good news! but she has been couched, and it has done her no good."

To Rosamond's great satisfaction, the traveller proposed going immediately to see Blind Kate, that he

might examine her eyes carefully, and determine whether there was any probability that this operation would be of use to her.

They found her in her cottage, surrounded by children, whom she was teaching to plait straw, which she did with great address.

"It is my good young lady," said Kate. "I knew she would come, though they told me it was too late." But, hearing unusual footsteps, she rose, and stopped speaking.

"I have brought my father, Kate, and a good gentleman, who is come to see you, in hopes of being of the greatest use to you."

"To me! Thanks—many thanks to him; but see, I want nothing."

"Nothing, Kate?" said Rosamond.

"How neatly you plait this straw," said Laura; "almost as well as any of the children here."

"Better, a deal," said one of the elder children.

"'Twas she taught all of us, sir; see the difference, and it's wonderful all she does."

The children went to fetch different things she had made, and told of all she did in the house, more, they said, than many that had their eyesight.

"But if she had her eyesight again she could do a great deal more, and she would be a great deal happier, would not you, Kate?" said Rosamond.

"Ah, if I could but do more I should be happier, surely," said Kate; "that's all that grieves me sometimes."

The traveller inquired whether she had been blind from her birth. She answered, No; that she had had as good eyes as any in the parish, in the world she believed, till about nine years ago, when she was a girl—a giddy girl of fifteen: she lost them by her own fault.

"Could you tell us how, if it is not too painful?" said Rosamond.

"That I will; I am always ready to tell about it, for a warning to the thoughtless," she said, stroking the head of one of the girls, who was working near her. "It was one snowy winter. I had been washing, and was hot, all in a bath, and went out to look for a sheep I had forgot to bring in, and that I heard bleating, as I thought, just in the next field; but not finding it there, I went on and on, the wind all the time very sharp and

high, blowing in my face. I was out the greatest part of the night before I found the sheep; but next morning my eyes were all as red as blood; and that inflammation never ceased, do what I would, or what the doctors would: leeches, bleeding, blistering; every thing I tried that they bid me, but all in vain; the inflammation never ceased for eighteen months or more, and then left me, thank God! free from pain, but stone blind, as you see."

From this account the traveller augured well, as Rosamond guessed by his countenance; but she impatiently begged him to speak, and tell what he thought. He asked the poor woman to let him examine her eyes.

Kate allowed Rosamond to lead her to the window, and let the gentleman look at her eyes. She held up the eyelids herself, and assured him he did not hurt her; nothing could hurt her eyes now, she said, thank God!

"But something may do them good, perhaps, Kate," cried Rosamond; "why should not you hope?"

"Ah! kind heart! but don't bid me hope again; better for me not."

"Don't say so—don't think so, Kate, that is very wrong."

"Is it so?" said she, with earnest simplicity. "No, not the way I take it, it can hardly be wrong. See, miss, I am settled to my affliction now. I know it is the will of God—God's will be done. It is a great affliction, but I have great supports under it. Many a one is blind in this world, that has not half the comforts I have in friends to take care of them."

"What do you think, sir," said Rosamond, following the traveller to the porch of the house, where he and her father had gone; "are there not good hopes? or," cried she, suddenly changing her tone, "is there no hope? Oh, father! what do you say?"

"I say, do not speak so loud, my dear; this poor woman is not deaf, though she is blind."

"That is true," said Rosamond. "Well, now I speak so low she cannot possibly hear a syllable. What do you think, sir; is there any hope?"

"Yes, there are good hopes."

"Good hopes!" Scarcely were the words past his lips when Rosamond made a sudden spring, and would have returned to Kate, but her father detained her.

"You have not heard enough yet, Rosamond; there are difficulties."

"What difficulties?" said Rosamond. "The gentleman in the pamphlet—the gentleman mentioned in Lady—in Lady Scribble's letter—you know, sir, is now in London, and he is to stay there some days longer; then if Kate goes immediately she may be in time."

"Perhaps so; possibly," said her father; "or, if he should be gone, there are surgeons in England who can perform the operation."

This last remark Rosamond did not notice.

"But still," continued he, "there are other difficulties. You do not seem to consider, that to perform this journey, and to pay an eminent surgeon, and to pay for attendance and lodgings in London during the time she must remain there, before she could safely travel again after the operation—"

"And perhaps sea-bathing afterward may be necessary," said the traveller; "it was ordered, I know, in one instance."

"What a number of things to be thought of that I never thought of," said Rosamond, sighing. "But all this can be done, cannot it? What should prevent it?"

"That which prevents many things from being done in this poor world," said the traveller, "the want of money."

"Is that all?" said Rosamond. "Would it cost a great deal?"

"A great deal more than this poor woman, and all her family, and all her friends could afford."

"But how much? how much?" said Rosamond.

"Fifty or sixty guineas, perhaps," said the traveller.

"Just my horse!" cried Rosamond. "You have not paid for it yet, my dear father. Will you give me leave to give it up? and may I use the money for Kate?"

"You may, my dear daughter; you may, if you will do it prudently. Take time."

"Oh, yes; I will be very prudent," said Rosamond.

"But you know we have no time to lose."

"Joy! joy!" cried she, going back to Kate, who started up at the sound.

"Joy! joy! for now it is all settled! all certain! and I will tell you how it is to be. You are to go to London directly."

"Shall I?" said Kate, with a bewildered air, turning



her head to the side from which Rosamond's voice came.

"Yes, you shall, good Kate; listen to me, and I will explain it all."

"I am listening, my dear, as well as I can."

"Well, quietly sit down, here's your chair; but why do you tremble so, Kate?" said Rosamond.

"I don't know."

"You need not tremble, Kate, for I have nothing to tell you but good."

"Oh, I am sure of that; that is, I am sure you mean me nothing but good," said Kate. "It's foolish of me to tremble, but I am this way sometimes, when taken suddenly."

"Well," continued Rosamond, speaking as slowly as she could, "you are to go to London, and you shall be very well taken care of on the road, and when you get to London we will take care of what is to be done; trust to me, will not you, Kate?"

"Trust to you—oh sure, yes. I have no mistrust in any, much less you, dear miss; but—"

"*But*—no *but*, Kate, till you have heard the whole that is intended. We will not force you to do any thing, even for your own good, against your will. Only hear me first, then do as you please."

"Thanks! thanks!" said Kate, stretching out her neck in eager attention.

"The operation," resumed Rosamond—"don't be frightened at the word operation."

"Eh, no. I am used enough to more than hear of it; that's not frightening me."

"That's right, good Kate; now you begin, I see, to understand me. I will tell you how it will be," pursued Rosamond, going on now with great rapidity. "This day week, on this very spot, you will stand there, and you will see all in this room as well as I see you now; all the faces of these children. You will never sigh again, Kate, nor say you can do nothing for nobody."

Kate started up, but—"Eh dear!" cried she, gasping—the swelled veins in her forehead disappeared—she grew pale suddenly, and must have fallen if Laura had not supported her.

Rosamond, excessively frightened, opened the window as soon as she could stir, and water was brought, and air and water in time restored the poor woman to herself.

"Rosamond," said her father, taking her aside, "you see how imprudent you were. Let this teach you to be more cautious, and go more reasonably to work in future. My dear, it is not only necessary to wish to do good, but to know how to do it, else you injure those you would serve. That is all I will say, your own good sense will suggest the rest. Wipe away those tears, they will do no good. Compose and command yourself. You have begun this, and must go through with it."

Laura came to tell Rosamond that the poor woman had repeatedly asked for her.

"Go to her, my dear," said her father; "we will leave you, and on our return from our walk we will call for you, and by that time you will, I hope, have considered well, and determined what is to be done, and how it is to be accomplished. You must arrange the whole, and if I approve of your arrangements I will give you any assistance in my power."

"And if you do not approve, you will tell me how to do better," said Rosamond. "But I wish, papa, you would not go away, but advise me beforehand, and then I should not do things wrong."

"If I always advised you beforehand, you would never learn to do things rightly," said her father.

"But cannot you stay now, my dear father, because this is a matter of real consequence, and I am afraid of doing mischief—more mischief," said Rosamond.

"It is a matter of real consequence," said her father. "But now that you are afraid of doing mischief, and are aware of the danger, you will take care to avoid it. I leave you, my dear, trusting that you will exert your good sense, when the happiness of a human creature depends so much upon your prudence."

So saying he went, taking Laura and the traveller away with him.

Kate being now quite recovered, and a neighbour having come in to stay with and take care of her, Rosamond, left alone, sat down in the porch to consider what she ought to do. She looked into the cottage, and saw Kate lying on her bed, and heard her say to one of the children, that now they were alone she would try to sleep, for that she felt strangely tired, though she had had nothing this day to tire her.

Rosamond made a sign to the children, to prevent them from saying that she was there, thinking that the

best thing that could be done at this instant was to let her sleep and compose her mind, which had been so much agitated.

While she slept, Rosamond sent one of the children to the Abbey with a note to Mrs. Egerton. The note requested that Mrs. Egerton, who knew so well the characters of the people in this neighbourhood, would tell her who would be a proper person to travel with and take care of Blind Kate, if she were to be sent to London to have this operation performed. The person Mrs. Egerton named in her answer was a Mrs. Hand, the neighbour who was at this time with Kate, who it seems had for years lived near her, had been constantly kind to her, and interested in her concerns. While she was still sleeping, Rosamond, sitting beside her bed, could talk in a low voice to Mrs. Hand, and she made various inquiries and arrangements that were necessary for Kate's journey to London.

In the first place, Rosamond asked whether Mrs. Hand would go with her?

"Willingly," replied she, "only I have a family of my own to look after, and my children's and husband's meals must be cooked, and I could not stay away a fortnight from them."

This Rosamond easily settled, by offering to pay a person whom Mrs. Hand would engage to find. All the expenses of the journey were next to be calculated and provided for; this also was accomplished, though not despatched with such haste as Rosamond could have wished, for Mrs. Hand was mighty slow and exact, and would not take a penny more than was strictly necessary, though Rosamond continually said it did not signify.

Next—tiresome woman! she asked how they were to go?

"How! is any thing easier than to go to London?" exclaimed Rosamond.

"Nothing easier," said Mrs. Hand; "but still I must know how. We may walk, or ride, or go in the wagon, or in some sort of carriage."

"Ride or walk, impossible!" cried Rosamond. "Wagon! that's quite out of the question, it is so slow: she must go in the coach."

"The coach! What coach? there are so many stages and mails," said Mrs. Hand.

And all the names of these, and all the places from whence they set out, and at which they put up, and their hours of setting out and coming in, Mrs. Hand, whose brother was an innkeeper, knew right well; nor did she spare Rosamond any one of these.

Much perplexed, Rosamond, however, setting her understanding to the business, at last put out of the question all the coaches that did not go at the right hours, that would set out before Kate could be ready, and came at length to a just decision, in favour of a stage that was to set out at six next morning, and in which two inside places could be secured.

"So far so good," quoth Mrs. Hand; "but the next thing to be considered, Miss Rosamond, is about where we are to go when we are set down."

"Set down!"

"Ay, set down in Lon'on town."

"Why, is there any thing easier than to find some lodging in London when you have money?"

"Nothing easier than to get lodgings in Lon'on for money, sure enough," Mrs. Hand said; "but where? It would be as well to settle that before they got to Lon'on, because Lon'on is a great town," as Mrs. Hand observed; "and it is awkward to be looking about late, and not to know where to put one's head; just set down at the spot where the coach puts up, in a strange place, among strangers, and with a poor helpless blind body to be led in the streets."

Rosamond, when thus pressed, recollected the very thing that would do. Laura's nurse had married a green-grocer in London, and they had lodgings to let; and nurse was an excellent creature, and would be the very person to take care of Kate, and make them comfortable at her house.

Mrs. Hand was quite satisfied, as well she might be. "But where does she live?" asked she.

Rosamond knew it was at a green-grocer's.

"But, lackaday, there are so many green-grocers in Lon'on," cried Mrs. Hand. "What street? what is the number of the house?"

"The name of the street had gone clear out of Rosamond's head, and the number along with it. "Yet," as she said, "she ought to know both perfectly well, because they so often sent parcels there."

This, however, did not mend the matter, or help Mrs. Hand to guess where it might be.

But Rosamond said she was sure Laura could tell them the street and the number both, because, fortunately, she never forgot directions; she had a direction-book.

Rosamond must next settle about Kate's clothes. Her niece, Martha, who lived with her, was in this matter of great use to Rosamond, for she knew what Kate's clothes were, and where they were; and she undertook to have the two caps and the three handkerchiefs washed and ironed, and to have all that was to go put up nicely in a little bundle; and Rosamond desired she would set about it directly.

In setting about it directly, she was obliged to open a press door, close to Kate's bed. Now this door, if opened boldly, made no noise; but if opened by a timid hand, it creaked the more the more you wished it not to creak. And Martha, much afraid of wakening Kate, began without the boldness so essential to success, and creak, creak, creak, screech, went the door, and Kate (no wonder) wakened, and starting up, said she was sorry to be awakened from the pleasantest dream she had ever had in her days. "She was dreaming that she was in a green field, where she used to drive home the cows in a summer's evening in her youth, and she smelt and saw the cowslips, saw as well as ever she did in her life; but somehow it was all in London."

The word London recalled what had passed before she had gone to sleep, and before she had fainted; and, as if not yet clearly awake, she asked who had been there, and if there had not been some talking of her really going to London, or if it was all only a dream!

Rosamond then spoke, and assured her of the truth of all she remembered. There was no difficulty in disposing her to undertake the journey now; on the contrary, it was plain that she wished it eagerly; and though she every now and then repeated, as if to quiet herself, the same words she had said before, "Better for me to stay as I am; I am settled to it now; best for me not to hope again"—yet the expression of her countenance was so different between the times of these desponding sentences, and even in the moment of pronouncing them, from what it had been before, that it was obvious her mind had changed, and that she would

have been exceedingly sorry to be forced to give up this new feeling of hope.

Rosamond now spoke with such good sense and moderation, that she brought Kate's mind nearly to a proper state, between too much and too little confidence, with resolution sufficient to undertake the journey and undergo the operation, yet without that ardent anticipation of joy, which, if disappointed, might be dangerous to her health and happiness.

Kate ended at last with, "It is worth while, surely, to go and make the trial, since this good young lady can get it done for me. Bless her for it! How thankful I should be, and happy, think Martha, to see you and all friends again. But if it is not God's will that I should enjoy my eyesight again, his will be done. I am resigned, and shall settle to my affliction again, with gratitude to you, dear miss."

Satisfied to have brought her to this reasonable state, Rosamond judiciously determined to say no more, and not to repeat what she had already said sufficiently. This resolution it might have been as difficult to Rosamond to keep, as it appears to be to the generality of orators and moralists; but fortunately she was not put to any desperately long trial. Before she had quite exhausted her resources in silence, before she had arranged the old bows of Kate's black bonnet, so as to make them look quite new for the journey, her father returned, and relieved her from the danger of doing or saying too much.

Her father approved of her arrangements. There was no assistance wanted on his part, except to change her sixty pounds bank-note into cash, and into smaller notes, for the convenience of the journey; and this he went home to do immediately; Mrs. Hand followed them to receive the money. The traveller wrote a letter of introduction to the oculist, and Rosamond, who now thought of every thing, wrote down the direction carefully. She furnished Mrs. Hand also with a letter to Laura's nurse, and made her read the direction to make sure of it—"To Mrs. Bristow, Number 43, Boot Lane; nine doors from the corner, on the right-hand side of the street," she would add, though, as this must depend, as Laura observed, on the way you came into the street, it rather puzzled than explained the matter;

but now Rosamond had begun to be so exact, she thought she could never give directions enough.

Her father advised her to employ her time in what was more necessary than giving a superfluity of directions, in taking a list of the numbers of the bank-notes; with Laura's assistance she accomplished this with accuracy.

In the morning Rosamond was up at six o'clock, and with Godfrey was at Kate's cottage, ready to bid her good-by, and see her safely off. But, alas! when all were prepared, bundles and all, when the coach came to the corner of the road where they were waiting to be taken up, the coachman, instead of stopping as they expected, drove past, saying, "No places—full, full."

And when Godfrey roared to him to stop, he only pulled up for an instant, and repeated, "No places."

"But two places were taken last night," said Godfrey.

"Yes, sir, by the gentlemen in the coach."

A fat man and a lean man alternately put their heads out of the carriage window, to confirm what the coachman said; and without waiting for further explanation they drove on.

"But did not you send to take the places, Rosamond?" said Godfrey.

"No."

Rosamond had taken it for granted that Godfrey or that her father had engaged them. But Godfrey said he had never thought of it, because Rosamond had never asked him to do it; "And as to my father," added Godfrey, "you know he said you were to manage all the business yourself."

"What shall we do?" cried Rosamond.

There was nothing to be done, Mrs. Hand said, but to wait till next day, and to be sure to take the places this day.

"But poor Kate! poor Kate!" said Rosamond. "Oh! perhaps she may lose every thing by this mistake of mine. Oh, Godfrey, what shall I do? Perhaps the man, M. Moinoir, may have left London. Who knows what the delay of this day may do!"

"Don't fret, don't fret so, dear Miss Rosamond," said Kate, endeavouring to get over her own disappointment. "I dare to say we shall not be too late to-morrow, and if we are, why I am no worse than I have

been this many a day, and many a year. Don't let it grieve you, my dear. We will go home, if you will give me your arm, good Mrs. Hand, and you can see your husband, who is to be back to-day, before you go, which will be a comfort to you; and for me there is always Martha and the children, and it is only one day. What difference can it make, dear Miss Rosamond? Do not keep blaming yourself so, after giving your new horse and all for me!"

"Dear, then, it is a pity these places were forgot, after all," said Mrs. Hand; "how happened it, I wonder?"

"I know how it happened very well," said Rosamond, turning to Godfrey. "I know it was all my forgetfulness and folly. How could I be so silly!"

Godfrey replied, that he could not pretend to answer that question. But though he spoke in a tone of irony, he was so much touched with Rosamond's distress, candour, and penitence, that he swallowed two sarcastical puns which had been ready on his lips. He forbore to tell her that between her and Mrs. Hand they had made but a bad *hand* of it. He forbore to tell her that she was sending Kate to Boot Lane on a *bootless* errand.

Pensive and silent, Rosamond retraced her steps homeward. As she and Godfrey crossed the lawn, out came cantering the pretty bay horse, which the groom was leading back to its owner, as he had been ordered to do this morning.

"My poor Rosamond, I do pity you now," said Godfrey.

Rosamond stopped to take a last look at the horse, and said, "I am afraid it will be all in vain."

"Then had not we better stop the man, and keep the horse? for if you cannot do any thing for the poor woman, do not give up your horse. If you repent, now is your time to speak. Every woman may change her mind three times at the least, especially when she repents."

"No generous person ever repents, or changes her mind, about what she has given," said Rosamond, indignantly. "No; what I repent of is only my folly," continued Rosamond; "and what I was thinking of—what I am thinking of, is—Will you call to the man and stop him?"



Godfrey roared, and the groom stopped.

Rosamond suggested, that as this man was to pass through the neighbouring town, he might inquire at the inn whether a post-chaise and post-horses could be had, as, if these could be obtained, the day would not be lost, and he should take places for to-morrow in the stage if no chaise could be had to-day.

"Well thought of, Rosamond!"

Godfrey said he would not trust the matter to any one, he would go himself, and he would bring her back a chaise, if one could be had for love or money. The groom dismounted, Godfrey sprang into his seat; leaving him to convey home the unpurchased horse as he might.

Rosamond, as he galloped off, said to herself, "Though he does plague me sometimes, he is the kindest of brothers when it comes to good earnest."

An hour afterward, Godfrey returned in a chaise, driving very fast.

"But what strange man is that along with him in the chaise?"

He was a messenger, going up to London express with a prodigiously fine turtle, which was to arrive in time for a great entertainment at White's. He had taken the only chaise that was to be had, every other being out at some races; and Godfrey, by the joint force of his own eloquence and Rosamond's money, which he knew her well enough not to spare, succeeded in prevailing on this man to let Kate and Mrs. Hand occupy the two vacant places in his chaise. But he could not and would not wait a minute. Nor was he kept waiting one minute. Rosamond had prudently desired Kate and her guide to follow her to Egerton Abbey. Godfrey jumped out, put them into the carriage, and stowed their bundles after them, and off they drove.

"Really gone!" cried Rosamond. "Thank you, my dear Godfrey, thank you! I promise you that you shall be the very first person that shall see the letter which Mrs. Hand has engaged to write to me, the very night she gets to London, or the day afterward."

"The day afterward, I hope," said Godfrey; "for this operation can hardly, I should think, be performed upon Blind Kate the moment she steps out of the chaise, the night she gets to town, and by candlelight too! Be-

sides, do pray allow that poor chip, Mrs. Hand, a night's sleep before she pens this letter. I am sure penning a letter will be a laborious work to her."

It was a laborious work to her, no doubt; but as Rosamond had laid great stress upon her writing as soon as possible, if it were only one line, Mrs. Hand, faithful to her promise, wrote the night of her arrival, and her letter was as follows:—

"Honoured Miss:

"Being as you desired, I write to tell you that I have nothing to say yet; at best, not being to see the gentleman with the letter till morning. The people of this house very civil, but knows nothing of him. Whether gone out of town or not can't say till morning. If so be that he is not gone, shall see him first thing in the morning; till when, with Kate's duty to all (who is asleep, thank God, and purely), am,

"Honoured miss,

"Yours to command till morning,

"BETTY HAND."

"Rosamond, my dear, I am much obliged to you for the privilege of seeing this letter first," said Godfrey; "but I should have been more obliged if there had been any thing in it. This comes of insisting upon poor people or rich people's writing the instant they arrive. Would not it be better to let them wait till they have something to say? or at least till they have slept off their stupidity—'till morning,' as Mrs. Hand says?"

Another and another post came, and another and another, and no letter for Rosamond. Ten days passed; but on the eleventh morning Godfrey entered the breakfast-room, holding a letter far above his head. Higher than ever dancing-master made her spring, Rosamond sprang up, seized it, tore it open, and saw these words in large scrawling writing, which filled the whole page from corner to corner:—

"My sight is restored, thank God! Written by me, this 15th of October."

Rosamond, happy beyond expression, without uttering a syllable, took this paper to her father, and to her mother, and to Mrs. Egerton—to each and all of her friends, not forgetting the traveller. All congratulated her, and sympathized in her joy. At the bottom of the

page were, in small, good, but childish handwriting, the words, "*Turn over.*"

"The rest of the letter of three pages is written by nurse's daughter," said Rosamond, turning to Laura, "whom you taught long ago to write. Little did we think—"

The rest of her moral reflection was lost in empty air. The boiling water from the urn ran over the table, for Laura had forgotten to stop it as she rose to look at the writing. This being set to rights by Mrs. Egerton, and nobody scalded, and Rosamond in the meantime having glanced her eyes over the letter, which was dictated by Kate, she put it into her brother's hands, remembering her promise that he should have the first reading of the first good news. He read as follows:—

"To my dear good young lady, who, after God, I have to thank for this great happiness.

"I hope, my dear Miss Rosamond, you was not uneasy at not hearing on Tuesday, which was my fault, for I would not let Mrs. Hand or Ellen Bristow write till I could pen the first words of this letter my own self. The gentleman was to have set out the day we saw him, but was so kind as to stay for us. I was not allowed to do any thing till this morning, for fear of hurting myself so soon after the *operation*, but which did not deserve to be so called, as it was no more pain than a prick of a pin, and so quick I cannot well tell what it was like.

"But, as you desired me to be particular, may mention that it was, to my mind, most like a stretching and lifting up of a great weight; and that being taken off, on a sudden, like a shot, came back my eyesight; and, for the first time these nine years, I saw the daylight, and could not believe at first but it was a flash, and would go again from me. Thank God! no such thing happened.

"The gentleman bid me say what I saw, if I saw any thing before my eyes. I answered that I saw three or four small branches, which were the fingers of his hand that he held up between me and the light, as I afterward found. So he bound up my eyes, saying it was all well, only I must be kept quiet for some days; and he was very glad to see me so happy and thankful.

"But, ma'am, I should have told you in the begin-

ning, as you desired me to describe the gentleman, that he is a very kind-spoken gentleman, and speaks English so that at the first I did not know he had the misfortune to be born a foreigner. And no Englishman born could have spoke more tender, or behaved more generous to the poor blind woman (as I was then). He would not take half, nor a quarter, of what you thought and was intended for him. So little, indeed, does it come to altogether, that we could very well struggle and make it out among ourselves when the sheep is sold; for it is a great pity and trouble to me to think that you should give up that fine horse, my dear Miss Rosamond. Oh! the trot of that horse was going on in my ears all night, whenever I was falling asleep.

"Please give my love to all at home, particularly Martha, and please to tell her that I had all right. We have every thing hospitable and comfortable here, as if we were princesses, in your good nurse's house, who is (as is natural) very fond of you and yours, and I of her and hers, especially of the daughter that now holds the pen for me, and has, as they call it, the pen of a ready writer. Thanks to Miss Laura (*interlined*).

"This day eight days, please God, the gentleman says, if nothing happens to check me, I may set out on my journey homeward, and all bandages are to be taken off, and I shall see as well as ever! I am sure I can never be thankful enough, dear Miss Rosamond, but will say no more, hoping you will not be displeased by what I said about the horse, and begging just one line about it. I am, my dear, good young lady, in haste to conclude, lest should miss again this post.

"Your ever dutiful and loving

"KATE:

"No longer BLIND KATE."

No one who knows Rosamond can, we trust, imagine that she would take back what she gave, or let the sheep be sold to regain the horse, however bright its bay or black its mane. She answered so as to show that it must never more be thought of, and yet that she was not displeased at its having been suggested by the scrupulous honesty and gratitude of Kate.

"Kate, no longer Blind Kate"—these words sounded so delightfully that Rosamond could not forbear often repeating them aloud to herself in the course of the

day. Her imagination, always lively, became ardently fixed upon the idea of all that would happen on the day and hour when this poor woman should return to her family.

Her father found her sitting one morning with her work hanging from her lap, with her eyes fixed, and in so deep a revery that she did not perceive he was near her till he put his hand on her shoulder. Then she started up, and in answer to her father's look, which seemed to ask what she was thinking of, she replied,

"I was thinking only, papa, of Blind Kate; that is, of Kate, who is no longer blind."

"And may I ask what you were thinking of her? What castles in Spain were you building for Kate or for yourself?"

"I was not building any castles, papa; quite the contrary."

"The contrary! Pulling down castles, then, that you had formed!"

"No; nothing about castles, only about cottages. I was imagining to myself exactly how it will be on Tuesday next, when Kate is to return to her cottage. I think I see her, and all the children, and hear every word and look."

"And then, if the reality does not come up to these your bright imaginations; how disappointed you will be, poor Rosamond. You know how often that has happened to you in other cases. Do you recollect?"

"Oh yes, papa, I recollect perfectly; you need not tell me of it; but this is a different affair. I do not think I can be disappointed here. In general, what you say is true, but not in this instance, I think."

"So, instead of judging by what she has felt, or by general rules founded on general experience, my wise daughter thinks it prudent, or at least convenient, to make for herself a particular exception in each case."

"No, no," said Rosamond. "But what harm can it do me to form bright imaginations? You know, even if I am disappointed at last in the reality, I have had secure all the pleasure of the anticipation and of the happy imaginations."

"But you will consider that the happy imaginations pass away, and the realities, whatever they are, remain; and if your bright imaginations make you discontented with dull realities, you will have a bad chance for hap-

piness in this world. For instance, if you imagine the gratitude of this poor woman, and represent to yourself her words and gestures, or manner, perhaps you may be disgusted afterward by her homely expressions, and you would become less kind to her, or at least your kindness would cost you more effort. Those who indulge in these fine reveries, when they waken from them, find, that the plain truth seldom is equal to, or seldom resembles accurately any picturesque, or dramatic, or romantic description, or any previous picture drawn by the fancy."

"That is possible—that is very likely," said Rosamond; "so I will try not to imagine any more about the matter; and I will put away my work, for I cannot help falling into these reveries when I am at work, and have nothing else to employ my thoughts."

Rosamond next amused herself by going round the library, searching out every poem, or novel, or tale, in which there was any description of the feelings of the blind, beginning with Milton's beautiful lamentation on his blindness, and ending with Madame de Genlis's "Aveugle de Spa," Madame de Montolieu's charming "Leonore Aveugle," and the interesting "Blind Child" without a name. Rosamond collected these and many more on the table, and read them with an avidity which left no leisure for comparison of their merits. Her father looked over some of them again with her, and pointed out, or rather excited her to consider and judge of what was natural, or what was exaggerated in expression or description. And he observed that many of the heroines of romance speak in language too refined for their conditions in life.

"I acknowledge, papa," said she, "that it is not very likely that all this should be said over again, especially by our poor Kate. And I might, as you say, papa, be disappointed, though I could not be so unjust or absurd as to be angry with her for not being as poetical, or elegant, or sentimental as these people."

In truth and science there is always safe and interesting employment for the minds of young people of ardent imagination; and on every occasion Rosamond's father endeavoured to turn her attention from fiction to reality. She read with him Cheselden's account of the blind boy couched for the cataract, and various other narratives of this kind; searched in every cyclopedia

for the articles blindness, cataract, couching, &c.; and acquired all the information she could upon this subject while her interest was awakened, and gave motive for application.

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday," said Rosamond; "during these three last days I have never once indulged myself, papa, in any anticipations or fancy pictures; and now here is a letter from Kate to tell me that she will not come on Tuesday; that is, not unless I desire it particularly. She has not been so well as she was, and she is advised to go to bathe in the sea. She has plenty of money left, that is one good thing. But then she will not return here till we have left Egerton Abbey, and I shall lose the pleasure of seeing her."

It was a disappointment!

It would have been a much greater disappointment to Rosamond but for her prudent forbearance from bright anticipations during the preceding Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Nor did her prudence on this occasion tend to lessen, but rather to increase her generosity; for now she never hesitated between the enjoyment she might have had in seeing the happiness she had caused, and the real benefit to the poor woman's health which was to be expected from the delaying her return.

## THE PRINT-GALLERY.

"My dear Godfrey," exclaimed Rosamond, as her brother came into the room one morning, "how terribly tired you look! and, begging your pardon, if one might say so, Mrs. Egerton, without offending against 'domestic politeness,' how *uncommonly* stupid he looks."

"The word '*uncommonly*' saves you," said Mrs. Egerton.

"I may well look stupid," said he. "I am indeed quite stupidified, I have been studying so hard."

"What have you been studying?" said Rosamond.

"Greek and Latin," replied Godfrey, "and grand things that gentlemen cannot be gentlemen without knowing."

"'Tis a pity then they are so tiresome to gentlemen," said Rosamond.

"Tiresome! my dear Rosamond," cried Godfrey, in an awakened tone—"tiresome only to learn, not tiresome to know. So pray, Rosamond, though I may look *uncommonly* stupid, and though I own I have been uncommonly dull in making out an uncommonly difficult passage, yet do not fancy that I am like your old partner, young Heavysides, and that I pronounce Homer, and Horace, and classical literature, 'altogether a bore.' But, '*Dulce est dissipere*'—I beg pardon. I won't quote Latin to ladies, as Folliott Brown would say."

"What is become of him, and of all the Browns, I wonder," said Rosamond.

"They are all abroad in France, I believe," said Godfrey; "but Folliott has dropped my correspondence long since. I have heard nothing of them this great while. Do you know any thing of them, Mrs. Egerton?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Egerton; "but as I can tell you no good, excuse me from saying any thing."

Then turning to Laura, who had been playing on the piano-forte before Godfrey came into the room, she begged her to sing again the pretty song that she and Rosamond had been singing.

"Yes, pray do," said Godfrey, "music is refreshing when one is tired."



"Yes, and so useful in changing the course of thought, and turning the attention from any thing tiresome to something new," said Rosamond.

"And when one can have it without any trouble, and just for asking once for it," said Godfrey, going to the instrument. "What I like about Laura's voice and music is, that they are always ready, and at the service of their friends, and she does not tell you she is not a voice, or that this does not suit her, or the other does not suit her, or that she never plays in the morning, or that she has not some particular music-book with her, or that she has forgotten the words or the tune of every song you ask for, Italian or English, but especially English. Now," continued he, "there is some satisfaction in Laura's obliging way of playing, though I dare say judges would tell me she does not play half as well as half the young lady professors and plagues."

"After this compliment," said Laura, "I am bound to sing and play for you whatever you please."

"Then begin with my favourite," said Godfrey, "The Son of Alknomook."

Godfrey, with enthusiasm, joined Laura as she played and sung—

"The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain;  
The son of Alknomook will never complain.

"Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
Remember your chiefs, by his hatchet laid low.  
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?  
The son of Alknomook will never complain.

"I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;  
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain."

Godfrey thought this was the real death-song of an Indian chief, and was surprised when Mrs. Egerton assured him that these lines were written by an English lady.

Godfrey would not believe it: he said it might be a lady's translation, and he acknowledged that it was a most spirited translation; but he was sure it could not be any woman's original composition.

Mrs. Egerton took down a small volume of poems from the bookcase, and showed Godfrey "The Son of

Alknomook," and the following note at the end of it, which flashed conviction in his face :—

"The idea of this ballad was suggested several years ago, by hearing a gentleman, who had resided many years in America among the tribe called the Cherokees, sing a wild air, which he assured me it was customary for those people to chant with a barbarous jargon, implying contempt for their enemies in the moments of torture and death. I have endeavoured to give something of the characteristic spirit and sentiment of those brave savages."

"*I!* but who is she?" interrupted Godfrey.

"The widow of the celebrated John Hunter. In this little book there are some lines of hers in a different style," continued Mrs. Egerton, "which I like particularly. But they are perhaps rather too serious to please your young tastes as well as they do mine."

Nevertheless, the young people unanimously desired to hear them, and Mrs. Egerton read aloud, from a poem addressed to "A Friend on New-Year's Day," the following lines :—

"Sudden to cease, or gently to decline,  
Oh, Power of Mercy! may the lot be mine :  
Let me not linger on the verge of fate,  
Nor weary duty to its utmost date ;  
Losing, in pain's impatient gloom confined,  
Freedom of thought and dignity of mind ;  
Till pity views, untouched, the parting breath,  
And cold indifference adds a pang to death.  
Yet if to suffer long my doom is past,  
Let me preserve this temper to the last.  
Oh let me still from self my feelings bear,  
To sympathize with sorrow's starting tear :  
Nor sadden at the smile which joy bestows,  
Though far from me her beam ethereal glows.  
Let me remember, in the gloom of age,  
To smile at follies happier youth engage ;  
See them fallacious, but indulgent spare  
The fairy dreams experience cannot share ;  
Nor view the rising morn with jaundiced eye,  
Because, for me, no more the sparkling moments fly."

These lines touched Rosamond particularly, because she felt how strongly they were applicable to Mrs. Egerton herself; whose amiable temper made her, in age, ever ready to sympathize with the follies and pleasures of youth. Some other serious reflections excited in Rosamond's mind, made her silent for several minutes.

These reflections were interrupted by Dr. Egerton's summoning them all to look at some new engravings which he was putting up in the print-gallery. In this gallery he had a collection of the portraits of celebrated people, with many of whom Rosamond was well acquainted; but she now considered them in a new point of view; and, recurring to the reflections in which she had just been interrupted, she observed to Laura, how few of these great people had been happy both in youth and age. While Rosamond was reviewing these portraits, Godfrey asked her this puzzling question:—

"Which of all the women most famed in ancient or modern history would you rather have been?"

"What an immense question!" said Rosamond. "I don't know where to begin. How far am I to go back! In ancient history, let me see, there is old Penelope."

"I am not quite sure that she did right about the suiters," said Godfrey. "She might have got rid of those gentlemen sooner, I think; indeed, I do not know why she let them come at all."

"Oh, Godfrey, let poor Penelope pass without scandal," said Laura.

"Yet, upon the whole, I would rather be Andromache than Penelope," said Rosamond, moving to the print of Andromache and Hector. "As far as I know, Andromache was perfect. But then I know but little of her, or of any of these ancient heroines."

"My dear, that is your own fault," said Godfrey, "for even you ladies may know a good deal of these ancient heroines, as you call them, from the translations of Sophocles, Euripides, and Eschylus."

"Not enough to judge of their characters entirely," continued Rosamond. "And though I admire Iphigenia exceedingly, and still more Antigone, and though some others are very grand, yet still their ways of life, and their ideas of virtue, and their religion, were so different from ours, that I can't judge of them rightly. I could not wish to be any of those heroines."

"Then, to go on to the Roman history," said Godfrey, "there are Lucretia, and Virginia, and the heroic Portia, who wounded herself to prove to her husband that she deserved his confidence, and afterward swallowed burning coals, like a worthy daughter of Cato. And Arria," continued Godfrey, "who bled to death with her husband, and set him the example, you know.—

"When Arria from her bleeding side  
Withdrew the reeking steel,  
I feel not what I do, she cried;  
What Pætus has to do I feel."

"But, brother, I should not like to have been any of these stabbed or stabbing women," said Rosamond.

"The Roman ladies were not all stabbing women," said Godfrey. "There never would have been Roman citizens if there had not been Roman matrons. What do you think of the wife and mother of Coriolanus? Or Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi? Or the gentle Octavia, who sacrificed her private feelings to the peace of mankind?"

"Octavia was very good to her husband, and Cornelia was very good to her children," said Rosamond, "and I admire her speech about her diamonds. But before I decide to be a Roman matron, let me think of some celebrated people in modern history. I do not think I could well turn into an ancient Roman matron."

"What think you of being Catharine the First of Russia," said Godfrey, "the wife of Peter the Great of Russia? Pray, Rosamond, come here and look at her. Here she is," continued he, reading what was written at the bottom of the print of her portrait. *The Empress Catharine, in the habit in which she appeared at the head of her own regiment.* "Admire her, with her sword in one hand and her truncheon in the other, and that cocked hat, wrong corner foremost, on her forehead, and a cockade on one side, and her military plume on the other."

"What a figure!" exclaimed Rosamond. "More like a man than a woman! Her hair frizzled out under the cocked hat like a bob wig, and the long-waisted riding habit, with its skirts like a man's coat. I never saw such an odd figure, such an odd dress!"

"The dress might be easily altered," said Laura, "so we need not mind that."

"True," said Rosamond; "it is not the question whether I would have her dress, but her character; and she had a noble character and great abilities."

"Yes," said Godfrey; "I remember that one night, before some famous battle, when Peter had retired to his tent in despair, and had forbidden any one to approach him, she ventured in to suggest some expedient by which, as he afterward acknowledged, she saved him two-and-twenty thousand men."

"Two-and-twenty thousand!" repeated Rosamond. "Think of the presence of mind and courage of one person saving so many. How I should have liked to be that one person! But are we sure it is true, Dr. Egerton?"

"We have as good evidence for it as we can have for any thing in history. We have it under the handwriting of Czar Peter himself."

"Yes," said Laura; "do not you recollect, Rosamond, our reading that character which her husband wrote with his own hand of Catharine, in which he says, too, that 'She knew how to sooth his most violent passions into an absolute calm!' Those were the very words. She always used to intercede for the innocent, and saved the lives of many whom he in his fits of fury had condemned to death; and sometimes in begging for mercy for them she ran great danger herself. She was a most courageous, noble-minded person, fit to be the wife of Peter the Great. I should like to have had her character, but not to have been in her place. I should not like to have been the wife of Peter the Passionate."

"But, after all," said Rosamond, "the Catharine you are talking of was not Catharine the Great. Here is Catharine the Great."

"Yes, but as she was not Catharine the Good, we had better, on the present occasion, pass by her," said Godfrey. "Here's Maria Theresa—what do you think of her?"

"Oh! I recollect Wraxall's description of Maria Theresa presenting her son to the states of Hungary—beautiful! If I were forced to be an emperess, I should like to have been Maria Theresa; but I would rather be a private person."

"Well; here's an abdicated queen," said Godfrey; "here's Christina of Sweden; would you like to have been her?"

"No, indeed," said Rosamond, "though she was daughter of your dear Gustavus Vasa. She had a great deal of pedantry and vanity, and as soon as she had abdicated she repented of it. She could neither be a private person or a queen. I can't think any one great who has so little steadiness. Besides, recollect the *execution*—some say the murder, of her chancellor. I would not be Christina on any account."

"I think you are right," said Godfrey; "she was very unlike her father. Who have you got to there? Eleanor of England, Queen of Edward the First, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound: yes, now you have it; you will be queen at last."

Rosamond paused, said she admired Eleanor very much; she liked her the best of all the queens that had been mentioned; but still could not decide to be Queen Eleanor, because she knew but this one action of hers, and she did not know what she was in every-day life.

"That is a sensible consideration," said Mrs. Egerton; "for we read in history of many people remarkable for some one fine action, who might have been unamiable characters in common life."

"I could, however, mention to you many examples of women, of distinguished merit in times of trial and difficulty, who, at the same time, possessed the most amiable domestic qualities," said Dr. Egerton.

"When you return to the library," continued he, "I will show you, for instance, an interesting account of the Lady Griselda Baillie."

"I know it—I read it yesterday," said Rosamond.

"You mean the story of the daughter who, when she was a child of twelve years old, was trusted with the secret about the place of her father's concealment; and who kept the secret so well, and who conquered her own foolish fears about crossing the churchyard in the dark, and used to go every night to carry his food to him. Oh! I remember every particular—about the sheep's head that vanished one day at dinner; and the little brother who had nearly betrayed all. And then her being the delight and support of her family for so many years in poverty and exile. She was a charming creature. I will be Griselda Baillie, I think."

"But the time of civil troubles and hiding in caves is past," added she, sighing.

"You need not sigh for want of troubles, and dangers, and heroines, in our own times," said Mrs. Egerton.

"But did you ever know, that is, know to your own knowledge, in our own times, such a heroine as Griselda Baillie?" said Rosamond.

"Yes, I knew Lady Harriet Ackland, who went through such hardships at the time of the American war, and who had the happiness of saving her husband's life by her own exertions."

"Oh! tell me that," said Rosamond.

"I will show it to you," cried Godfrey, "in the Annual Register; I know where it is."

"And during the troubles in France," continued Dr. Egerton, "there were many examples of amiable female heroines."

"Oh, but if we go into the troubles of France, and all the people who were guillotined, we shall never have done, sir," said Godfrey. "Rosamond was only to choose from among the historical people whose heads are here before her."

"Then stay, we have missed Lady Jane Grey," said Rosamond, turning back to look at some portraits she had before passed over. "Lady Jane Grey was very amiable, and very learned, and very much to be pitied." And before her portrait Rosamond paused; then, turning to ask Laura's counsel, she saw her fixed before another picture.

"Lady Russell!" exclaimed Rosamond, eagerly. "Yes, certainly, Laura, you are right; how could I forget Lady Russell!—forget her I never did; but why did not I fix upon her sooner?"

"Better after comparison than before," said Laura.

"Who can be compared with her?" said Rosamond. "Who is there in our own country, or France, or Italy, or Spain—in any country; what celebrated woman can you name who can stand a comparison with Lady Russell?"

Several celebrated modern names, French and English, were mentioned, but none could stand a comparison with Lady Russell.

As Mrs. Egerton observed, we know Lady Russell, not merely by what historians or biographers say in her praise, but we become intimately acquainted with her from her own letters. There we see her from youth to age, in prosperity and in adversity: we see her beginning life as if she were only a common person, happy with her husband, and taking care of her children: we see how grateful she was to God for her happiness—"her great happiness," as she emphatically calls it; we see how wisely, in prosperity, she prepared her mind for adversity, and when it came upon her how nobly she bore it: what presence of mind she showed, what exertions she made, on the trial of her husband: and as to

tenderness, what fortitude in suppressing her feelings in the last parting, that she might spare him pain !

"And her whole life afterward," continued Mrs. Egerton, "was admirable. Instead of giving herself up to her own feelings, she fulfilled every active duty, lived for her children, her husband ever present to her mind."

"Oh ! I would rather have been the noble widow of Lord Russell," exclaimed Rosamond, "than the greatest queen upon earth !"

"Rosamond !" cried Godfrey, suddenly placing himself before her, "which would you rather have been, Lady Russell, or Queen Elizabeth in all her glory ?"

"Lady Russell, without a doubt," replied Rosamond. "Queen Elizabeth !" repeated she, with a look of disdain. "I would never be Queen Elizabeth, with all her glory, as you call it. It was the glory of a great queen, but not of a good woman."

"Right, my dear young friend," said Mrs. Egerton, who rejoiced to see that Rosamond was not dazzled with the glare of historic greatness, but that she felt the full value of female domestic virtues. She rejoiced, too, in seeing the enthusiasm which Rosamond felt for Lady Russell. She knew that the looking up in early youth to a high character exalts the mind, and gives the best promise of future excellence.



## THE DEPARTURE.

"Much did the view divide his wavering mind :  
 Now glowed his breast with generous thirst of fame ;  
 Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclined  
 His yielding soul, and quenched the rising flame."

THESE lines Godfrey was repeating in a loud voice, as he walked, one morning before breakfast, up and down the gallery. Rosamond, opening the door of her room, asked him what he was saying.

"The choice of Hercules," replied he. "I am learning it by heart;" and he went back,

"When, lo! far off, two female forms he spies;  
 Direct to him their steps they seem to bear."

"Rosamond, direct your steps to me," said Godfrey, "and call Laura. She shall be Virtue for me, and you shall be Sloth."

"I Sloth!" cried Rosamond, stopping short, "indeed I never will."

"Well, well! At any rate, come here and help me to shorten the long speeches in this poem, for both Sloth and Virtue say too much for me," said Godfrey; "at least, too much for my memory. Leaving out half will, as my father says, much improve the whole."

"But pray don't leave out Virtue's first speech," said Rosamond.

"And certainly," said Godfrey, "we must not leave this out about Honour. Now hear me say this. I am perfect in this stanza.

"Honour rewards the brave and bold alone ;  
 She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :  
 Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,  
 And guard, so Jove commands, the sacred place.  
 Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,  
 And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain."

In these lines Godfrey was perfect, and Rosamond and he had just settled what they would leave out, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Egerton, who came in with letters in his hand; his countenance unusually grave, as if he had just received some bad news.

When they were all assembled at the breakfast-table, he told them that he had heard a sad account of a young man, for whom, independently of relationship, he had once had a great regard; who, from his once generous spirit and early display of talents, had promised to be an honour to his family, and a distinguished member of society; who, as his fond parents flattered themselves, would have risen to the first rank in political eminence, and to the highest honours of the state.

Godfrey and Rosamond looked at one another, afraid to hear the name.

"Yes; Folliott Brown!" said Dr. Egerton, sighing.

There was a silence, for no one ventured to ask any questions, and Dr. Egerton seemed unwilling to say more.

"I cannot tell you all the circumstances, my young friends," resumed he; "but he has fallen into bad company abroad; he has formed, or there is imminent danger of his forming, a most disgraceful connexion; and I consider his being at this moment under arrest for a gaming debt, at Paris, as the least part of the evil."

"Folliott Brown!" repeated Godfrey. "We thought him the finest fellow in the whole school! with such abilities! such honour! such spirit!"

"Ah!" said Dr. Egerton, "abilities, spirit, honour, will not do without something more. What are they without religion, morality, and steadiness? It must aggravate his mother's affliction to know, as she must, that this ill conduct of his arises from his parents' early and late neglect. His father was so intent upon bringing forward his abilities, that he absolutely seemed to forget moral and religious principles; provided he won prizes, and obtained school and college honours, he was satisfied, without ever looking for more, or caring what company he kept, or what habits he acquired. In fact, the very means he took, even to excite him forward in classical literature, while yet a schoolboy, prepared this ruin that has ensued. He rewarded him, by increasing his allowance of money to an exorbitant degree."

"That is true. I remember he used to have a great deal of money," said Godfrey; "but he was in the upper form; I did not know more than that he was very extravagant."

"Colonel Brown used to say," continued Dr. Egerton,

"that he thought he could not pay too dear for his son's abilities. Dearly he paid, and dearly has his son, and dearly must all his family pay for them. At the university, in spite of every remonstrance I could make, the same principles were followed by his infatuated parents. 'I was wild in my time,' the father always said, 'and Folliott must have his day and his way: he's a fine fellow, and will take up when we get him into parliament; and he will make a figure that will make amends for any little extravagance.' His mother, too, Lady Frances, was anxious chiefly about the rank and fashion of the young men who were his companions. If he was in *high* company, she always thought he was in *good* company. So from extravagance he went on to all sorts of dissipation, and of course to worse and worse, when his father's death left him fatally at liberty. The disorder of their affairs, the loss of their fortune, made an impression just for a time. I remember, he then assured me that he was resolved to be prudent, and he felt for his mother and sisters, and he was anxious to distinguish himself in parliament, and to set all to rights. And he was in earnest, and felt strongly at the moment; but what is feeling, what are good impulses, without principle or resolution! Then his mother, from vanity, put him again in the way of all manner of temptation. He must needs go abroad with a young profligate nobleman: and his mother, by way of saving money, and breaking up an establishment, must go to live in Paris too, with visions of glory, I am sure, before her for her daughters. It has all ended as you see," said Dr. Egerton, putting the letters into his sister's hand.

Rosamond, extremely shocked, sat quite overpowered with surprise; she looked alternately at Godfrey, Laura, and her mother, without uttering a syllable. The recollection of the time she had seen this family, when they were all in prosperity and gayety, and when she used to look up to them with admiration, was full in her mind; nor could she forget the manner in which they had spoken of those who were now, in their adversity, their only friends.

Dr. Egerton was determined, he said, to set out immediately for Paris, to try what could be done, not merely to relieve this young man from his present difficulties, but to snatch him, if possible, from future destruction.

Mrs. Egerton, ever inclined to think the best, encouraged her brother in this benevolent hope. It was some exertion, at his advanced time of life, and disliking as he did to leave his beloved home, to go to a foreign country; but all these were trifles to him with such an object before him. He also regretted that he must abruptly leave friends whose company he so much enjoyed; and all deplored that such must be the melancholy termination of their hitherto delightful visit to Egerton Abbey.

Dr. Egerton was to set off early the next morning for France, and Mrs. Egerton was to go to her own house, to prepare every thing for the reception of Lady Frances Folliott Brown and her daughters, whom she invited to make it their residence on this their sudden return from the Continent, they having now no house or home of their own.

Arrangements for their various journeys, and the necessary preparations for departure, were now to begin, and were necessarily to occupy almost the whole of this last day. As soon as they had breakfasted, or, to speak more correctly, as soon as they rose from the breakfast-table, Laura and Rosamond, thinking that Dr. Egerton might wish to speak further on the subject of these unhappy affairs to their father and mother, retired to their own room. Godfrey soon followed. He found Rosamond sitting upon the trunk which Laura was preparing to pack, both quite silent, and Rosamond looking more serious than he had ever seen her.

"Rosamond," said he, "do you recollect the words we heard Folliott Brown say the last evening we ever saw him,

"'Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together?'"

"Remember it! Yes," said Rosamond. "When you came in I was just thinking of that ball, and of all that has passed since, and I shall never forget it. My dear brother," continued she, "how happy it is for you that your friendship with Folliott Brown was broken off!"

"That *intimacy* rather; for friendship, I am sure, there never was on his side," said Laura.

"But there was on mine," said Godfrey, "and I am excessively sorry for all that has happened. My father warned me from him, you remember, and told me, what I never suspected, that he was without principle. I am

glad that I trusted my father's judgment, and took his advice."

"How much reason," said Rosamond, "we have to be grateful to our parents, Godfrey, for giving us strong moral principles, with a steady foundation of religion; and for making for us really good friends, instead of what are called *great* friends."

"Very true," said Godfrey. "But who would have expected such a really wise and really good reflection, at last, from Rosamond?"

"Everybody who knows her as well as I do," said Laura.

"Well," said Godfrey, "I could tell you, and I could tell Rosamond, something."

"Pray tell me, brother; you must," said Rosamond, holding him fast.

"Then, if I must, I will tell you, that there is nobody living, not even yourself, my dear Laura, who has higher expectations of Rosamond's sense and goodness than I have, though I agree, I own, with old Lady Worral, that Miss Rosamond's education has been going on a great while, and that it begins to be time to think of finishing it. The day after we go home, she will arrive, with her old question, *Ma'am, when will Miss Rosamond's education be finished?*"

"And you, I hope, will answer," said Rosamond, "Never while she lives."

# GARRY OWEN; OR, THE SNOW-WOMAN.

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## PART I.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### SNIFE-SHOOTING.

"A FINE morning for snipe-shooting this, Master Gerald!" said Patrick Carroll, an Irish gamekeeper, to his young companion, his master's son, who was manfully stepping along beside him on the frozen surface of a deep snow.

"A fine morning certainly, Carroll; but I have not seen a single snipe yet," said Master Gerald.

"But if we have any luck we won't be long so," replied the gamekeeper, "barring the long snow might have starved off the birds entirely. But if there's one left in it any way, we'll have him, dear, as sure as life."

"There's one!" cried Gerald.

Pop—and—miss.

"Hush't now!—whisht! 'Twas the talking—Not a word now—or ye give the birds warning."

They walked on for some time without speaking. Gerald

"Gazed idly on the silence of the snows.

————— One idiot face of white

Is over all."

Not another snipe was to be seen; and the gamekeeper, thinking that his young master was fretting inwardly, began to comfort him with a little flattery.

"Then, Master Gerald, my dear, when you come to carry the gun your own self, it's a fine shot you'll be, I'll

engage—as fine a shot as any in the three counties, as his honour your father (blessings on him!) was afore you. Just such another as yourself, then, I remember him, the first season's shooting ever he got—I saw his first shot, sure!”

“He was older at that time than I am now, was not he?” said Gerald.

“Not to look at.”

“I hope soon my mother will have no objection to my carrying the gun myself.”

“Objections! Why should she? Tut. The next bird we meet, good or bad, you shall have a shot at him yourself, master.”

A ray of joy came across Gerald's face, but it passed away. “No,” said he, “I promised mamma I would not take the gun in my own hands.”

“Then it's I must lay it over your shoulder, and hold it for you while you pop.”

A bird was seen. The gamekeeper placed the gun against Gerald's shoulder, and pointed to where he should aim. It was a great temptation—but Gerald had given a promise. He stepped aside, drawing his shoulder from under the gun.

“No, Carroll,” repeated he, firmly, and it was as much as he could say. “I will not fire, for I yesterday promised my mother I would not.”

“Then you are a noble young gentleman, to be true to your mother, any way; and I'm sure, by the same token, you'll not tell on me, that was only wanting to please you, and did not understand rightly, or I'd sooner have cut my head off than have gone against anything the mistress would say—in regard to you, more than all. It would be as much as my life's worth if you were to tell on me, Master Gerald; but I know you are too good.”

“Never fear,” said Gerald; “I am no telltale. But I'm getting terribly hungry. Turn down to that cottage, and maybe we shall find a hot potato.”

“True for you. It is time they should be boiling or boiled—and no doubt it is here we shall find 'em ready and welcome, for it is Mistress Crofton's place, and a very snug place it is, and right good people they are. The mother nursed some of the big house formerly; that is, kind-hearted old Mistress Molly, I mean.”

## CHAPTER II.

## MRS. CROFTON'S COTTAGE.

THEIR steps being noiseless on the snow, they reached the cottage without being heard by any one within. Peeping in at the house door, Gerald saw that there was only kind-hearted Molly herself in the kitchen. Her back was towards them, and she was stooping down covering up a dish that was on the hearth before a clear turf fire. Gerald, putting his finger on his lips, and making a sign to the gamekeeper to remain still at the door, went in on tiptoe softly, and snatching up from the dresser her silk handkerchief, he went close behind her without her perceiving him, quickly threw the handkerchief over her eyes, and, in a feigned, gruff brogue, asked her to tell who he was.

"Ah hushlamacree! you darling rogue, I know who ye are well enough—and glad myself is you're come—long I've been looking for you."

She pulled off the bandage as she spoke. "Oh! Master Gerald dear! and is it you?—I ask your pardon then. Sure I'm glad to see you, Master Gerald."

It was plain, nevertheless, that he was not the person she expected to see. "But who was your darling rogue that you were looking for, Molly?"

"Oh! not your honour, dear, any way—sure—I could not make so free—but Georgy, the gran' child—the unlucky boy that did not get his breakfast yet—that's what I was covering up for him."

"And suppose I was to beg one of his hot potatoes?"

"Welcome as life, dear!" said she, uncovering them; "and shame take me that didn't think of offering them. But my ould stupid head was just astray. Sit ye down, Master Gerald, by the fire this raw morning, till I fetch you the salt, and a bit o' butter, and a drop of the new milk. And who would that be?—Somebody at the door without!—Oh! Mr. Carroll, the gamekeeper, it is you!—But won't you step in, and get an air of the fire, and take something too? I should have a bottle somewhere."

In Molly's hospitality there was a degree of hurry



and confusion, and not her usual hearty gladness to see her friends. Gerald asked what was the matter, and why her head was astray.

"It's after the boy George my head is," she answered; "that unlucky slip of a boy—though it's no fault of his—but of them that left the stable door open after he had shut it last night. I don't know who it was, but, weary on them! for this morning George missed one of them sheep of his father's that he got in charge, and was at my bedside by peep o' day, telling me about it afore I was right awake. In great fear he was that this sheep, straying out in the deep snow, might be lost, and that his father, when he'd find it out, would be mad with him. Then don't be bothering me, child! said I, and I dreaming. Take yourself out, and look for the sheep, can't ye!—Bad luck to myself that said that cross word out o' my sleep, for straight the boy went out in the first gray light o' the morning, and never has been in since, good or bad. There's the two bowls of stirabout I made for him got as hard and colder than the stones; I was fain to throw them out to the chickens both. And now I have boiled these potatoes for him. But what I'm in dread of," continued Molly, after a pause, and as if afraid to speak her whole thoughts, "what I am most in dread of is them snow-drifts there below, in case George might have come across one of them. You mind, Master Gerald, the boy that once was lost entirely—and the snow so deep on the ground now." She sighed—

Gerald swallowed hastily the bit of hot potato he had in his mouth, and asked which road the boy had taken.

"Across the curragh path," she believed, "and down by the *boreen*" (the lane).

Gerald, beckoning to the gamekeeper, ran out immediately, bidding Molly keep up her spirits, and keep the potatoes hot for her boy, whom he hoped soon to bring back to her, with, perhaps, the lost sheep into the bargain.

Thousands of blessings she poured upon Gerald and Mr. Carrell, and from her door she shouted after them, to beg they would "bid George never to mind the sheep, but come home only with himself. Tell him I'll make it up out o' my calves to the father. I'd sell the cow—I'd sell the dresser—any thing—all, tell him, if he'll but come home to me safe again—*scushla!*"

## CHAPTER III

## THE SNOW-DRIFT.

GERALD and the gamekeeper, no longer thinking of snipes, took their way over the curragh as well as they could make it out, for path there was none on that unbeaten snow. The surface was still hard enough in many places; but, during the last hour, it had begun to thaw, and some of the drifts were softened. They looked for the boy's footsteps, and saw traces for some distance, but then lost sight of them when they came to a lane leading to the village. In this lane horses, and cars, and many footsteps had been. They stood still and listened, for the sportsman thought he heard a shout. Gerald had the sense to think of firing off the gun, which the gamekeeper, by his order, immediately did, to give notice of where they were. Afterward they heard the voice certainly, they thought, and followed the direction of the sound. Presently they saw a black spot on the snow at a distance; it was, as they guessed, a boy's hat; and, making up towards it, they saw the boy running to meet them, barefooted, barelegged, barebreasted, coat and waistcoat off, with as little as could be on, and that little as wet as possible, his face and head as red as fire, perspiring all over. He gasped, and could not speak; but, catching hold of Gerald's arm, and pointing in the direction from whence he came, pulled him on.

"Your sheep, I suppose?" said Gerald.

"Ay, in the snow," said the gamekeeper, "that can't get out. Is that it, Gregory? Speak now."

"My sheep—och!" said the boy; "an' I wish to my life it was only that same."

"What, then, can't you speak, you born natural?" said the impatient gamekeeper.

"Come on, come on! I can't be staying to tell you," said the boy, trotting on before them in one even fast trot, with which Gerald's run and Carroll's strides could scarcely keep pace.

"Manners, then, you running dripping-pan!" cried Carroll; "can't you stop and turn, and tell Master Gerald about it—Oh! if I could reach you!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BURIED HUT.

GERALD, without questioning more, ran on, till the boy stopped and spoke—

"See here, master," said he, pointing to a place where he had been digging in the snow, "below here is a cabin of some kind, and a living cratur in it. I heard the cry. Stoop down yourselves here at the top of the bank, and through the hole here you may catch the sound of the moaning. I was walking on the hard snow, sir, on the top of the ditch here, as I know by the trees on the hedge, thinking of nothing at all but my sheep, and prodding about with my shovel, which by great luck I had with me on account of the sheep; when I started to see smoke coming up a yard from me, and when I went up close to the hole, that proved a chimney, and darkening it over, I suppose, by looking down to see whether I could see any thing that was in it, whoever was within knew by the stopping of the light that I was there above, for there was a great cry raised to me, 'for God's sake to help!' So I gave up all thought of my sheep, and fell to work to get out the poor cratur, and I have been at it ever since; but, see, the door can't be got open yet, nor won't for a long while; see, sir, how it is."

Where the boy had been digging in the snow, part of a thatched roof was visible. It seemed to belong to a hut or shed made in a deep ditch or quarry-hole, by the side of a hill. Gerald called loudly, as he leaned over the opening at top, and was answered by a feeble voice, which he thought was that of a woman. He stood still to consider what should be done first. The gamekeeper, unable to think, went on talking and wondering who the woman could be. Gerald saw that, as there was but one shovel, but one person could work at a time in clearing away the snow; and, as the man was the strongest, he yielded the shovel to him, but directed him not to go on where the boy had been working, because he saw that it would take a long time to clear away the snow to the bottom, and to open space enough in the hard

snow-drift, so that the house door could be got open, and that it would be easier and quicker to clear the snow from part of the roof, and pull off the thatch. He bid Carroll shovel away as fast as he could, while he considered what he should do with the woman if he got her out. He must have some means of carrying her out of the cold directly, to where she could have assistance and food. The nearest house which was within reach was Mrs. Crofton's. He bid George go home to his grandmother, and send his father, or any man he could find about the house, with a handbarrow, and dry straw, and a blanket. If the handbarrow could not be had directly, the men should bring a door, which George knew could be readily taken off its hinges. The sending George home he saw, too, was necessary for him; for he was almost exhausted; he could walk, but could scarcely have used his arms any more. George was very unwilling to go, but Gerald told him that by so doing he would do the best for the poor people he had worked so hard to save—the only chance it would give of saving them. The boy gave up to these reasons, and Gerald wrote with a pencil on the back of a letter a few lines to his mother, to tell what had happened, and to beg she would send directions and assistance (the good house-keeper herself if she could) to Mrs. Crofton's cottage, to be ready, and wait till he should come. Off went George, putting the pencil note in the crown of his hat, the only dry spot about him.

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## CHAPTER V.

### A DISCOVERY.

THE corner of the roof being soon cleared of snow, Gerald helped to tear away the thatch, and soon got open a hole in the roof, through which they could see down into the house. Gerald saw the haggard face and skeleton figure of the woman. She was kneeling just under them, looking up, her hands uplifted towards them—something in her arms pressed close to her—it was her infant, but it made no cry—nor did she speak, or

utter any sound. Her other children were on the ground before her—one stretched out face downward, motionless—the other, with its arms clasped round its mother as she knelt, its head leaning against her—it never looked up. Gerald tore the hole open larger; and, bidding Carroll tell him the moment any one from Crofton's was in sight, jumped down into this den of misery—of famine. The woman's eyes turned to the child on the floor—a boy—her eldest—who was dead. The girl, kneeling, never moved till her mother lifted up her head, and Gerald saw her starved face. Her eyes blinked and closed from the light. She showed no emotion at sight of Gerald; but in the woman's wild stare at him there was a sort of agony of hope. He recollected what he had till this moment forgotten, that he had had the day before, when he went out, a biscuit in his pocket. He felt, and found some fragments; he moistened a bit in his mouth, and then put the least morsel possible into the mouth of the girl, and then gave a bit to the woman, who instantly put a crumb of it between the infant's lips, and then she looked ravenously for more. Luckily he had very little more left. Gerald had heard that famished persons must be allowed food only with great caution; but he did not know how very small a quantity the stomach can bear, and how extremely dangerous it is to yield to the cravings of the appetite. When he saw the magical revival produced by this little, he regretted that he had not more, especially when the mother looked upon him with ravenous eagerness. He emptied his pockets, and she snatched the least crumb, and crammed it into her baby's mouth. Well for her and her children it was that he had no more. Some of the snow from the roof hung down; she stretched out her hand for it with anxiety, and when he reached it for her, swallowed as much as he would let her; but he was afraid, and stopped her. She submitted without speaking.

Carroll gave the signal agreed upon, that he saw somebody coming. Gerald had bid Carroll not call loudly to him, lest the suddenness of the certainty of her deliverance might be too much for her all at once. When he moved from her, though only a pace or two, to hear what was said from the opening in the roof, she caught hold of his coat, and held it clinched fast, as if in dread of his leaving her; he assured her that he would not desert her; that he was only going to

see how best to get her out of this horrible place. His words seemed scarcely to reach her understanding; but she loosened her grasp, as if resigned. He stood upon the only piece of furniture in the house, an old stool, and could then hear Carroll tell him, in a low voice, that two men were coming across the field from the road, either with a handbarrow or something of the kind. It proved to be the very door which Gerald had desired should be sent if nothing else was at hand. "And a good thought it was," said the man, "for the handbarrow had been lent to some person, and could not have been had unless we were to have waited an hour." There was plenty of straw, and a blanket, moreover a bed, a chaff bed; all he required good Molly had sent, with her blessing for the sending home her boy, and a bed should be ready and warm for the poor woman, whoever she was. She would not let George go back with the men, which he wanted to do.

While all this was saying, Gerald had lifted the kneeling girl from the floor. She was as helpless and cumbersome to lift as a child asleep. He purposed to stand upon the stool, to give her out of his arms to Carroll, who was waiting to take her; but as he sprang upon the stool, one of the legs gave way, and down he came with the child. An exclamation, the first she had uttered, burst from the mother, and she sprang forward. Gerald fell back against the wall, and held the child safe; it was a mercy that he did not fall upon it. He next took off the silk handkerchief that was round his neck; and, having tied it to his pocket handkerchief, he passed them under the arms of the child. Then calling to Carroll, he bid him let down to him one end of his leathern belt, and to hold fast the other. After fastening the end of the belt to the handkerchiefs, he called to Carroll again to draw up gently; and, guiding the child's body up as high as he could reach, it was thus drawn out safely. The woman had a tattered blanket hanging over part of her, but she could not be wrapped in it; it was all rags, and would not hold. Gerald had the blanket old Molly had sent put down to him, and wrapping the woman in it with Carroll's help, he having now jumped down into the hut, fastened the belt round her, and one of the men above drew her up with her infant in her arms. They laid her upon the bed; and found she had fainted. She looked so ghastly that Gerald

thought she was dead. He took her infant from her powerless arm, and thought it was gone too. It seemed to have no weight; but the fresh air made it utter a sort of cry, and the mother opened her eyes, and came back from her fainting-fit. Gerald laid her infant in her arms again, and she felt that he placed her girl beside her, and she gave him a look which he could never forget. But the expression of feeling and sense was gone in a moment. He wrapped the blanket round her and the children, and she lay motionless, in a sort of stupor, as they lifted the board from the ground and moved on. He had little hope that she or the children could live till they reached the cottage. He had never seen any thing like such a sight before; but Carroll had, and he kept up his hopes with the prophecy, often repeated as they went along, that the woman would, as he'd see, do very well, and the childer would *come* to, all but the poor boy, who was gone quite. It lay at her feet, wrapped in the poor mother's rag of a blanket, so as to be concealed from sight. Gerald had been unwilling to remove the corpse at first, thinking it might shock the mother fatally to see it when she returned to sense. But the men would not let him leave it, telling him that when she came to her sense it would be the first thing she would ask for, and that it would shock her most that it should *not be waked* properly.

They reached the cottage, where, to Gerald's great joy, he found that his mother had sent the housekeeper and all that could be wanted. Molly, dear good Molly, had the bed ready warm to put *her* into, and hot flannels for the *childer*, and warm drink, but to be given only in teaspoonfuls. "Mind," as the housekeeper said, "mind that for your life! And now, Master Gerald, my heart's life," continued she, "rest yourself. Oh dear! oh dear! what a way he is in! my *own* child—Oh dear! oh dear! he ought to be in his own bed—and has not eat one bit the day, barring the potatoes here."

Molly followed Gerald about, while he helped in all the arrangements that were making in bringing in his charge, and carrying them to the inner room; and, whenever she could find an opportunity, popped a bit of something into his mouth, which, to oblige her, he swallowed, though he did not well know what it was. All being now done by him in which he could be useful, he prepared to go home, the housekeeper and Molly urging

that his own family must be anxious to see him. Away he went, but not before he had asked for George, to rejoice with him in their success. George was in his bed fast asleep; it would be a sin, his grandmother said, to waken him, and it would do better next morning, for he was tired out of his sense, stupid-tired. "He is never very 'cute, my poor Georgy, but as kind a heart as can be, asleep or awake."

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## PART II.

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### CHAPTER VI.

#### CASTLE GERALD.

It was dusk in the evening before Gerald reached home. Candles were lighted at Castle Gerald, as he saw through the windows. As he approached, the lights flitted from the drawing-room windows along the corridor, as he went up the avenue, and the hall door opened before he reached it. Cecilia, his dear little sister, ran down the steps to meet him, and his father and mother were in the hall. The comfortable, happy appearance of every thing at home, being in sudden contrast with all he had just seen and felt, struck him forcibly. The common dinner seemed to him uncommonly good; every thing a luxury. Cecilia could not help laughing; he seemed to wonder, as if he was in a dream—and so, in truth, he felt. They wisely let him eat and rest before they asked him any questions. Even Cecilia refrained, though her eyes, as plainly as they could speak, and very plainly that was, spoke her curiosity, or rather her sympathy. His after-dinner story, however, was provokingly short—quite an unvarnished tale, and not unfolded regularly, but opened in the middle, and finished abruptly with "That's all." Whether it was that he did not like to make much of what he had done himself, to make little of the hero of his tale, or whether he was, as old Molly said of George, *stupid-tired*, he certainly was in an unusual hurry to take his mother's advice that night, and go to bed early. After thank-



ing God that the woman was saved, he threw himself into his bed, thinking that he *would* be asleep the very instant his head should be on the pillow. But in vain he snugged himself up; he found that the going to sleep did not depend on his will. Whenever he closed his eyes, the images of the starved woman and her dead and living child were before him, the whole scene going on over and over again, but more and more confusedly, till, at last, after the hundredth turning to the other side, he lay still, and, by the time his mother came to look at him before she went to bed, he was sound asleep—so fast that the light of her lamp, even when she no longer shaded it by her hand, never made eyelid shrink or eyelash twinkle.

The next morning he awakened as fresh and lively as ever, and jumped up to see what sort of a day it was. Pouring rain!—all the snow gone, or going—impossible to reach the cottage before breakfast. But the housekeeper had brought word late last night, after he was asleep, that the woman and her children were likely to do well. The gamekeeper (bless his old bones for it!) was up, and at Mrs. Crofton's by the flight of night, and his report at breakfast-time said, that "the woman was wonderful—for so great a skeleton—a perfect 'atomy—a very shadow of a cratur—such as never was seen afore alive on God's earth. The childer too! no weight, if you'd take 'em in your arms, it would frighten you to hold them—so unnatural-like as if they had been changed by the fairies. Howsomedever, the housekeeper says they'll come to, and get weighty enough in time, ma'am, and that all will live, no doubt, if they don't get food too plenty; I mean if old Molly (Mrs. Crofton, I ax her pardon) wouldn't be in too great a hurry to feed 'em up—and if the mother, who is cautious enough not to infringe against the orders she got, as far as her own fasting is concerned, would not, as I dread, be too tender in regard to the childer—the baby, more especially."

Gerald's report in the middle of the day was good. He could not, however, see the poor woman, she and her children being in bed. It was settled that they should all walk to the cottage next morning; but the next morning and the next day, rain—rain—rain. How provoking! Yet such things will be in Ireland. Little Cecilia stood at the window, saying, "Rain, rain, go to Spain;" yet not till the fourth day did it go, and then the

ground was so wet; even on the gravel walks before the window there were such puddles of yellow water, that it was vain for Cecilia to hope she could reach the cottage. But the next day was dry; a frost came, not a bitter frost, but a fine sunshiny day; and before the ground was softened by the sun, they accomplished their walk.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE COTTAGE REVISITED.

EVERY thing is for the best—that's certain—even the rain. These three days' delay had given time for much to pass which it was well should be over. The dead child was buried; the living had now some appearance of life; the horrible ghastliness was gone: the livid purple was now only deadly pale. Cecilia thought it very shocking still, but nothing to what it was; Gerald said he was quite astonished at the difference; he should not have known the woman to be the same, except by her skeleton hands and arms. But she was now clean, decently clothed, a great handkerchief of Molly's pinned so as to cover her wasted form, and a smile on those lips that he thought never could smile again—but they smiled on him, and then she burst into tears—the first she had shed—and a great relief they were to her, for she could not cry when the boy was buried—not a tear. Gerald looked about for the other child—the girl—she was behind him. Though she had been quite insensible, as he thought, to all that had happened, she now seemed perfectly to recognise him. When her mother drew her forward, she remained willingly fixed close beside him, and stood staring up with grateful, loving eyes. She smelled his coat; the mother reproved her, but Cecilia said, "Let her alone:" and the child, heeding neither of them, proceeded to smell his hand, took it, and kissed it again and again. Then, turning to the mother, said, "Mammy! that's the hand—the good hand."

Then she pointed to a bit of biscuit which lay upon the table, and her mother said, "The child recollects, sir,

the bit you put into her mouth. She could eat that biscuit all day long, I believe, if we would let her."

"And it is hard to deny her," said Molly, putting a piece within her reach. She devoured it eagerly, yet seemed as if she had half a mind to take the last bit from her mouth, and put it into the baby's.

Gerald turned to shake hands with George, who now came in; and inquired if he had heard any news of his lost sheep.

"Answer, George, dear," said Molly to the boy, who was a little bashful, or, as she expressed it, "a little daunted before the ladies. But speak out, Georgy, love, can't ye, so as to be heard, and not with that voice of a mouse. You can speak out well enough when you please."

The snow-woman observed that she knew better than anybody how well he could speak out. "I never in my born days heard a voice so pleasant as his'n sounded to me the first time I heard it, when he answered to my call for help."

George smiled through his blush; and then answering Master Gerald, thanked him kindly, and said that he had heard of his sheep—he had got him—and he was dead—frozen dead under the snow—standing—not half a perch from where they had been shovelling. When the thaw came, there he was found quite ready; so he brought him home and skinned him. There was his skin hanging up to the fore on the stable wall. And his father was very good too, and was not mad with him at all at all, but quite considerate, and did not give him a stroke nor a word; and so he (George) had promised to make up the *differ*, by not rising out of his father's hands the price of the new *shuit* which he was to get at Easter for herding the other sheep and cattle through the winter. "There's the bargain I made with him, and all's well as afore."

Cecilia, who was listening, did not at first understand this bargain; but when the *new shuit* was explained to mean a new suit of clothes, and making up the *differ*, making up the difference to the father between the value of the lost live sheep and his remaining skin, Cecilia thought it was rather a hard bargain for George, but he was quite satisfied.

Molly whispered, "Never heed, miss; the father will not be as hard upon him as he thinks. But," added she

aloud, "why should not he, miss, be at the loss of his own carelessness?—Not but what, barring the giddiness, he's as good a natur'd lad as ever lived—only not overburdened with sense. Kind gran'mother for him!" concluded she, half laughing at herself, half at him.

Then drawing Gerald aside, she changed her tone, and with a serious look, in a mysterious whisper, said, "You were right, dear, from first to last, concerning the poor cratur's dead child; she did not want to have it *waked* at all, for she is not that way—not an Irishwoman at all—an Englishwoman all over, as I knew by her speech the first word ever I heard her speak in her own nat'ral tongue when she came to her voice. But hush't! there she is telling her own story to the master and mistress."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SNOW-WOMAN'S STORY.

"Yes, madam, I bees an Englishwoman, though so low now and untidy like—it's a shame to think of it—a Manchester woman, ma'am—and my people was once in a bettermost sort of way—but sore pinched latterly." She sighed, and paused.

"I married an Irishman, madam," continued she, and sighed again.

"I hope he gave you no reason to sigh," said Gerald's father.

"Ah! no, sir, never!" answered the Englishwoman, with a faint smile: "Brian Dermody is a good man, and was always a koind husband to me, as far and as long as ever he could, I will say that—but my friends misliked him—no help for it. He is a soldier, sir,—of the forty-fifth. So I followed my husband's fortins, as nat'ral, through the world, till he was ordered to Ireland. Then he brought the children over, and settled us down there at Bogafin in a little shop with his mother—a widow. She was very koind too. But no need to tire you with telling all. She married again, ma'am, a man young enough to be her son—a nice man he was to look at

too—a gentleman's servant he had been. Then they sat up in a public-house. Then the whiskey, ma'am, that they bees all so fond of—he took to drinking it in the morning even, ma'am—and that was bad, to my thinking."

"Ay, indeed!" said Molly, with a groan of sympathy; "Oh the whiskey! if men could keep from it!"

"And if women could!" said Mr. Crofton, in a low voice.

The Englishwoman looked up at him, and then looked down, refraining from assent to his smile.

"My mother-in-law," continued she, "was very koined to me all along, as far as she could. But one thing she could not do; that was, to pay me back the money of husband's and mine that I lent her. I thought this odd of her—and hard. But then I did not know the ways of the country in regard to never paying debts."

"Sure it's not the ways of all Ireland, my dear," said Molly; "and it's only them that has not that can't pay --how can they?"

"I don't know—it is not for me to say," said the Englishwoman, reservedly; "I am a stranger; but I thought if they could not pay me, they need not have kept a jaunting-car."

"Is it a jaunting-car?" cried Molly. She pushed from her the chair on which she was leaning—"Jaunting-car bodies! and not to pay you!—I give them up entirely. Ill used you were, my poor Mrs. Dermody—and a shame! and you a stranger!—But them were Connaught people. I ask your pardon—finish your story."

"It is finished, ma'am. They were ruined, and all sold; and I could not stay with my children to be a burden. I wrote to husband, and he wrote me word to make my way to Dublin, if I could, to a cousin of his in Pill Lane—here's the direction—and that if he can get leave from his colonel, who is a good gentleman, he will be over to settle me somewhere, to get my bread honest in a little shop, or some way. I am used to work and hardship; so I don't mind. Brian was very koined in his letter, and sent me all he had—a pound, ma'am—and I set out on my journey on foot, with the three children. The people on the road were very koined and hospitable indeed; I have nothing to say against the Irish for that; they are more hospitable a deal than in England, though not always so honest. Stranger as I

was, I got on very well till I came to the little village here hard by, where my poor boy that is gone first fell sick of the measles. His sickness, and the 'pot'ecary' stuff and all, and the lodging and living, ran me very low. But I paid all, every farthing; and let none know how poor I was, for I was ashamed, you know, ma'am, or I am sure they would have helped me, for they are a koind people, I will say that for them, and ought so to do, I am sure. Well, I pawned some of my things, my cloak even, and my silk bonnet, to pay honest; and as I could not do no otherwise, I left them in pawn, and, with the little money I raised, I set out forwards on my road to Dublin again, so soon as I thought my boy was able to travel. I reckoned too much upon his strength. We had got but a few miles from the village when he drooped, and could not get on; and I was unwilling and ashamed to turn back, having so little to pay for lodgings. I saw a kind of hut, or shed, by the side of a hill. There was nobody in it. It was empty of every thing but some straw, and a few turf, the remains of a fire. I thought there would be no harm in taking shelter in it for my children and myself for the night. The people never came back to whom it belonged, and the next day my poor boy was worse; he had a fever this time. Then the snow came on. We had some little store of provisions that had been made up for us on the journey to Dublin, else we must have perished when we were snowed up. I am sure the people in the village never know'd that we were in that hut, or they would have come to help us, for they bees very koind people. There must have been a day and a night that passed, I think, of which I know nothing. It was all a dream. When I got up from my illness I found my boy dead—and the others with famished looks. Then I had to see them faint with hunger."

The poor woman had told her story without any attempt to make it pathetic, and thus far without apparent emotion or change of voice: but when she came to this part, and spoke of her children, her voice changed and failed; she could only add, looking at Gerald, "You know the rest, master; Heaven bless you!"

All she had told was true, as was proved upon inquiry in Gerald's-town of the people at whose house she had lodged, and those to whom she had paid bills, and with whom she had pawned her clothes. Her friends at Man-

chester were written to by Gerald's father; their answer confirmed her account of herself and of her husband.

Gerald and Cecilia rejoiced in having her exactness in truth thus proved; not that they had ever doubted it, but the housekeeper had been imposed upon by some travelling people lately, and they were glad that she saw that their *Snow-woman* was not a beggar or impostor. Impostor, indeed, she could not be, poor creature, as to the main parts of her story, her being buried alive in the snow, and nearly famished. Every thing they saw of her during the time she stayed at Crofton's cottage increased the interest they felt for her—she was so grateful—so little encroaching—so industrious; as soon as ever she was able, in fact, before she was well able, she set about doing needlework for Mrs. Crofton. But Molly, as she told Gerald, would not take her work from her without payment. "I only shammed taking the work from her for nothing, dear, not to vex her, but I counted up what she earned unknown't to her; and see what I did (opening a chest), I got all her little *duds* back out of pawn—the black silk bonnet and all, which (added Molly, laughing), to the best of my opinion, is, next to her children and husband, perhaps, what she is the fondest of in this life. Well, and even so, so much the greater the creature's honesty, you know, that did not begrudge to give it off her head to pay her dues to the last farthing. By the same token she is as welcome as light to stay here with us till she is quite stout, and as long as she pleases, her and hers—if it were a twelvemonth."

This permission was no trifling kindness, for the house was so small that Mrs. Crofton, who loved to have it neat too, was much inconvenienced by her guests: she gave up her own bed and room to them, and slept in the kitchen. Molly was a true Irish hospitable soul, who never would count up, or tell, or hear tell, of what she gave or lost. She would not accept of any payment for her lodgers from Gerald's father or mother, or remuneration in any form. Whatever was sent from the castle was scrupulously set apart for the use of the *Snow-woman* and her children, or kept for them till it spoiled. Many times the woman, afraid of being a burden, said she was well enough, quite well enough to be stirring.

## CHAPTER IX.

## PERPLEXITY.

ONE day, after they had heard the poor woman declare that she was well able to go, Cecilia, as she was walking home, said to her brother, "Gerald, how very sorry that poor woman must be to get *quite* well! I remember I was very sorry to get quite well after my measles, because I knew that I should not have mamma and everybody waiting upon me, and caring for me so very, very much. But then how dreadfully more your snow-woman must feel this—when all the wonder of her being buried alive is over, when we have no more questions to ask, and no more walking every day to see her, and no more pitying, and no more biscuits, and broth, and tea, and all manner of good things; and she must leave her warm bed, and Molly's comfortable house, and be turned out, as Molly says, into the cold wide world—and her children, one of them to be carried all the way, and the other to go barefoot! Gerald, at least I may give her a pair of my old shoes."

"But that will do little good," said Gerald, sighing, and he seldom sighed.

"I wish I could do more," said Cecilia, "but I have nothing. Oh! how I wish I could do something, mamma."

"You can make some warm clothes for the children, as you proposed yesterday, and I will give you flannel and whatever you want, Cecilia."

"Thank you, mamma; and you will cut them out, and I will work all day without stirring, mamma, or ever looking up till I have done. But even then it will be so very little compared with all she wants."

Cecilia now sighed more deeply than Gerald had sighed before.

"Gerald," she resumed, "I wish I was a fairy, even for one day, a good fairy, I mean."

"Good, of course; you could not be bad, Cecilia. Well, what would you do in that one day? I am curious to know whether it is the same thing that I am thinking of."



"No," said Cecilia, "it cannot be, because I am thinking, my dear, of so many different things. But, in the first place, I would wave my wand, and in a minute have a nice house raised, like Molly's, for the snow-woman."

"The very thing! I knew it," cried Gerald. "Oh, Cecilia, if it could be."

"There are no fairies left now in the world," said Cecilia, mournfully; "that's all nonsense, indeed."

"But I can tell you, Cecilia, there is still in the world what can do almost all that the fairies could do formerly, at least as to building houses, only not so quick quite—money."

"I guessed it before you came to the word; but what signifies that; I have no money—have you?"

"Some, but very little," said Gerald, feeling in his pocket, "too little, only pocket-money. Oh, I wish, how I wish, Cecilia, I had as much money as papa has, or mamma," added he, stopping till they, who were walking behind them, came within hearing, and repeating his wish, added, "then I could do so much good."

"And if you had as much money as we have," said his mother, smiling, "you would want more to be able to do all the good you desire."

His father asked him to tell him what good in particular he thought he could do; and as they walked on Gerald stated, that in particular he would build, or buy a house ready built, "for the snow-woman."

"And furnished," interposed Cecilia.

"No, leave out the furniture for the present," said Gerald; "we cannot do every thing, I know, papa, at once. But seriously, papa, you have built houses for many of the tenants, and you have houses, cottages, one cottage at least, even now, to give to whoever you please, or whoever pleases you."

"Not exactly to whoever I please, or to whoever pleases me, but to those whom I think most deserving, and to those whom justice calls upon me to prefer. I have claims upon me from good old tenants, or their families, for every house I have to give or to let. How then can I give to a stranger, who has no claims upon me, merely to please myself or you?"

"But she has the claim of being very wretched," said Gerald.

"And she has been buried in the snow," said Cecilia.

"And has been recovered," said her father.

"There's the worst of it," said Cecilia; "for now she is recovered she must go. We cannot help it, if we were to talk about it ever so much. But, mamma, though papa says people have never money enough to do all the good they wish, I think you have, for I remember about that cottage you built last year, you said, I recollect perfectly hearing you say the words, 'I know the way I can manage to have money enough to do it.' What did you mean, mamma? as you were not a fairy, how did you manage?"

Her mother smiled, but did not answer.

"I will tell you," said her father, "the way in which she managed, and the only way in which people, let them have ever such large fortunes, can manage to be sure of having money enough to do what they wish most—she denied herself something that she would have liked to buy, but that she could do without—she very much wished, at the time you speak of, Cecilia, to buy a harp, on which she knew that I should like to hear her play."

"I remember that too," cried Cecilia; "I remember the harp was brought for her to look at, and she liked it exceedingly; and then, after all, she sent it away and would not buy it, and I wondered."

"She could not buy the harp and build the cottage; so she denied herself the harp that year, and she made her old woman, as you call her, happy for life."

"How very good!" said Cecilia.

Gerald fell into a profound silence, which lasted all the remainder of their walk home, till they reached the lodge at the entrance, when, opening the gate, he let his mother and sister pass, but arrested his father in his passage:—

"Father, I have something to say to you; will you *walk behind?*"

"Son, I am ready to listen to you, and I will do any thing in my power to oblige you, but you must explain to me how I am to walk behind."

"Oh, papa, you know what I mean; let mamma and Cecilia walk on, so as to be out of hearing, and we can follow behind. What I am thinking of, papa, is Garry Owen; you were so kind as to promise to buy him for me."

"Yes, as a reward which you deserved for your perseverance last year."

"Thank you, papa; but suppose, instead of Garry Owen—in short, suppose, papa, I were to give up Garry Owen."

"To give up Garry Owen!" exclaimed his father, starting back with surprise.

"I am not sure, papa, that I can bring myself to do it yet—I am only considering—therefore pray do not tell Cecilia or mamma. I want first to settle my own mind. If I were to give up Garry Owen, would you allow me to have the money which you would have paid for him, and let me do what I please with it?"

"Undoubtedly. But since you consult me, I strongly recommend it to you not to give up Garry Owen for any other horse or pony."

"For any other horse, certainly not, for I like him better than any other that I ever saw or heard of—the beautiful creature!" cried Gerald, enthusiastically. "But if I could give him up, father, as mamma gave up the harp, would the price of him build a cottage for the snow-woman? And would you do it for me?"

His father's countenance brightened delightfully as Gerald spoke. "Would I do it for you, my son!" said he; but, checking himself, he added, in a composed voice, "I would, Gerald. But are you sure that you would wish this to be done? that is the first point to be settled. Remember, that for this year to come I certainly shall not buy for you any other horse if you give up Garry Owen for this purpose: you must understand this clearly, and be prepared to abide by all the consequences of your own determination."

"Oh, certainly, sir, I understand all that perfectly; I know it must be Garry Owen or the snow-woman; I never thought of any thing else; it would be cheating you or cheating myself. But I have not come to my determination yet; remember that, father, and do not say that I go back—you understand?"

"I understand you, Gerald, as well as you understand me; so we need say no more about it till you have settled your mind."

Which he was called upon to do sooner than he expected. Before he had considered all the pros and cons, before he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place, he was summoned to the fight; and well might his father fear that he would not come off victor of himself.

"Oh, Gerald!" cried Cecilia, running back to meet

him, "Garry Owen is come! Garry Owen is come! that horsedealer man has brought him for you—yes, Garry Owen! I assure you I saw him in the back lawn: they are all looking at him, mamma, too! Come! come! Run, run!"

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## PART III.

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### CHAPTER X.

#### GARRY OWEN.

IN the back lawn was a group of people,—the groom, the helper, the gossoon, the coachman, and, distinguished above the rest, the saddler, with a new saddle on his back, and a side-saddle and bridle, and bits glittering and hanging about him in most admired disorder. The group opened on Gerald's approach, and full in the midst, on a rising ground, with the light of the setting sun upon him, stood Garry Owen, his present master the horsedealer beside him, holding his bridle as he curved his neck proudly. Garry Owen was of a bright bay, with black mane, tail, and legs.

"Such a pretty colour," said Cecilia, "and such a fine flowing tail—oh, what a whisk he gave it!"

"A remarkably pretty head," said Gerald; "is not it, father?"

"And how gently he puts it down to let mamma stroke it," said Cecilia; "dear, nice little creature, I may pat him, may not I?"

"You may, miss; he is as gentle as the lamb, see, and as powerful as the lion," said the horsedealer; "but it's the spirit that's in him will please Master Gerald above all."

"Yes, I do like a horse that has some spirit," cried Gerald, vaulting upon his back.

"Then there it is! just suited! for it's he that has spirit enough for you, and you that has the spirit for him, Master Gerald. See how he sits him!"

"Without a saddle or a ha'porth!" said the saddler.

"What need, with such a seat on a horse as Master Gerald has got, and such command?"

"Let him go," said Gerald.

"Take care," said Cecilia.

"Never fear, miss," said the horsedealer; and off Gerald went in a fine canter.

"No fear of Master Gerald. See, see, see! See there now!" continued the master of the horse triumphantly, as Gerald, who really rode extremely well for a boy of his age, cantered, trotted, walked alternately, and showed all Garry Owen's paces to the best advantage. Suddenly a halloo was heard; huntsmen in red jackets appeared galloping across the adjoining field, returning from the hunt; Garry Owen and Gerald leaped the ditch instantly.

"Oh! oh!" cried Cecilia; "is the horse running away with him?"

"Not at all, miss—no fear—for Master Gerald has none. See there, how he goes. Oh prince o' ponies! Oh king of glory! See, up he is now with the red jackets—dash at all—over he goes—the finest leaper in the three counties—clears all before him, see!—there's a leap! and now, miss, see how he is bringing him back now to us, fair and *asy* see! trotting him up as if nothing at all; then I declare it's a sight to see!"

Gerald came up and sat, as Garry Owen stood still in the midst of them, patting the pony, delighted with him much, and with himself not more, but certainly not a little.

"Then he's the finest rider ever I see of his years," cried the horsedealer in an ecstasy.

"The finest young gentleman rider that ever I see in all Ireland, without comparison, I say," pronounced the saddler, shutting one eye and looking up at him with the other, with an indescribably odd, doubtful smile. In this man's countenance there was a mixed or quickly varying expression—demure, jocose, sarcastic, openly flattering, covertly laughing at the flattery, if not at the flattered; his face was one instant for the person he spoke to, the next for the by-standers. Aware at this moment who were standing by, he kept it as steady as he could. The horsedealer, in eager earnest intent on his object, continued, in his ecstatic tone,

"By the laws, then, I'd sooner bestow Garry Owen

on Master Gerald than sell him at any price to any other."

As Master Gerald's father smiled somewhat incredulous, perhaps a little scornfully, the horsedealer instantly softened his assertion, by adding—"I should not say bestow—a poor man like me could not go to bestow—but I'd sooner sell him at any price to Master Gerald—so I would, and not a word of lie—than to any mortal living in the three counties, or three kingdoms entirely; and rason, for it's Master Gerald that would do Garry Owen most justice, and would show him off best: the fine horse should get the fine rider, and 'tis undeniable the young gentleman is that same any how."

"Kind father for him," said the gamekeeper; "and the very moral of the master, Master Gerald is. The very sit of the father when first I seen him on a horse. Then may he be like him in all."

"And 'specially in having a good horse always under him," said the horsedealer. "Who would have a right to the *raal* good horse but the *raal* good gentleman born?"

"Which the family is, and was from father to son time out of mind, as all the world knows and says as well as myself," added the saddler. "Father and son, seldom comes a better."

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## CHAPTER XI.

### GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

GERALD's father, who had been for some time pacing up and down impatiently during this flow of flattery, had been more than once tempted to interrupt it. Disgusted and vexed as he was, and afraid that his son would be duped and swayed from his good purpose, he could hardly refrain from interference. But he said to himself, "My son must meet with flatterers: he should learn early to detect and resist flattery. I will leave him to himself."

"Father, are you gone! are you going?" cried Ge-

radd. "I want to consult you. Will you not help me with your judgment?"

"You know my opinion of the horse, my dear Gerald," said his father; "as to the rest, I must leave you to yourself. The money is ready for you."

As he spoke he took Cecilia by the hand to lead her away, but she looked as if she had a great mind to see more of Garry Owen.

"Pray, papa, let me stay," said Cecilia, "with mamma; mamma will walk up and down."

Her father let go her hand and walked away.

"Maybe Miss Cecilia could ride this pony too?" said the groom respectfully to Gerald.

"To be sure," said the horsedealer; "put her up, and you'll see how considerate Garry Owen will walk with the young lady."

Cecilia, mounted on Garry Owen, was led twice round the back lawn, Gerald delighting in her delight.

"And the young lady is a great soldier, too," said the horsedealer.

"I did not feel the least bit afraid," said she, as she jumped down; and patting Garry Owen, now with fearless loud resounding pat, she pronounced him the gentlest of dear little creatures; and "Oh, how glad I am," continued she, "that you are to belong to brother Gerald! Many, many, many a pleasant ride I shall have upon you, Garry Owen—shall not I, Gerald?"

Gerald smiled; "I cannot resist this," thought he; "I must have Garry Owen."

"The only thing I don't like about him is his name, Gerald. I wish, when you have him, you would call him by some prettier name than Garry Owen—call him Fairy, Good Fairy."

"Or, talking of fairies and fairy horses, if you had a mind to an odd Irish name, Miss Cecilia," said the gamekeeper, "you might call him Boliaunbuie, which is the Irish name for the yellow rag-weed that they call 'the fairies' horses,' because the fairies ride on them time immemorial."

While the gamekeeper was making out some fitness in this conceit, which struck his own fancy, but nobody else's perhaps, the housekeeper came out to give to her mistress some message, in which the name of the snow-woman (a name which had been adopted below stairs as well as above) was often repeated.

"What! do you say that she is going to-morrow?" inquired Gerald.

"No, sir, but the day after she has fixed, and will come up here to take leave and thank all the family to-morrow. A grateful creature, ma'am, and not encroaching she is, as ever breathed, not expecting and expecting, like the rest, or too many of them. I've promised to buy from her some of the little worsted mittins and gloves she has been knitting, to put a few pence in her poor pocket."

This speech brought back all Gerald's thoughts from Garry Owen to the poor woman. He turned his back on the pony, took Cecilia aside, abruptly opened the matter to her, and asked if she could be contented if he should give up Garry Owen.

It was a sudden change. "Oh, could there be no other way?"

"None."

"Well, dear Gerald, do it then; oh, never mind me! I am only sorry for your not having the beautiful pony; but then it will be so good of you—yes—yes—do it, Gerald, do it."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### SELF-DENIAL.

THE generous eagerness with which Cecilia urged him acted directly against her purpose, for he felt particularly sorry to give up what would be such a pleasure to her. With uncertain steps and slow he walked back again to those who waited his decision, and who stood wondering what he could be deliberating about. His speech, as well as his walk, betrayed signs of his inward agitation. It would not bear reporting; the honourable gentleman was scarcely audible—but those round Garry Owen gathered, from what reached their ears, that, "in short, he did not know—he was not quite sure—he was not determined—or he was determined not to purchase Garry Owen, unless he should change his mind."



The auditors looked upon one another with unfeigned astonishment, and for half a minute silence ensued. The master of the horse then said in a low voice, in Irish, to the saddler, "What can be the cause? The father said he had the money for him."

The saddler, in low voice, gnawing a bit of a leather strap, without turning head or eyes as he spoke, replied, "It's the housekeeper—something she put into the ear was the cause of the change."

"Just as your honour *plaases*, Master Gerald, sir," said the horsedealer, stroking Garry's nose. "Which-ever way you think proper, Master Gerald," said he, in a tone in which real anger struggled and struggled in vain with habitual servility and professional art, all care for his moneyed interest forgotten in his sense of the insult which he conceived aimed at his horse. He continued, as he turned to depart, "I thank my stars, then, Garry Owen and I can defy the world, and all the slanderers, backbiters, and whisperers in it, whomsoever they be, man, woman, or child."

Cecilia looked half frightened, Gerald wholly bewildered.

"I don't understand you," said he.

"Why, then, master, I ax your pardon. But I think it is asy understanding *me*. It's plain some person or persons have whispered through another, perhaps—" glancing towards the spot where Gerald's mother was sitting drawing the group—"something, myself can't guess what, against me or Garry Owen—a sounder horse never stepped nor breathed, I could take my affidavit, but I will not demean myself, I should not be suspected, I don't deserve it from your honour; so I only wish, Master Gerald, you may find a better horse for yourself, if you can get one in all Ireland, let alone England."

He turned Garry Owen to lead him down the hill as he spoke. Gerald, feeling for the man, and pleased with his feeling for the reputation of his horse and for his own suspected honour, now stood in his way to stop him, and assured him that nothing had been said to him by any human being to the disadvantage of Garry Owen or of himself.

But, prepossessed with the belief, as is but too common in Ireland, and often too just, that some one had been belying him, the indignant horsedealer went on in

the same tone ; but seeming afraid of failing in respect to young master, he addressed his appeal to the groom.

"Just-put-the-case-the-case-was-your-own!" Nine words which he uttered with such volubility that they sounded like one, and that one some magical adjuration. "Just-put-the-case-the-case-was-your-own, would not ye have some feeling? Then, if by the blessing of luck I had been born a gentleman, like Master Gerald, why, in his place, I'd give up an informer as soon and sooner than look at him, whosomedever he was, or whosome-dever she was, for it was a she, I'm confident, from a hint I got from a frind."

"Tut, tut, man!" interposed the saddler. "Now, Dan Conolly, you're out o' rason entirely, and you are not listening to Master Gerald."

"Then I am listening to his honour—only I know it is only to screen the housekeeper, who is a favourite, and was never my frind, the young gentleman spakes—and I'm jealous of that."

This was more incomprehensible than all the rest to Cecilia and Gerald. While they looked at each other in amazement, a few words were whispered in Irish by the cunning saddler to the enraged horsedealer, which brought him to reason, or to whatever portion of reason he ever had.

The words were—"I must have mistaken; maybe he'll come round again, and be for the horse."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE DECISION.

"WHY, then, Master Gerald, sir, I crave your pardon," said the horsedealer, in a penitent tone. "If I forgot myself and was too free, then I was too hot and out of rason. I'm sensible I'm subject to it. When a gentleman, especially one of this family, that I've such a respect for, and then, above all, when your honour, Master Gerald, would turn to suspect me—as I suspected you was suspecting me of going to tell you a lie, or misleading of you any way, about a horse of all things. But

I mistook your honour—I humbly crave your honour's pardon, Master Gerald."

Gerald willingly granted his pardon, and liked him all the better for his warmth.

"About Garry Owen, above all, I had no occasion to be puffing him off," continued the master of the horse, turning to him proudly. "Then, the truth is, it was only to oblige you, Master Gerald, and his honour your father, who was always my frind, as I ought to remember and do—it was only on that account, and my promise, that I brought Garry here *the* day, to make you the first offer at the price I first said; I won't be talking ungenteel, it does not become me; but I'd only wish your honour to know, without me mentioning it, that I could get more from many another."

"I am glad to hear that," said Gerald; "that relieves me from one difficulty—about you, Conolly."

"Oh, make no difficulty in life, my dear young gentleman, on account of me. If you have made up your mind to be off, and to give up Garry Owen, dear sir, it's done and done," said the knowing and polite horsedealer; "and 'tis I in this case will be obligated to you, for I have two honourable chaps in my eye this minute, both eager as ever you see to snap him up before I'd get home, or well out o' the great gate below; and to whichsomedever of the two I'd give the preference, he would come down on the spot with whatsomedever I'd name, ready money, and five guineas luck-penny to boot."

"Very well, then," said Gerald, "you had better—" But the words stuck in his throat.

"Is it Jonah Crommie, the rich grazier's son, that's one of your chaps, Dad Conolly?" asked the saddler.

The horsedealer nodded.

"Murder, man!" cried the saddler, "would you let him have Garry Owen? The likes of him—the squireen! the spalpeen! the mushroom! That puts me in mind of the miller, his father, riding formerly betwix' two big sacks to the market, himself the biggest sack—Faugh! the son of the likes to be master of Garry Owen!"

"They ought not to look so high, them graziers and middlemen, I admit," said the horsedealer; "the half gentlemen might be content to be half mounted—but when there's the money—"

"Best not for him to be laying it out on Garry Owen," said the saddler; "for even suppose Garry would not

throw him and break his neck at the first going off, I'll tell you what would happen, Jonah Crommie would ruin Garry Owen's mouth for him in a week, and make him no better than a garran. Did anybody ever see Jonah Crommie riding a horse? It's this way he does it," lugging at the bridle with the hand, and the two legs out. "It is with three stirrups he rides."

All joined in the laugh, groom, coachman, helper, gosssoon, and all. Garry Owen's master then protested Jonah Crommie should never ride him. But the other offer for Garry was "unexceptionable—undeniable."

"It is from Sir Essex Bligh, the member. Sir Essex wants an extraordinary fine pony for his eldest son and heir, young Sir Harry that will be; and he rides like an angel too! and what's more, like a gentleman as he is too. Accordingly, Monday morning, next huntday, the young baronet that will be is to be introduced to the hunt, and could not be better than on Garry Owen here."

The whole hunt, in full spirit, was before Gerald's eyes, and young Sir Harry on "Garry Owen in glory." But Gerald's was not a mean mind, to be governed by the base motives of jealousy and envy. Those who tried these incentives did not know him. He now decidedly stepped forward, and patting the horse, said, "Good-by, Garry Owen, since I cannot have you, I am glad you will have a gentleman for your master, who will use you well, and do you justice. Farewell for ever, Garry Owen." He put something satisfactory into the horsedealer's hand, adding, "I am sorry I have given you so much trouble. I don't want the saddle."

Then turning suddenly away, Garry Owen was led off; and Gerald and Cecilia hastened to their mother, who, in much surprise, inquired what had happened.

"You will be better pleased, mamma, than if Gerald had a hundred Garry Owens," cried Cecilia.

At that moment their father threw open his study window and looked out, well pleased indeed, as he saw how the affair had ended. He came out and shook Gerald by the hand with affectionate pleasure and paternal pride.—"Safe out of the hands of your flatterers, my boy; welcome to your friends! I am glad, my dear son, to see that you have self-command sufficient to adhere to a generous intention, and to do the good which you purpose."

Gerald's father put a purse containing the promised

price of Garry Owen into his hand, and offered to assist him in any way he might desire in executing his plan for the snow-woman. After some happy consultations, it was settled that it would be best, instead of building a new house for her, which could not be immediately ready, to rent one that was already finished, dry, and furnished, and in which they could set her up in a little shop in the village. Whatever was wanting to carry this plan into execution, Gerald's father and mother supplied. They advised that Gerald should *give* only a part of the sum he had intended, and *lend* the other part to the poor woman, to be returned by small payments at fixed periods, so that it would make a fund that might be again lent and repaid, "and thus be continually useful to her, or to some one else in distress."

"Gerald," said his father, "you may hereafter have the disposal of a considerable property, therefore I am glad, even in these your boyish days, to have any opportunity of turning your mind to consider how you can be most useful to your tenantry. I have no doubt, from your generous disposition, that you will be kind to them; but I feel particular satisfaction in seeing that you early begin to practise that self-denial which is in all situations essential to real generosity."

## THE HISTORY OF

### BOB, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

*Ready*

Bob! Yes, once I was Pretty Bob—that lit-  
ou noticed, my lady, six years ago, one fine  
evening, playing with my hoop before the  
bertson's door. My mother she was, and not  
mother in all England that day than herself.  
ie was of all the praises and kisses bestowed  
t for the week after I remember she told  
bour that came in how the lady had called  
Pretty Bob." And how the lady had said  
such a nice, fine, clean, healthy, cherry-  
cheeked, merry boy, she wished she had just such a  
child herself as Pretty Bob.

Now, only that I am so much changed you would not  
know me again, my lady, I would not make so bold as  
to mention it, ma'am. But what pleased me above all  
was the parting word from your ladyship, when, as you  
were leaving the door, you turned again and stroked  
my head, saying, "You hoped, and did not doubt, but  
that I would grow up a brave, stout man, to serve my  
king and country, and to be a support and comfort to  
my mother in her old age."

Lackaday! things have since turned out contrary.  
But that minute I felt so proud and happy, and thought  
to myself I was almost a man, and that I would be an  
honour to my king and country for certain: and as sure  
as I'd live, a comfort to my mother, and a great sup-  
port. I was but six years of age then. For a good  
year after I was called by my mother and all the neigh-  
bours after your ladyship's words—Pretty Bob.

But the next year, my lady, was the year that you  
and his honour went far away to foreign parts; so there  
was none at home here at the hall for the widow and  
orphan to look to.

Then the troubles came on us. How they began, I  
was so little I scarce know. The cow died; my  
mother sickened and took the fever; and then there was

the rent called for, and all the money she had gathered the doctor had got. So just off the sick bed she was to be turned into the street, or to come on the parish, if the rent was not paid on the day. The day came, and no money. She was to go to the hall to beg one other month's time: and I went with her to the steward; but he denied us; and there was my mother sitting and crying in the yard, with her apron before her face. When crossing the yard came the sweeps, who had been sweeping the chimneys of the great house that morning. One was a little boy not bigger than myself; and he came on dancing and singing, and showing his white teeth in his black face, laughing, while some standing by, and some from the windows, threw him halfpence, and some sixpences. Oh! thought I, if I could get money that way for my mother! Then came following the master sweep, a great man, and dark looking, who had his eye upon me that minute, and that minute I took fright at his face. But it went off when he turned to speak kind to my mother, asking what troubled her so? She told, and he listened; and first said, "It was a sad case. Surely there was one way to make all easy, if I loved my mother."—"If," said I. Oh! I sprung to him and begged of him to speak out. The traitor!—how he smiled, and lured me on. He kept silence a while, till there came a great shout from above; and pointing up, he showed where was, at the top of the kitchen chimney, one of the little sweeps, flourishing out with the brush in his hand. "There's one of my brave boys," said he, chucking me under the chin; "what would you think of that? If I would go with him, and be one of his boys, he would pay the rent due, and send my mother home with her heart easy." My mother would not hear of it at first. No,—Her pretty Bob to be a chimney-sweep!—No; never, with her consent. That chilled me—besides, I was loath and afeard myself, and hung back behind her close. But there came the bailiff on one side threatening loud she should never lie another night in the house if the rent was not paid: and there was the master sweep with the gold and silver on his palm (he showed me) ready to clear all, if I would just give him my hand, and go off with him. I stretched out my hand to him, but my mother pulled me back, and hugged me close to her. "But, mother," said I, "you will not have the

bed to lie on to-night."—"Never mind me," said she. But I could not help minding her the more for that. I slipped through her arms down on my knees. "Let me go, dear mother," said I, "with consent and your blessing."—"God bless you!" said she. But a hard struggle it was to part. She said it must only be a month on trial that I should go with the man, and she to pay him back the money, and get me back, if she pleased. So it was settled. Then he cleared all the rent, and I wiped the tears off my mother's face, and she stooped down to give me the kiss. And that was the last happy minute I ever had! She went home, and I was carried off by my new master. That month of trial was easy enough; he was kind, coaxed me, and taught me how to climb; and I was brave enough, and proud, to show it, and got up the wide chimneys easy; and if that was all, I thought I could do more. So I told my mother, at the end of the month, that I desired no better. And she was well pleased, nothing mistrusting him: and she had not the money to pay back. So as I was little and active, he was anxious to get me bound 'prentice; and the paper was signed, whatever it was, and there I was bound fast.

Then there was no more coaxing—all changed—no pleasing him—strive never so much—I must strive more, and eat less. The coldest winter days came, and out without a rag to cover me at four in the morning—and up the chimneys, stifling mouth, nose, and eyes with soot; sometimes goaded up narrow flues by a long stick with a pin at the end of it, which my master called "*Jack, I'll tickle thee.*" It was barbarous! But, so long as all was fair work, I scrambled through all, and shouted manfully at the top. I scorned to complain of the bruises and hurts. Still I kept up—for, thinks I, it is all for my mother. And strength, and life, and spirit enough I had then for it. And often without a bit in my stomach, and aching rib and joint, would dance and sing, and show my white teeth, if I caught a glimpse of the quality in any of the chambers, just as I had seen the little boy do, to win the sixpence for my mother. And a heavy heart and light heels there was: but they called me merry sweep. And it was my way every Sunday to wash myself clean as I could in the river, before I'd go to my mother, to look something like her Pretty Bob for her. But she saw through it too soon;



what with hard usage and scanty food, and the little sleep I got, and great dirt I lived in all the week, my Sunday's face would not always show as pleasant to my mother as formerly. Spirits will fail when nothing to keep them up. She remarked, I was grown too grave for my age. "Does he use you ill, the villain?" says she; "tell me, dear."—"No, mother; he uses me no worse than another; nor worse than he can help, I suppose," said I, "for them sort of men grow hard with their trade; and the boys is sometimes idle, and stubborn, and he can't always keep out of a passion, being by nature passionate." So I excused him the best I could, to keep my mother easy, and laughing all off. But presently she would not be put off so. She said I was falling away to nothing. "Not at all, mother," said I. But she caught me, and would feel my arms and body, and put on her spectacles, poor soul! to look close at my fallen face. I tried to smile, but could not. And she turned away from me, and cried, as if her old heart would break. Then, to comfort her, I brought out the sixpences, and even the half a crown I had stored for her. But she put it back all, and "could not take," she said, "the price of her child;" and would not be comforted, but kept saying, "My poor boy!—Poor Bob!—Poor Bob!" And from that day never called me any thing but "Poor Bob."

Well, ma'am, to make short of it. All went on from bad to worse with Poor Bob. My mother went to my master; but when she tried to soften him, that made him harder than a stone. He drove her out of the house, asking what she had to do with him and his 'prentice, and shut the door. Then beat me as long as he could stand over me. And too little it was, he swore, for the lies I had told, and backbiting complaints I had made of him. Not a lie had I told, or a complaint uttered. But he would not hear, or could not understand me—for he was drunk—and fonder and fonder of drink he grew every day: and from that day he took to hating and persecuting me. Would not even now ever let me clean myself on a Sunday, to go to my mother. Taunting me still with being "Pretty Bob." And there I was, grimed with soot that eat into my flesh, and had not even clean straw to sleep on. At every turn I was called up, if a chimney was on fire, and so hot that none else could stand it. I was to be thrust up every

dangerous chimney, and crooked flue, into which no other could go but Poor Bob—he was to be squeezed through it. One day at last I was fairly jammed in an old chimney, where the bricks had given way, and I could not get up. I called out that I was almost stifled; but he kept on goading me, and swearing at me for a lazy rascal, and an obstinate rogue. Then lighted a wisp of straw below me, to make me get on. I felt the fire at the soles of my feet, and scorching my legs; and I kicked while I could, and screeched, and begged for God's sake they would let me down; but no—I must go up. In great torture with the fire, I made one desperate struggle upward; and then I was jammed fast, and neither could get forward or backward, and bad smoke suffocating me. I gave over all struggle. I was quite spent, and could cry out no longer. Then I felt him giving great jerks to my legs; whether to make me speak, or pull me down, I did not know. One jerk at last broke my leg; and what happened after, or how they got me down, I don't know. But when I came to my senses, I remember they were holding burnt feathers under my nose. My leg was next to be set. And it was set, but so badly, that it was all crooked.

There was some talk through the servants' hall of my master's cruelty; and it went up to the gentleman of the house, who was a good gentleman, they told me, and a parliament man: and he was greatly shocked, and said he would speak for us poor sweeps, and see and get something done for us. But how it went off I don't know. I never heard more of it. There was none to care for me but my mother; and she cared too much. I broke her heart. Well! she is gone to a better world, I trust; and thanks be to God, she does not live to see me as I am now—*Poor—Famishing—Bandy Bob!*

"No, they are not mine ; but I promised to take care of them, and so I will ; so put down that orange."

"Oh, if it comes to that, I won't," said Ned, "and let us see who can make me, if I don't choose it ; I'm stronger than you."

"I am not afraid of you, for all that," replied Charles ; "for I am in the right." Then he snatched the orange out of Ned's hand, and he pushed him with all his force from the basket.

Ned immediately returned, and hit him a violent blow, which almost stunned him.

Still, however, this good boy, without minding the pain, persevered in defending what was left in his care : he still held the bridle with one hand, and covered the basket with his other arm as well as he could.

Ned struggled in vain to get his hands into the panier again ; he could not ; and, finding that he could not win by strength, he had recourse to cunning. So he pretended to be out of breath, and to desist ; but he meant, as soon as Charles looked away, to creep softly round to the basket on the other side.

Cunning people, though they think themselves very wise, are almost always very silly.

Ned, intent upon one thing—the getting round to steal oranges—forgot that, if he went too close to the horse's heels, he should startle him. The horse indeed, disturbed by the bustle near him, had already left off eating his hay, and began to put down his ears ; but, when he felt something touch his hind legs, he gave a sudden kick, and Ned fell backwards just as he had seized the orange.

Ned screamed with the pain ; and at the scream all the people came out of the public house to see what was the matter ; and among them came the orange-man.

Ned was now so much ashamed that he almost forgot the pain, and wished to run away ; but he was so much hurt that he was obliged to sit down again.

The truth of the matter was soon told by Charles, and as soon believed by all the people present who knew him ; for he had the character of being an honest boy, and Ned was known to be a thief and a liar.

So nobody pitied Ned for the pain he felt. "He deserves it," said one ; "why did he meddle with what was not his own ?"—"Pugh ; he is not much hurt, I'll answer for it," said another. "And, if he was, it's a

lucky kick for him, if it keeps him from the gallows," said a third. Charles was the only person who said nothing; he helped Ned away to the bank: for boys that are brave are always good-natured.

"Oh, come here," said the orange-man, calling him; "come here, my honest lad! What! you got that black eye in keeping my oranges, did you? That's a stout little fellow," said he, taking him by the hand and leading him into the midst of the people.

Men, women, and children had gathered around, and all the children fixed their eyes upon Charles, and wished to be in his place.

In the meantime the orange-man took Charles's hat off his head, and filled it with fine China oranges. "There, my little friend," said he, "take them, and God bless you with them! If I could but afford it, you should have all that is in my baskets."

Then the people, and especially the children, shouted for joy; but as soon as there was silence, Charles said to the orange-man, "Thank'e master, with all my heart; but I can't take your oranges, only that one I earned; take the rest back again; as for a black eye, that's nothing! but I won't be paid for it, no more than for doing what's honest. So I can't take your oranges, master: but I thank you as much as if I had them." Saying these words, Charles offered to pour the oranges back into the basket, but the man would not let him.

"Then," said Charles, "if they are honestly mine, I may give them away;" so he emptied the hat among the children, his companions. "Divide them among you," said he; and without waiting for their thanks, he pressed through the crowd and ran towards home. The children all followed him, clapping their hands and thanking him.

The little thief came limping after. Nobody praised him, nobody thanked him; he had no oranges to eat, nor had he any to give away. *People must be honest before they can be generous.* Ned sighed as he went towards home; "And all this," said he to himself, "was for one orange; it was not worth while."

No: it is never worth while to do wrong.

Little boys who read this story, consider which would you rather have been, *the honest boy or the thief.*

THE

## CHERRY-ORCHARD.

MARIANNE WAS a little girl of about eight years old; she was remarkably good-tempered; she could bear to be disappointed, or to be contradicted, or to be blamed, without looking or feeling peevish, or sullen, or angry. Her parents, and her schoolmistress and companions, all loved her, because she was obedient and obliging.

Marianne had a cousin, a year younger than herself, named Owen, who was an illtempered boy; almost every day he was crying, or pouting, or in a passion about some trifle or other: he was neither obedient nor obliging. His playfellows could not love him, for he was continually quarrelling with them; he would never, either when he was at play or at work, do what they wished; but he always tried to force them to yield to his will and his humour.

One fine summer's morning Marianne and Owen were setting out, with several of their little companions, to school. It was a walk of about a mile, from the town in which their fathers and mothers lived to the school-house, if they went by the high road; but there was another way, through a lane, which was a quarter of a mile shorter.

Marianne and most of the children liked to go by the lane, because they could gather the pretty flowers which grew on the banks and in the hedges; but Owen preferred going by the high road, because he liked to see the carts, and carriages, and horsemen, which usually were seen upon this road.

Just when they were setting out, Owen called to Marianne, who was turning into the lane.

"Marianne," said he, "you must not go by the lane to-day; you must go by the road."

"Why must I not go by the lane to-day?" said Marianne; "you know yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, we all went by the high road, only to please you; and now let us go by the lane, because

we want to gather some honeysuckles and dog-roses, to fill our dame's flower-pots."

"I don't care for that; I don't want to fill our dame's flower-pots; I don't want to gather honeysuckles and dog-roses; I want to see the coaches and chaises on the road; and you *must* go my way, Marianne."

"*Must!* Oh, you should not say *must*," replied Marianne, in a gentle tone.

"No, indeed," cried one of her companions, "you should not; nor should you look so cross: that is not the way to make us do what you like."

"And besides," said another, "what right has he always to make us do as he pleases? He never will do any thing that we wish."

Owen grew quite angry when he heard this; and he was just going to make some sharp answer, when Marianne, who was good-natured, and always endeavoured to prevent quarrels, said, "Let us do what he asks this once; and I dare say he will do what we please the next time. We will go by the high road to school, and we can come back by the lane in the cool of the evening."

To please Marianne, whom they all loved, they agreed to this proposal. They went by the high road; but Owen was not satisfied, because he saw his companions did not comply for his sake; and as he walked on, he began to kick up the dust with his feet, saying, "I am sure it is much pleasanter here than in the lane; I wish we were to come back this way—I'm sure it is much pleasanter here than in the lane; is not it, Marianne?"

Marianne could not say that she thought so.

Owen kicked up the dust more and more.

"Do not make such a dust, dear Owen," said she: "look how you have covered my shoes and my clean stockings with dust."

"Then say it is pleasanter here than in the lane. I shall go on making this dust till you say that."

"I cannot say that, because I do not think so, Owen."

"I'll make you think so, and say so too."

"You are not taking the right way to make me think so: you know that I cannot think this dust agreeable."

Owen persisted: and he raised continually a fresh cloud of dust, in spite of all that Marianne or his companions could say to him. They left him, and went to the opposite side of the road; but wherever they went

he pursued. At length they came to a turnpike-gate, on one side of which there was a turnstile; Marianne and the rest of the children passed, one by one, through the turnstile, while Owen was emptying his shoes of dust. When this was done, he looked up, and saw all his companions on the other side of the gate, holding the turnstile to prevent him from coming through.

"Let me through, let me through," cried he; "I must and will come through."

"No, no, Owen," said they, "*must* will not do now; we have you safe; here are ten of us; and we will not let you come through till you have promised that you will not make any more dust."

Owen, without making any answer, began to kick, and push, and pull, and struggle with all his might; but in vain he struggled, pulled, pushed, and kicked; he found that ten people are stronger than one. When he felt he could not conquer them by force, he began to cry; and he roared as loud as he possibly could.

No one but the turnpike-man was within hearing; and he stood laughing at Owen.

Owen tried to climb the gate: but he could not get over it, because there were iron spikes at the top.

"Only promise that you will not kick up the dust, and they will let you through," said Marianne.

Owen made no answer, but continued to struggle till his whole face was scarlet, and till both his wrists ached; he could not move the turnstile an inch.

"Well," said he, stopping short, "now you are all of you joined together, you are stronger than I; but I am as cunning as you."

He left the stile, and began to walk homeward.

"Where are you going? You will be too late at school if you turn back and go by the lane," said Marianne.

"I know that very well: but that will be your fault and not mine—I shall tell our dame, that you all of you held the turnstile against me, and would not let me through."

"And we shall tell our dame why we held the turnstile against you," replied one of the children; "and then it will be plain that it was your fault."

Perhaps Owen did not hear this; for he was now at some distance from the gate. Presently he heard some one running after him.—It was Marianne.

"Oh, I am so much out of breath with running after you!—I can hardly speak!—But I am come back," said this good-natured girl, "to tell you, that you will be sorry if you do not come with us; for there is something that you like very much just at the turn of the road, a little beyond the turnpike-gate."

"Something that I like very much!—what can that be?"

"Come with *me*, and you shall *see*," said Marianne: "that is both rhyme and reason—come with *me*, and you shall *see*."

She looked so good-humoured as she smiled and nodded at him, that he could not be sullen any longer.

"I don't know how it is, cousin Marianne," said he; "but when I am cross, you are never cross; and you can always bring me back to good-humour again, you are so good-humoured yourself. I wish I was like you. But we need not talk any more of that now—what is that I shall see on the other side of the turnpike-gate? What is it that I like very much?"

"Don't you like ripe cherries very much?"

"Yes; but they do not grow in these hedges."

"No; but there is an old woman sitting by the roadside, with a board before her, which is covered with red-ripe cherries."

"Red-ripe cherries! Let us make haste then," cried Owen. He ran on as fast as he could; but as soon as the children saw him running, they also began to run back to the turnstile; and they reached it before he did; and they held it fast as before, saying, "Promise you will not kick up the dust, or ~~we~~ we will not let you through."

"The cherries are very ripe," said Marianne.

"Well, well, I will not kick up the dust—let me through," said Owen.

They did so, and he kept his word; for though he was illhumoured, he was a boy of truth, and he always kept his promises. He found the cherries looked red and ripe, as Marianne had described them.

The old woman took up a long stick which lay on the board before her. Bunches of cherries were tied with white thread to this stick; and, as she shook it in the air, over the heads of the children, they all looked up with longing eyes.



"A halfpenny a bunch!—who will buy? Who will buy!—Nice ripe cherries!" cried the old woman.

The children held out their halfpence; and "Give me a bunch!" and "Give me a bunch!" was heard on all sides.

"Here are eleven of you," said the old woman, "and there are just eleven bunches on the stick." She put the stick into Marianne's hand as she spoke.

Marianne began to untie the bunches; and her companions pressed closer and closer to her, each eager to have the particular bunch which they thought the largest and the ripest.

Several fixed upon the uppermost, which looked indeed extremely ripe.

"You cannot all have this bunch," said Marianne; "to which of you must I give it? You all wish for it."

"Give it to me, give it to me," was the first cry of each; but the second was, "Keep it yourself, Marianne; keep it yourself."

"Now, Owen, see what it is to be good-natured and good-humoured, like Marianne," said William, the eldest of the boys, who stood near him—"we all are ready to give up the ripest cherries to Marianne; but we should never think of doing so for you, because you are so cross and disagreeable."

"I am not cross *now*; I am not disagreeable *now*," replied Owen; "and I do not intend to be cross and disagreeable any more."

This was a good resolution; but Owen did not keep it many minutes. In the bunch of cherries which Marianne gave to him for his share, there was one which, though red on one side, was entirely white and hard on the other.

"This cherry is not ripe: and here's another that has been half eaten away by the birds. O Marianne, you gave me this bad bunch on purpose—I will not have this bunch."

"Somebody must have it," said William; "and I do not see that it is worse than the others; we shall all have some cherries that are not as good as the rest, but we shall not grumble, and look so cross about it as you do."

"Give me your bad cherries, and I will give you two out of my fine bunch instead of them," said the good-natured Marianne.

"No, no, no," cried the children: "Marianne, keep your own cherries."

"Are you not ashamed, Owen?" said William: "How can you be so greedy?"

"Greedy! I am not greedy," cried Owen, angrily; "but I will not have the worst cherries; I will have another bunch."

He tried to snatch another bunch from the stick. William held it above his head. Owen leaped up, reached it: and, when his companions closed round him, exclaiming against his violence, he grew still more angry; he threw the stick down upon the ground, and trampled upon every bunch of the cherries in his fury, scarcely knowing what he did or what he said.

When his companions saw the ground stained with the red juice of their cherries, which he had trampled under his feet, they were both sorry and angry.

The children had not any more halfpence: they could not buy any more cherries; and the old woman said that she could not *give* them any.

As they went away sorrowfully, they said, "Owen is so illtempered, that we will not play with him, or speak to him, or have any thing to do with him."

Owen thought that he could make himself happy without his companions; and he told them so. But he soon found that he was mistaken.

When they arrived at the schoolhouse, their dame was sitting in the thatched porch before her own door, reading a paper that was printed in large letters.—"My dears," said she to her little scholars, "here is something that you will be glad to see; but say your lessons first—one thing at a time; duty first, and pleasure afterward:—whichever of you says your lesson best, shall know first what is in this paper, and shall have the pleasure of telling the good news."

Owen always learned his lessons very well, and quickly; he now said his lesson better than any of his companions said theirs; and he looked round him with joy and triumph: but no eye met his with pleasure; nobody smiled upon him; no one was glad that he had succeeded; on the contrary, he heard those near him whisper, "I should have been very glad if it had been Marianne who had said her lesson best, because she is so good-natured."

The printed paper, which Owen read aloud, was as follows :—

"On Thursday evening next, the gate of the cherry-orchard will be opened; and all who have tickets will be let in, from six o'clock till eight. Price of tickets, sixpence."

The children wished extremely to go to this cherry-orchard, where they knew that they might gather as many cherries as they liked, and where they thought that they should be very happy, sitting down under the trees, and eating fruit. But none of these children had any money; for they had spent their last halfpence in paying for those cherries which they never tasted—those cherries which Owen, in the fury of his passion, trampled in the dust.

The children asked their dame what they could do to earn sixpence apiece; and she told them that they might perhaps be able to earn this money by plaiting straw for hats, which they had all been taught to make by their good dame.

Immediately the children desired to set to work.

Owen, who was very eager to go to the cherry-orchard, was the most anxious to get forward with the business; he found, however, that nobody liked to work along with him; his companions said, "We are afraid that you should quarrel with us. We are afraid that you should fly into a passion about the straws, as you did about the cherries; therefore we will not work with you."

"Will not you? then I will work by myself," said Owen; "and I dare say that I shall have done my work long before you have any of you finished yours; for I can plait quicker and better than any of you."

It was true that Owen could plait quicker and better than any of his companions, but he was soon surprised to find that his work did not go on so fast as theirs.

After they had been employed all the remainder of this evening, and all the next day, Owen went to his companions, and compared his work with theirs.

"How is this?" said he; "how comes it that you have all done so much, and I have not done nearly so much, though I work quicker than any of you, and I have worked as hard as I possibly could? What is the reason that you have done so much more than I have?"

"Because we have all been helping one another, and

you have had no one to help you ; you have been obliged to do every thing for yourself."

"But still I do not understand how your helping one another can make such a difference," said Owen: "I plait faster than any of you."

His companions were so busy at their work that they did not listen to what he was saying. He stood behind Marianne, in a melancholy posture, looking at them, and trying to find out why they went on so much faster than he could. He observed, that one picked the outside off the straws ; another cut them to the proper length ; another sorted them, and laid them in bundles ; another flattened them ; another (the youngest of the little girls, who was not able to do any thing else) held the straws ready for those who were plaiting ; another cut off the rough ends of the straws when the plaits were finished ; another ironed the plaits with a hot smoothing-iron ; others sewed the plaits together. Each did what he could do best and quickest ; and none of them lost any time in going from one work to another, or in looking for what they wanted.

On the contrary, Owen had lost a great deal of time in looking for all the things that he wanted : he had nobody to hold the straws ready for him as he plaited ; therefore, he was forced to go for them himself every time he wanted them ; and his straws were not sorted in nice bundles for him ; the wind blew them about ; and he wasted half an hour, at least, in running after them. Besides this, he had no friend to cut off the rough ends for him ; nor had he any one to sew the plaits together ; and though he could plait quickly, he could not sew quickly ; for he was not used to this kind of work. He wished extremely for Marianne to do it for him. He was once a full quarter of an hour in threading his needle, of which the eye was too small. Then he spent another quarter of an hour in looking for one with a larger eye ; and he could not find it at last, and nobody would lend him another. When he had done sewing, he found that *his hand was out for plaiting* : that is, he could not plait so quickly after his fingers had just been used to another kind of work ; and when he had been smoothing the straws with a heavy iron, his hand trembled afterward for some minutes, during which time he was forced to be idle ; thus it was that he lost time, by doing every thing for himself ; and though he lost but a

few minutes and seconds in each particular, yet, when all these minutes and seconds were added together, they made a great difference.

"How fast, how very fast they go on! and how merrily!" said Owen, as he looked at his former companions—"I am sure I shall never earn sixpence for myself before Thursday; and I shall not be able to go to the cherry-orchard—I am very sorry that I trampled on your cherries; I am very sorry that I was so illhumoured—I will never be cross any more."

"He is very sorry that he was so illhumoured; he is very sorry that he trampled on our cherries," cried Marianne; "Do you hear what he says! he will never be cross any more."

"Yes, we hear what he says," answered William; "but how are we to be sure that he will do as he says!"

"Oh," cried another of his companions, "he has found out, at last, that he must do as he would be done by."

"Ay," said another; "and he finds that we, who are good-humoured and good-natured to one another, do better even than he who is so quick and so clever."

"But if, besides being so quick and so clever, he was good-humoured and good-natured," said Marianne, "he would be of great use to us; he plaits a vast deal faster than Mary does, and Mary plaits faster than any of us—Come, let us try him, let him come in among us."

"No, no, no," cried mazy voices; "he will quarrel with us, and we have no time for quarrelling—We are all so quiet and so happy without him! Let him work by himself, as he said he would."

Owen went on working by himself: he made all the haste that he possibly could; but Thursday came and his work was not nearly finished. His companions passed by him with their finished work in their hands. Each, as they passed, said, "What, have not you done yet, Owen?" and then they walked on to the table where their dame was sitting, ready to pay them their sixpences.

She measured their work, and examined it; and when she saw that it was well done, she gave to each of her little workmen and workwomen the sixpences which they had earned; and she said, "I hope, my dears, that you will be happy this evening."

They all looked joyful; and, as they held the sixpences in their hands, they said, "If we had not helped

one another, we should not have earned this money; and we should not be able to go to the cherry-orchard."

"Poor Owen," whispered Marianne to her companions, "look how melancholy he is, sitting there alone at his work! See! his hands tremble, so that he can scarcely hold the straws; he will not have nearly finished his work in time; he cannot go with us."

"He should not have trampled upon our cherries; and then, perhaps, we might have helped him," said William.

"Let us help him, though he did trample on our cherries," said the good-natured Marianne—"He is sorry for what he did, and he will never be so illhumoured or ill-natured again. Come, let us go and help him. If we all help, we shall have his work finished in time, and then we shall all be happy together."

As Marianne spoke, she drew William near to the corner where Owen was sitting; and all her companions followed.

"Before we offer to help him, let us try whether he is now inclined to be good-humoured and good-natured."

"Yes, yes, let us try that first," said his companions.

"Owen, you will not have done time enough to go with us," said William.

"No indeed," said Owen, "I shall not; therefore I may as well give up all thoughts of it. It is my own fault, I know."

"Well, but as you cannot go yourself, you will not want your pretty little basket; will you lend it to us to hold our cherries?"

"Yes, I will, with pleasure," cried Owen, jumping up to fetch it.

"Now he is good-natured, I am sure," said Marianne.

"This plaiting of yours is not nearly so well done as ours," said William; "look how uneven it is."

"Yes, it is rather uneven, indeed," replied Owen.

William began to untwist some of Owen's work: and Owen bore this trial of his patience with good temper.

"Oh, you are pulling it all to pieces, William," said Marianne; "this is not fair."

"Yes, it is fair," said William, "for I have undone only an inch; and I will do as many inches for Owen as he pleases, now that I see he is good-humoured."

Marianne immediately sat down to work for Owen; and William and all his companions followed her ex-

ample. It was now two hours before the time when the cherry-orchard was to be opened ; and during these two hours, they went on so expeditiously, that they completed the work.

Owen went with them to the cherry-orchard, where they spent the evening all together very happily. As he was sitting under a tree with his companions, eating the ripe cherries, he said to them—"Thank you all for helping me : I should not have been here now, eating these ripe cherries, if you had not been so good-natured to me—I hope I shall never be cross to any of you again ; whenever I feel inclined to be cross, I will think of your good-nature to me, and of THE CHERRY-ORCHARD."

**THE**  
**LITTLE DOG TRUSTY;**  
**OR, THE**  
**LIAR AND THE BOY OF TRUTH.**

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**FRANK** and **Robert** were two little boys, about eight years old.

Whenever **Frank** did any thing wrong, he always told his father and mother of it; and when anybody asked him about any thing which he had done or said, he always told the truth, so that everybody who knew him believed him: but nobody who knew his brother **Robert** believed a word which he said, because he used to tell lies.

Whenever he did any thing wrong, he never ran to his father and mother to tell them of it; but when they asked him about it he denied it, and said he had not done the things which he had done.

The reason that **Robert** told lies was, because he was afraid of being punished for his faults if he confessed them. He was a coward, and could not bear the least pain; but **Frank** was a brave boy, and could bear to be punished for little faults; his mother never punished him so much for such little faults as she did **Robert** for the lies which he told, and which she found out afterward.

One evening, these two little boys were playing together, in a room by themselves; their mother was ironing in a room next to them, and their father was out at work in the fields, so there was nobody in the room with **Robert** and **Frank**; but there was a little dog, **Trusty**, lying by the fireside.



Trusty was a pretty playful little dog, and the children were very fond of him.

"Come," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire, asleep; let us go and waken him, and he will play with us."

"O yes, do let us," said Frank. So they both ran together towards the hearth to waken the dog.

Now there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth, and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood, for it was behind them: as they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out of it over the hearth and about the floor: and when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened; but they did not know what to do; they stood for some time, looking at the broken basin and the milk, without speaking.

Robert spoke first.

"So, we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he; and he sighed.

"No milk for supper!—why not?" said Frank; "is there no more milk in the house?"

"Yes, but we shall have none of it; for do not you remember last Monday, when we threw down the milk, my mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so we should have no more; and this is the next time; so we shall have no milk for supper to-night."

"Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all: we will take more care another time; there's no great harm done; come, let us run and tell my mother. You know she bid us always tell her directly when we broke any thing; so come," said he, taking hold of his brother's hand.

"I will come just now," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank—can't you stay a minute?" So Frank stayed; and then he said, "Come now, Robert." But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer; for I dare not go yet—I am afraid."

Little boys, I advise you never be afraid to tell the truth; never say, "*Stay a minute*," and "*Stay a little longer*," but run directly and tell of what you have done that is wrong. The longer you stay, the more afraid you will grow: till at last, perhaps, you will not

dare to tell the truth at all. Hear what happened to Robert:—

The longer he stayed, the more unwilling he was to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down; and at last he pulled his hand away from his brother, and cried, "I won't go at all: Frank, can't you go by yourself?"

"Yes," said Frank, "so I will; I am not afraid to go by myself; I only waited for you out of good-nature, because I thought you would like to tell the truth too."

"Yes, so I will; I mean to tell the truth when I am asked; but I need not go now, when I do not choose it; and why need you go either? Can't you wait here! Surely my mother can see the milk when she comes in."

Frank said no more; but as his brother would not come, he went without him. He opened the door of the next room, where he thought his mother was ironing; but when he went in, he saw that she was gone; and he thought she was gone to fetch some more clothes to iron. The clothes, he knew, were hanging on the bushes in the garden; so he thought his mother was gone there; and he ran after her, to tell her what had happened.

Now, while Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone he was thinking of some excuses to make to his mother; and he was sorry that Frank was gone to tell her the truth. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper. I am very sorry Frank would go to tell her about it."

Just as he said this to himself he heard his mother coming down stairs—"Oh ho!" said he to himself, "then my mother has not been out in the garden; and so Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so now I may say what I please."

Then this naughty, cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin, and the milk spilled, she stopped short, and cried, "So, so—what a piece of work is here—Who did this, Robert?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Robert, in a very low voice.

"You don't know, Robert!—tell me the truth—I shall not be angry with you, child—you will only lose the milk at supper; and as for the basin, I would rather have you break all the basins I have than tell me one lie. So don't tell me a lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?"

"No, ma'am, I did not," said Robert; and he coloured as red as fire.

"Then where's Frank?—did he do it?"

"No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes, that when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it.

"How do you know," said his mother, "that Frank did not do it?"

"Because—because—because, ma'am," said Robert, hesitating, as liars do, for an excuse—"because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it."

"Then how was the basin thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time, you can tell."

Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, "I suppose the dog must have done it."

"Did you see him do it?" said his mother.

"Yes," said this wicked boy.

"Trusty, Trusty," said his mother, turning round; and Trusty, who was lying before the fire, drying his legs, which were wet with milk, jumped up and came to her. Then she said, "Fy! fy! Trusty!" pointing to the milk. "Get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this."

Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother: he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother; and he begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same as he had done.

"No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank. "What! and is Trusty to be beat? He did not throw down the milk, and he sha'n't be beat for it—Let me go to my mother."

They both ran towards the house—Robert got first home, and he locked the house door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother.

Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but he could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window.

"Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!" cried he, as loud as

ever he could call; "Trusty did not do it—let me in—I and Robert did it—but do not beat Robert."

"Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's; "I am just come from work, and here's the door locked."

Robert turned as pale as ashes when he heard his father's voice; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie.

His mother went to the door and unlocked it.

"What's all this?" cried his father, as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened.

"Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" said their father.

Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again."

But his father caught hold of him by the arm—"I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped, till he cried so loud with the pain that the whole neighbourhood could hear him.

"There," said his father, when he had done, "now go without supper; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served!" Then turning to Frank, "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for supper; but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and everybody is pleased with you. And now I'll tell you what I will do for you—I will give you the little dog Trusty, to be your own dog. You shall feed him, and take care of him, and he shall be your dog: you have saved him a beating; and I'll answer for it you'll be a good master to him. Trusty, Trusty, come here."

Trusty came. Then Frank's father took off Trusty's collar. "To-morrow I'll go to the brasier's," added he, "and get a new collar made for your dog: from this day forward he shall always be called after you, *Frank*! And, wife, whenever any of the neighbours' children ask you why the dog Trusty is to be called *Frank*, tell them this story of our two boys: let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth."

